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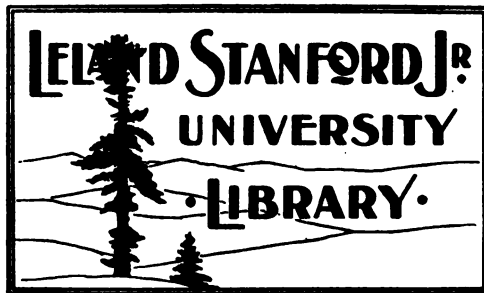
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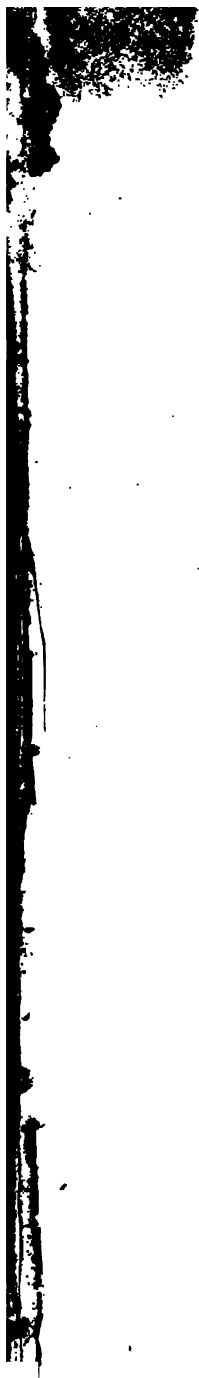
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PRESENTED BY THOMAS WELTON STANFORD.



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THE

Hobart Town Magazine.

VOLUME I.

.....
"——Non tenues ignavo pollice chordas
Pulso, sed Arunci residens in margine templi,
Audax magnorum tumulis adcano magistrum."—
STATI SYLVIVS.
.....

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND:

H. MELVILLE,

ELIZABETH STREET, HOBART TOWN.

1833.

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PREFACE.

IN bringing to a conclusion, the first volume of our adventurous Miscellany, we cannot resist the temptation of addressing a few words to our friends—the public—on this happy and important occasion.

For the encouragement we have received, we are, as in duty bound, most grateful. Although we anticipated a very ample share of patronage, our expectations have been more than realized; and we have proved by our exertions, that “Tasmania is *not* devoid of individuals, who have the means as well as the desire, of cultivating Literature as well as Land, and of devoting their best and liveliest energies to its interests and advancement.” We cannot be accused of vanity, even by the most fastidious and precise, if we attribute to the combined exertions of *our* literary *coterie*, the diffusion of so extensive a taste for literature, as is now prevailing in the Colony; neither can the same sin be imputed to us, if we affirm, that our little Miscellany has been enriched by communications, which would have done credit to any of the magazines “at home.” To particularize individual articles, would certainly be

invidious; but, we think, we may safely take pride to ourselves for the excellence of the communications, which have been furnished by our poetical friends,—a very convincing proof, by the way, that the higher faculties of the imagination are not excluded from Tasmania.

To our Correspondents and Contributors, generally, we return our warmest thanks. We consider that they have conferred no inconsiderable honour upon the Colony at large, by the efforts they have used, so effectually, to advance its literature: they have fully verified our predictions, and Van Diemen's Land may now take a commanding station amongst the civilized nations of the earth.

To our Readers and Subscribers, in repeating our thanks, we must again assure them, that no exertions shall be spared to deserve a continuance of their patronage, and, if possible, to increase their enjoyment. We have in reserve, as well as in preparation, several articles of great local and general interest; and we shall use every effort, and adopt all possible means, to render our Magazine—what a Magazine ought to be—"a store-house of entertainment and instruction."

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THE HOBART TOWN
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

MARCH, 1833.

[No. 1.

"—— Non tenues ignavo pollice chordas
Pulso, sed Arunci residens in margine templi,
Audax magnorum tumultis adcanto magistrum."—STATII SYLVIVS.

ADDRESS.

In presenting to the Public of this Colony a Miscellany, exclusively devoted to Literature and Science, the conductors are induced to offer a few remarks in explanation of their views and intentions. The novelty of their plan is, of itself, perhaps sufficient to attract attention in the first instance; but, erroneous indeed will be the opinion of their Readers, if they imagine that this alone will constitute their principal claim to public patronage. Their aim is much higher—their ambition much more lofty and meritorious,—they aspire to establish such a Miscellany, as shall not only prove highly acceptable to their fellow Colonists, but, at the same time, show their friends and well-wishers in "Old England," that Tasmania is not devoid of individuals who have the means, as well as the desire, of cultivating Literature as well as Land, and of devoting their best and liveliest energies to its interests and advancement.

The want of such a work, as that which is now contemplated, has long been experienced in the Colony. The highly intelligent character of the general Settler, and his anxiety to find some means

of relaxation and entertainment, beyond the mere gratification of his physical propensities, will induce him to hail the appearance of our Magazine with delight and satisfaction; and it shall be our own fault, if we do not strengthen and foster this gracious and salutary feeling, by our earnest endeavors to please, and, perchance, instruct him. But the general Settler is not the only inhabitant of this territory; neither is he the only individual, whose good opinion we desire, or whose oblectation we shall study to promote. Our exertions will be directed towards all classes, from the very highest personage in the Colony to the lowliest—"who desireth instruction, and whose soul thirsteth after knowledge." To those who, happily, enjoy offices of high trust and acceptable emolument, we offer a cheering, harmless, and—we scruple not to say it—an intellectual relaxation from the arduous toils of official duty. We will undertake to promise, that the pages of this Miscellany shall never be stained by political or general personalities—that scurrility shall never find even a dark corner to sculk in—and that the advancement of intelligence and wisdom, by means rigidly compatible with Morality, Honor, and Truth, shall alone find support and advocacy in the columns of *our* Magazine. We do not say, that we shall never be satirical. "Wit and humour," says Addison—a paramount authority in these matters—"that expose vice and folly, furnish useful diversions. Raillery (in other words satire) under such regulations, unbends the mind from severer contemplations, without throwing it off from its proper bias," and, therefore, although we are—

" Too discreet,
To run a-muck, and tilt at *all* we meet;"—

still we shall, occasionally, indulge in that salutary vein of Satire, which shall have for its object, the exposure of error, and the inculcation of virtue; we may be, now and then, severe on the vices of a *whole class*—but we shall never needlessly wound the feelings of an individual.

And then, the Ladies! How shall we propitiate *them*? The

way is not *very* difficult. We know, or, at least, we think we know, that the Ladies of Van Diemen's Land are very accessible to sources of useful information. • True it is, we have no glaring prints of "Fashion," to captivate their sensitive imaginations. Red and yellow "dresses," with gauze hats of blue—bedizened with pink trimmings, will, we fear, never find delineation in the HOBART TOWN MONTHLY MAGAZINE; but, in the place of these, we shall always have some amusing article, especially suited to the taste of our fair and feminine readers. We confidently calculate, therefore, upon securing their good wishes and support, and having done so, shall be well contented with the fate that awaits us, being assured that it will be most bright and propitious.

There is yet another class of the community, to whom we shall endeavor to render our labours abundantly acceptable—we mean the young of both sexes. As regards the junior members of our own sex, we know, from long and observant experience, that it is much easier to inculcate virtue than to eradicate vice; and that many minds have been preserved from pollution by instilling into them a taste for literary pursuits, and by establishing, through such pursuits, the means of a safe—a salutary, and most creditable amusement. Constituted as society is in a small community like our's, there are many temptations to vice and dissipation, which obtrude themselves most powerfully upon the young and the heedless. Without any fixed and attractive object of healthful relaxation, they are too apt to follow the example of others, and to seek in the indulgence of boisterous hilarity, the means of a fleeting and remorseful gratification. There are many young men in this country, whose talents, if well and prudently directed, would do honor to themselves, and confer a credit and a benefit upon their fellows. To such, then, we particularly address ourselves, and most earnestly invite their co-operation and assistance: our pages will always be open to communications of merit and interest, and we shall invariably take a pride in giving insertion to the productions of native talent. We know that this talent exists, and we are most anxious to develope and bring it forward.

. In conclusion, we must say a word or two on the general character and features of our Magazine. Politics, in any shape or kind, we have already intimated, we shall strictly and pertinaciously avoid; while Literature, in its widest acceptation, shall be industriously cultivated. Light and lively essays on subjects of general and local interest, tales, poetry, with a correct and carefully-selected summary of news, and an especial attention to matters of Colonial importance, will constitute the principal features of the HOBART TOWN MONTHLY MAGAZINE. We shall not rest satisfied with making it *une boutique de verbiage*—a mere word shop; nor shall we cram it with empty nonsense, the *mugitus labyrinthi*, as Juvenal terms it. We shall endeavour to render it wholesome and palatable; and, as we have had some experience in affairs of this kind “at home,” we may be reasonably supposed to know something of the mode of doing so. There is plenty of *materiel* in the country, and we shall omit no opportunity, and spare no expense, in collecting and gathering it in.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG ESSAYIST.

This is such a scribbling age, that almost every young gentleman and lady, with (or without) even a moderate education, occasionally indulge in the practice of the *cacoëthes scribendi*; and, whatever may be the result of their lucubrations as regards the public, it is very certain that as regards themselves, they—the lucubrations, to wit,—are considered in no trivial light, for Lord Byron is not the only person, who opines, that—

“ ’Tis something, sure, to see one's name in print,—
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.”

In England, indeed, a taste for light literature is greatly promoted by the periodical press; and it is a happy circumstance that genius and literary merit find there a ready mart for their products. The friendless, the obscure, and the indigent youth may acquire friends, (that is, friends good enough for all practical purposes—I speak not of Pyladeans)—may spurn the low grounds of obscurity, and rise from indigence to independence, by the labors of that little instru-

ment, "a grey goose quill." He who, by the sweet influence of his birth-star, has a motive purely intellectual—who, by the merit, or iniquity, or good fortune of his ancestors, is placed above these sublunary considerations—he, to whomever love of fame—

"That last infirmity of noble minds."

is the sole (oh! happy, happy he!) incentive, may attain the object of his pursuit, even by so light and simple a thing as—a feather! To such, the *pueri ingenuique et nobiles* of this Colony, I address myself—especially to the former class; first, because I have a fellow-feeling for that class in particular; and, second, because the other class is in some measure independent of the press, although equally anxious, perchance, to be connected with it. As an essayist, I have had, myself, some experience; probably more than is usual even with your professed scribbler, having been some years since a supervisor of essays—in fact, an editor. I am thus not ill-qualified to give advice upon the subject, and moreover, feel a brother's wish to assist, as far as I am able, those who are, now, what I once was—inexperienced, unknown, and retiring. I would premise, however, that I am not about to propose a regular *recipe* for the composition of an essay; the following observations have nothing to do with the *materiel* of essay-writing, but pre-suppose its existence in the mind or the memory of the novice. My counsel merely regards a few mechanical things, which, being observed, would facilitate the progress of the essayist. If he be endowed with surpassing genius, or enriched with superior learning, he may, with some reason, despise the advice I offer; but before he does so, let him be morally *certain*, that he has one at least of the above qualifications.

Perhaps, it will be a more impressive method to give my reader some hints of how I proceeded, myself, upon first tumbling upon society, like a drop of rain from the maternal bosom of its cloud into the boundless and indifferent ocean.

I emanated in the year 18—, from the learned ignorance of the University of ———, and went to London, without the knowledge and against the probable wish of my friends. There I had *not one friend*—not even an acquaintance upon whose advice or assistance I could rely. Perhaps there never was a human being, worthy the name of a reasonable creature, less fitted than I was to contend with the world. Altogether ignorant of men and manners—of most unprepossessing phrase and address—of scrupulous and slowly-opening faculties, upon which a subject dawns long, long before the full mental day-light clothes it in perfect brightness; these, and many other circumstances, which I omit to mention, rendered me peculiarly unfit to buffet my way through the sturdy ranks, which block up the road to preferment. When I mention these particulars, it is merely to show that perseverance and the exercise of a little judgment will enable a man to overcome more

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THE

Hobart Town Magazine.

VOLUME I.

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"——Non tenues ignavo pollice chordas  
Pulso, sed Arunci residens in margine templi,  
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STATI SYLVIVS.

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VAN DIEMEN'S LAND :

H. MELVILLE,

ELIZABETH STREET, HOBART TOWN.

1833.

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may be inclined one way or the other by their presence or absence. I ask the objector—does not a well-printed book *induce* him to examine it, and an ill-printed one *discourage* him, unless beforehand he knows that the former is worthless and the latter valuable? Besides, is not a gentlemanly style of communication some proof of a cultivated mind? Is it not presumable, that he who writes like a man of breeding thinks like a man of education? If illegible neatness be the fault of imbecility, slovenly plainness is the effect of vulgarity: Let both, therefore, be avoided, but the latter especially.

STANZAS.

Hail ! to thee, beautiful bird of spring !
 Nature is decking thy joyous bower ;
 Ascend to the sun's source, mount and sing
 Gratitude's lay for each budding flower.
 Thou art the herald of radiant skies,
 Blossoms of fragrance—Pomona's treasure,
 And, O ! thou illumest the sick man's eyes
 With convalescent smiles of pleasure.
 Hail ! to thee, minstrel of hope to *all* !
 But who, ere thy sweet strain be ended,
 Are doom'd to death's untimely fall,
 Like wither'd leaves on earth extended.
 Ah ! while the vernal glades are green—
 Ere summer's ripening corn be golden—
 On thousands will have closed life's scene.
 Round thousands more the shroud be folden !
 Yet blue-bosom'd monitor, bird of spring !
 Blissful and pure, and safe be thy bower :
 Thy melody's wisdom, and bids *man* sing
 Gratitude's lay for each budding flower.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Shed a tear for the dead,
 'Tis Fredrick's due !
 O ! *Woman* ! he oft shed
 A tear for you.
 Heave a sigh for the past,
 'Tis pity's claim ;
 D—— ever held steadfast
 A parent's aim.
 Though one of the number
 On earth to *roam* ;
 Peace hallow his slumber !
 Heaven be his home !
 Yes ! a wail for the dead—
 A *crush'd fire's* due :
 Poor orphan's ! he oft shed
 A tear for you.

STANZAS.

Recal that strain ! whose harrowing spell
Moves not this withered heart in vain,
Recal that strain ! thou know'st full well,
It gives my sorrowing bosom pain.
Why wilt thou wake that joyful measure,
Why touch that chord in careless glee ?
Although to thee it may bring pleasure,
It doth bring madness unto me.
The hand, that struck that note of gladness,
Is cold and mouldering in the tomb ;—
The eye, that glanced in softened sadness,
Is closed in death's untimely gloom.
That form of beauty's brightest moulding
Where is it now ? Go ! search and see !
Its earthly charms are now unfolding,
Their fragrance in eternity !
Oh ! Wake not, then, that joyful measure,
Strike not that chord in careless glee,
Although to thee it may bring pleasure,
It brings but madness unto me.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND IN 1803.

It was during the winter of a southern climate that our vessel bore down on the bold and mountainous Island of Van Diemen's Land, a country then only known to Europeans, from the imperfect accounts given by those who first discovered its coast—and consequently, the information as to its localities was uncertain and indefinite. The directions by which our commander pursued his course, were to enter a river on the southern side of the Island. On our approaching its entrance we found it to be of considerable width, with various inlets and bays ; the neighbouring land was thickly wooded with trees of the largest size, from the coast to the tops of the most lofty mountains. The weather became variable, it was the extreme depth of winter—yet when the sky was cleared of clouds, the season resembled that of an European spring, the trees retaining their foliage as it were in defiance of the violent winter storms experienced at this season of the year. Our vessel proceeded slowly up the river, so as to allow the men in the boat, to reconnoitre the bays for safe anchorage, or to discover a rivulet of fresh water. It was during the suspense of information from the men in the boats, which were on each side of the river, when the anxious looks of our little party were directed towards the land, that I experienced those feelings of agitation and despondency which might be expected from a being, cast out as it were, from society, to live on an unknown

land, inhabited by an unknown savage race. While thus contemplating, a breeze sprung up from sea, our vessel cut the foaming element, and we approached a jutting neck of land, round which the current of the river flowed strong, its breadth being scarcely two miles; the country exhibiting on either side, stupendous mountains, one of which, was covered with snow as it appeared towering above the clouds. We were still proceeding against the current, when the captain, in consequence of a signal hoisted in one of the boats, suddenly gave orders for the anchor to be cast, at the same time remarking, "here will we rest-down," and strange as it may appear, "REST-DOWN" became henceforward the name of our encampment.

I have oftentimes experienced pleasure, when hearing the chain cable rattle through the gang-way on the anchor, viz, cast to grapple with the strand, but on this occasion, the noise fell upon my ear with a doleful sound, which seemed ever to prognosticate troubles and difficulties—and which prognostication has proved eventually but too true. The bay had been sounded, and the attractions to the spot having been confirmed as suitable for a young settlement—we landed with the necessary utensils to erect temporary buildings for our future habitations. The various divisions of labor were assigned to each of us—some were actively employed in cutting down and clearing away the trees—others were occupied in cutting branches to lattice stakes, which were erected one against the other, to form side walls for our dwellings. The broken branches and decayed trees which had fallen, having "meted their measure of life," now stretched on the ground, waiting the hand of time to moulder them with their mother earth, served us for fires without the assistance of the wood-cutter. It was impossible to help moralizing on the wild and uncultivated face of nature, I looked as far as my sight could reach, still was there only one continued forest, with nothing to relieve the monotonous landscape, but the grandeur of the distant mountains. By degrees my reflections unawares and unperceptibly became drawn to the natural state of what were now densely populated countries. I contemplated what had been produced by the hand of man, what toil, what "sweat of the brow" had been bestowed before the face of the country could have become transformed from nature's wild rugged forest, to verdant fields and flowery shrubberies—to busy villages and busier cities.

The original possessors of all land, said I to myself, acquired their right by force, maintained that right by possession—and by the labor bestowed upon the land, it became subservient to useful purposes—thereby making that, their exclusive right, which ought by the law of right to have been the inheritance of others. But then again, nature, it would seem, informed man, that having been born with the right to live, he had also a right to some portion of that, by which existence could be sustained—the soil was then the means by which to procure support, for without it who could live? alas! as if to mock the law of nature, it has become the portion of few—

and these few rule with despotic power, the very requisites for human sustenance. There is a predominant passion in man, which is put in force on all occasions, where he has the power to rule and domineer. This land, thought I, is now in possession of tribes of Aborigines, who enjoy themselves in their native forests according to their own fashions and inclinations—but we came to deprive them of their all—and if we cannot keep possession by seductive allurements—do not we know that we have the right to maintain possession, because it is our will so to do; thus man usurps power when he is aware that he can do so with impunity.

A small space of land being cleared, and the huts which we had erected for our temporary residence being completed, we landed a few articles of domestic use. The first night passed without interruption, unless from the croaking noise of the opossum—who, when the searching light of day passes from the forest, leaves its holes in the decayed trees, and comes abroad to feed on the leaves of the peppermint tree. When first I heard the unmusical sound, I awoke with a sort of fear, and starting from my grassy bed, quietly left my tent with my gun in my hand, and listened until I had ascertained the sound proceeded from an adjacent long leafy tree. Putting on my best courage, I proceeded towards the sound, and by the light of the stars, which shine with such transcendant brightness in the southern hemisphere, I soon perceived an animal about the size of a cat, fixed on a branch of the tree, apparently surprised at my intrusions on its solitude—fearing not my little animal, I returned to my tent. It became necessary for us, now that we had taken possession of the land, to look after the means of support—we had as yet, supplied ourselves by fishing in the bay, where the fish were found in great plenty—but still, other nutriment became necessary. At day-break therefore, we started for the mountains to procure animal food, nor were we long before we fell in with kangaroo, who looked with apparent surprise at our appearance, squatting down, and, as it were, making motions with its front paws, and erecting its long ears, as if it would fain have asked us our business there. We fired at them, but with little success—we next set our dogs on the chase, but the swiftness with which they bounded through the forest, and the dogs being little accustomed to the bush, prevented us from procuring a sufficient supply. Weeks elapsed before we encountered the native tribes, which we attributed to our having landed at a place where the sloping land enclosed, by a ridge of hills stretching along the banks of the river, prevented them from observing us, in their emigration from one part of the Island to the other—the natives having no fixed place of abode, travel about as fancy may direct them. It had been our determination to keep together, at least, in such numbers that we might be a protection to each other, in case of being surprised by the savages. One fine evening, when we were all at our huts, little prepared for a visitor, and as little expecting one, suddenly were we surprised by the appearance of a native, who had taken his station

on a small eminence of ground within musket-shot of our encampment. His stature was of the ordinary size—but the bold and determined manner with which he had apparently fixed himself on the spot, showed a man of no ordinary courage—in his left hand, were several spears of about seven feet in length, and in his right, a short club or stick of not more than three feet—both of these he appeared to grasp with such muscular strength and resolution, that he convinced us he was not dismayed by our appearance. He was entirely naked, and his hair appeared matted with grease, and bedaubed here and there with patches of red ochre. His appearance was such that I could not emphatically express with the Poet—

“When unadorned, adorned the most,”

although “a native grace sat *dark* proportioned on his polished limbs.” He waved with his hand, which signified to us “to go away,” at the same time making use of words which we supposed to be in unison with the action. His face though strongly marked with the character peculiar to the African—still—differed materially upon closer inspection—the brow was full, and the eyebrows knitted over—small, quick, and cunning eyes—the lips too were large, pouting with a parallel to the nose and chin—below the under lip was a little tuft of hair, which needed not artificial aid to curl it. Desirous of maintaining a friendly intercourse with the natives, we signified by the best means in our power, our disposition to this savage, whom we judged from his appearance to be some chief that had in all probability received information from his tribe, that we had taken possession of his territories, when doubtlessly, according to custom, he had watched our movements without our ever being aware that we were observed by any one. Two of the principal officers walked towards him, with a few articles as an offering—but he regarded our movements with great caution—until he saw that the persons who approached him were unarmed—and that our looks did not indicate violence—he then was induced to come near our dwelling.

(*To be continued.*)

A POINT FOR THE CRITICS.

From the French of Armand Gouffé.

Write just as you speak—say modern critics,
That desperate band of merciless ascetics :
O ye ! who fix the laws of composition,
Have ye no pity for my sad condition ?
Tell me, in God's name, how should I compose,
For, gentle critics, I speak through my nose !

STANZAS,

*(Addressed to ———, at Sydney; and written at Midnight, on
the summit of Mount Nelson, October, 1832.)*

Shine on bright star! thy midnight beam
Is seen by other eye than mine :
Shine on, bright star! and, as a dream,
Pass by us in thy course divine.
Does she I love, now gaze on thee,
And mark thy beauty lonely star,
Thinking with tenderness on me—
Distant from her so long and far?
Does she, as now she looks upon
Thy twinkling ray and softened light,
Ponder upon the fate of one
Who loves her with a fond delight?
Who, toss'd on life's tempestous wave,
Still clings to hope—still thinks of her,
As one, that from life's gloom may save
A sad and lonely wanderer.
Long years have past since last we met—
To me they have been years of pain;
Of sorrow and of grief—but yet,
I would not shun their course again :
For still to *her* my heart has turn'd
In all my ecstasy of tears :
With purest thoughts of *her* hath burn'd,
Mingled with love's bewitching fears.
In all my wanderings, her young love
Hath been to me a dear delight—
A dawning star-beam from above,
A gladdening ray of cheering light.
And if, in after years, my fate
Shall be, from her, in grief to sever,
I will not turn away in hate,
But still love on, and love for ever!

THE ISLAND OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

The day had been unusually sultry; but the evening had brought with it the beauty and tranquillity that belong only to evening.

The passengers stood on deck, indulging in that feeling of glowing pleasure, which pervades the mind on leaving, perhaps for ever, the shores which contain the treasures of affection and endearment; the home of infancy; the scenes of youth; the friends and companions of the heart. Nor had Mary Seton, till that time, escaped the visitings of that sorrowful spirit. Often had she proceeded

and paused, and lingered and returned; before she could, even in thought, bid farewell to the humble white steeple of her native village, and now that the lessening form of her country itself was fading on the horizon, a deep gush of anguish came over her heart; her cheek waned white—her lips quivered; a sudden strong impulse ran through her whole frame; and while she strove to avert her head from the scene she had been contemplating, it gained resistless force from the movement, and soon bade defiance to her firmest resolutions.

After the first two or three weeks had elapsed, the novelty of her situation seemed to have infused into her being, the principles of a new existence. She was now traversing the mighty waters of the Atlantic, and as she would sit enjoying the cool breeze of evening upon deck, her mind naturally unquerulous, would expand to the sublime objects before it: the moon hovering like a deity over a world of waters; the studded firmament; the silver clouds; the solitude of the shoreless sea—these, in her dreary moments, she would contrast with that memory held up of the past: the cottage in which her life was spent—its daily occupations; the walk by the river's edge; the old blue hill in the north; and while a tear would gather in her eye to the memory of those who hallowed them in affection, she felt more acutely the nature of her situation, with all its throbbing anxieties.

Mary enjoyed in her *compagnon du voyage*, young Harleigh, all the blessings of a kindly intercourse. He was no stranger, to make her doubtful of his kindness: the same sun had brightened the day of their birth; the same trees had shaded their playground; they had walked hand-in-hand 'ere either knew the world, or the world either; they had mingled tears and joys, and kindnesses, before custom or necessity had erected a barrier between their feelings; before the dictates of a stern and vindictive world had awed them into a cold reserve, and made them aware of a duller sky, and a wider scene of life, than their imagination had bodied forth. Mary was in her nineteenth year, and if beauty be indeed a blessing, she might have been considered as truly blessed. At this very moment I have her gentle form before me—the eye of pity—the auburn ringlets—the tender expression—the delicacy of features—the fairy lightness—the unaffected simplicity—the tenderness, and the soul which spoke from every motion of one, who seemed to illustrate the best form of woman, something, as it were of heaven yet on earth, and requiring support; immaculate, as for another existence, but needing protection in this. After touching at the beautiful island of St. Catharines, and supplying ourselves with whatever we wanted for the prosecution of our voyage, we doubled Cape Horn on the 1st of December, after experiencing very stormy weather. Midsummer came, and now the nights, even without the aid of the moon, were so bright, that the sailors could read, and manage to amuse themselves during their watches. The weather had suddenly changed; it was now as fine and favorable

as it had been previously boisterous, and a glassy sea and a balmy breeze bore us onward, with a hope before us, and merriment in our hearts. We had got into the monsoons, and the individual ease that reigned in the ship, had impressed on the mind of our lively companions, that a sea life was, of all others, the happiest in the world. Heedless of the past—careless of the future, the jovial fellows of the element, thought the present time enough for them, and the present was a time of enjoyment; with jokes, gibes, and noisy gaiety, they continued to fill up the long vacancies of their labors. The lovely, speckless sky, spoke to their hearts; and when the sun was level with the ocean, they mustered on deck, and drowned time and care together in dance and festivity.

It was on the 2nd of March, and a finer night, or calmer day, never opened from the heavens. I can yet revert to the memory of it with a saddened pleasure. The sea was spread out, on every side, like a glassy plain, in which the wind fluttered, and the sunbeams glowed. As the forenoon advanced, the distant glimpse of the blue shore faded from the view, and a rising vapour, ascending to the sun, came circling upon us from every side, and soon covered the face of the sky. So impenetrable, at one time, was the misty haze, that we felt as if enclosed for ever in its bosom; but the afternoon thinned its density. More and more beautifully it opened before, and closed upon us; and when twilight threw her red mantle over the face of the deep, there was neither dimness on the sea, nor mist in the sky. The moon, betimes, mounted from the mighty Pacific, and surrounded by myriads of stars, pierced her way, in silence and solemnity, to the centre of the heavens—it was an hour for love. As the two adventurers paced the deck, Mary made some observation to the Captain of the vessel, upon the serenity of the evening. "May it continue," answered the Captain, at the same time pointing ominously with his finger, "but I should like to have some better security than yonder black fellow in the west. Do you not yet observe that speck?" Mary followed the direction of his arm, discerned now, far distant, a trifling spot, which seemed, however, in a little space, an opposing spirit advancing to encounter the moon, as they neared each other from the extremities of the horizon; but as yet, she guessed not, nor dreamed of the Captain's object—for the sea slumbered like a lake, and the placid moon was still careering up among the stars, which gleamed brilliantly in the blue heaven.

In these southern latitudes, the harbinger is often the ushering in of the storm; and Harleigh, made aware of circumstances which cast a gloom even over his firmer nature, drew Mary's arm gently within his own, and whispered into her ear a tremulous wish, which might have told her, by its anxiety, that all was not as it should be; yet, if she did feel anxiety from that secret whisper, no outward sign betrayed her emotions; the cheek retained its bloom—she smiled sweetly as before, and without withdrawing her arm from that of her friend, walked lightly to the stern, and took

her place, beside him, on the seat from which she had so often witnessed nature in some of its most beautiful aspects. But she was now to see it in another form; beauty was changing to blackness, and a gloom was fast spreading over the face of the sky. Already the waters were observed to tumble, with a mysterious motion, though not a breath stirred the air, nor was the main-sheet down, 'ere the first approaches of the storm were heard sighing in the cordage. In a short time, the clouds hurried past the moon, rapid and successive, and widening and mingling as they flew, were condensing into a solid black mass. Then came the greenish dark hue across the sea, and the sullen yet agitated noise out of it, while the fitful glimmers of Eve's Queen, shewed, far and wide, the whitening froth which the boiling waters below sent up bubbling to the surface.

The Captain now ordered his men to sling up the fore-yard and set the fore-sail, and need, in truth, was there for speed in obeying. The wind came at once in a hurricane, and right in upon the shore; and its first blast brought up a tremendous wave, which lashed the sides of the ship, and covered her deck, with nought to be seen around, but the breaking foam of the waves, and the black heavens over head. Mary Seton, who had never dreamed of the horrors of such a situation, shuddered as she heard the creaking of the vessel, and as it toiled heavily amid the waves which lashed and roared around like peals of thunder, while the mingled agents of destruction, as if at length bursting asunder the faculties which held them in subjection, seemed threatening to overwhelm them, in one general ruin. Thrice she attempted, by going to the cabin window, to have her dreadful imaginations tempered, by a, perhaps, less dreadful reality; but she soon felt that she was deceived in her wildest conjectures; for as her eyes gazed on the watery desolation, her ideas became confused as the elements—her head swam round, and all consciousness, for a time, forsook her. At ten o'clock, the topsails, on which we mainly relied for clearing off the shore, were blown off the yard, and confusion became doubly confused.

A shrill, involuntary shriek, came from the deck at the incident—the vessel gave a tremendous lurch, and then darted almost perpendicularly downward, amid the waves.

A roaring and rushing noise, a mingling of waters, was in the ears of Mary Seton, when consciousness again awakening her to misery, she felt herself grasped within the embrace of her friend, but it was in vain that Harleigh exerted himself with all the powers which the dreadful moment had left him. The flapping of the sails—the tumult and jarring noise of the sea—the shouts—the curses—and the prayers of the sailors which came successively and together, now seemed to swell louder and nearer as if all would soon be over. Mary dropped on her knees—Harleigh grasped her hand—the sound of footsteps was heard on the stairs—the cabin door burst open, nor had the Captain spoken the first syllable

of his merciful errand, ere the vessel struck with an awful crash. What followed was not felt by Mary Seton. In the horror and uproar that surrounded her, she had again sunk into a state of insensibility, and was only recalled to consciousness by the violent motion of the long boat, which labored in a sea that could not be exceeded in all that startles imagination; now it stood almost vertical on the brow of a stupendous surge, and shivered us far and wide, the elements of a world as it were sinking into a chaos; now it sunk, and the sight was bounded by one overwhelming billow, which strove to cover us in its depths; now we lay in the hollow of two mighty mountains, whose huge perpendicular sides were meeting over us, while a thousand noises were heard above, and the black frightful sky was alone visible up the opening: there was a dead silence in the boat, the men looked fearfully in one another's faces, as if uttering their thoughts, would add to the awful dangers that encompassed them, when all at once over the mountainous surges, land appeared at no great distance. The effect was instantaneous, the men sprung to their feet, gave three confused shouts, which drowned even the roaring of the elements, and then prepared calmly to break the force with which they knew we must be driven on the shore; with all their resistance however, the shock was terrible.

The joy of our deliverance for a long time superseded every other consideration, we listened with deep pleasure to the raging of the ocean, for we were now secure from fury, and the roaring blast made us rejoice at the firm land on which we stood. The distant vessel with her shreds of sails, new-broken masts, and her blue lights, was now discovered tumbling recklessly amidst the billows, but what was that to us, since we were in safety, it only added to our deliverance, still the thrilling feeling was as transient as it was bright; the peculiar circumstances of our situation soon began to break in upon our transport, and to bring down our minds to a soberer tone. The gray light of the morning showed us at a little distance the cabins of the natives, scattered irregularly on the height, shaded from behind by a fine old wood of bananas and vines. The inhabitants appeared as yet altogether ignorant of our misfortunes, but on their disposition towards us our only hope, at best a poor one, rested. A temporary hut was erected with the boats' sails, with a determination to brave out the storm, till its issue should determine our future conduct by its consequences. As the morning advanced, the fury of the storm abated, and hope began to relieve the prospects for the future. The vessel was found to have struck on a sand bank about a bow shot from the shore, and would have been inevitably shattered to pieces but for the shelter of an immense mass called Gorier Rock, which in a great measure sheltered it from the force of the sea. Bustle and activity again began to appear among our little band. Mary Seton had wonderfully recovered, and now, when despair had passed away, her cheek was sometimes caught with a blush upon it, as she en-

countered those features which had been familiar to her from her infancy. No time was lost in debarking whatever part of the cargo could be trusted to the long boat in the yet unsettled and tempestuous state of the sea, and over it the crew kept a strict watch on the shore, as the alarm had already begun to spread itself among the natives, who were collecting around in considerable numbers, exhibiting in their swarthy uncouth countenances, all the expressions of surprise and mischief.

Among the more forward and uncouth of these visitors, was a young man, who, by the singularity of his costume, appeared to be the son of some person of consequence. From his appearance he could not be above twenty years of age. His approach was more decided than the rest of the islanders, and his behaviour more petulant and presuming. Unluckily for the fortunes of our crew, the duty of meeting him had devolved upon the very last person of their number, calculated for such an interview. Language, or rather the want of language, to explain mutual feelings, may be productive of much mischief; but there is something in a look so powerful which speaks from the heart, that even savages learn to respect it from nature, but this in the present instance both wanted, signs were made to be understood, and customs resorted to, which neither could understand, patience was not a quality of either, and ill-nature became to each too visibly demonstrated to be longer unproductive of effect; harsh gestures soon succeeded doubtful meanings, and Darton, who with returned hope had assumed his natural impetuosity of temper, began to display a spirit of open estimation, the very farthest from that which any reasonable person would have adopted in such critical circumstances. He became indignant at the forwardness of the young savage, who, on repeating some violent conduct, was warned by his unsheathing his dagger, of the consequence of his longer perseverance. This only added fuel to the fire; for the latter stepping boldly forward up to him in front, mimicked his threatening gestures with the most irritating effrontery; and Darton's passion, already on the rock, and boiling at this pantomimic mockery and defiance, in a moment he struck him down with his hanger. The confusion of the natives at this unexpected deed was variously manifested; some, as if overcome with fear, started off towards their cabins at full speed, while others put on wild threatening looks, and exhibited many mystic manœuverings. The young man in the mean time, lay apparently senseless, and bleeding profusely from his wound, until some of their number took courage to approach him, lifted him from the ground, and, riveting a sidelong suspicious glance at our band, began to move off with him towards the village. A few of the sailors approved of the conduct of the mate, but others shook their heads, and dreaded the consequence of the adventure. This was about the afternoon, and several of the latter boldly urged the danger of remaining all night, as had been proposed, wholly unable as they were to resist any attack of the natives, in case

such might be attempted ; but the former laughed at their fear and sneeringly bade them desert their duty and go aboard, and that they themselves would endeavor to keep at bay a few unarmed savages. This had so much the desired effect, that Harleigh, who had previously determined to carry Mary Seton on board, could not now, either by threat or entreaty, prevail on as many as were necessary for the management of the boat to convey them thither.

Night waxed apace, and formed altogether, in its elements, a complete contrast to the fearful one that preceded it. The waves had fallen asleep as if from exhaustion, and the dark blue concave of heaven was studded with a blaze of stars, while its eastern arch was full of the glory of the approaching morn. All nature began to clothe herself in a silvery garment, and the sun emerging at last, threw its wide lustre on the landscape and distant hills : all was silent, save the sound of the sailors' voice, chanting away the lagging hours in thoughtless joviality. Midnight arrived, but alas, it was ushered in with a spectacle that struck the firmest heart with dread. A pale livid light was floating over the sky above Gorier Rock, and each began to ask the other whence it could proceed, scarcely daring to trust their tongues with what was conceived in their minds, but they listened for sounds to the sea, and looked in vain for the vessel, which had been carried out a considerable distance on the opposite side of the rock for shelter, against the south-east, which generally blows from the shore at that season. Neither sight nor sound of satisfaction could be obtained, and several retreated to the neighbouring height, in order to ascertain the cause of the singular sight which all dreaded. O God ! what were their sensations at the sight, their gaudy ship in flames, masts, sails, and hull, blazing together in one mass of light, it had already reached the pendent, and the blaze ran briskly along its floating fold, and with the little breeze that was stirring, pointed its red forked light to the shore for an instant, and then dissolved in the air ; darkness fell upon the hearts of the gazers, and a cold tremor ran over them, as they hurried back to their companions. A few minutes more served to dissipate every hope which desperation had raised, a number of canoes were observed in the red glare around the edge of the rock, and as they skimmed rapidly forward, our little miserable band conferred eagerly and hastily together ; the council was short, the resolution desperate, silently and solemnly they separated, and each man drew his hanger since they were to die, it would be together, and with this last consolation, of selling life as dearly as possible, and revenging the fate of their companions. With one voice however, they urged Harleigh to fly with Mary Seton to the woods, and there was not a moment for hesitation ; he folded the fainting girl in his arms ; the paleness of death sat on her features ; her fine black ringlets lay over her drooping forehead, and her beautiful mild eyes were closed as if for ever. When he hurried up the height, he hardly gained the summit, when a horrid drumming burst on his ears from the cabins, and turning round

his head to the spot he had first left, he beheld the lighted torches of the natives, swarming round the knot of his comrades; he cast his eyes to the dark edging of the water, but his soul sickened within him; he gazed again upon his lovely burthen—he gazed to heaven, and his eyes had scarcely taken in the green bushes which clustered over his head; ere a yell of the bitterest agony sent the blood cold through his veins.

He darted furiously through the wood, heedless what track he followed, or in which maze he entangled himself. There was a wild tumult in his ears of clashing, confusion, yells, feeble cries, and a shout. He stopped short to listen; but surely the whole must have been a dream of fancy; for nought was to be heard except the distant muttering of the sea, and the shrill rustle among the branches near him. There was a rivulet at no great distance, and hastening to its side, he stooped and cooled the temples of the poor girl, and perceived, with deep concern, the return of sensation, relieving the marbly hue of her countenance. At length she lifted up her eyes upon him, but Harleigh felt their faint gleaminess too much for endurance; the cold tears ran down his cheeks, and looking upwards to the thread of open sky above him, with its patch of stars, he thought he could read in their silent aspect, a decree which would prevent either of them from being ever again sensible to their soft and powerful influence. As for Mary Seton, herself, the same actuating hope of once more seeing her beloved parents, was still paramount in her mind. What had happened, was, to her, only a dream of fearful images. She had witnessed, and she had felt the images too vivid in her heart, to be mingled with any of the formless shapes of her imagination—the fiery vessel, and the paddling canoes. She could recollect the wild shouts, but further her mind could not carry her; and she now viewed with wonder, the green turf, the stream, and the mighty forest, waving in stilly grandeur. She started, and withdrawing herself from Harleigh's side, sunk down upon her knees: he knelt down silently beside her. There was something awfully solemn and sublime in the act, and in that midnight prayer, thus poured out in the utter solitude of nature. The moon sprung suddenly into the dark blue sky, from amidst the clouds that had obscured her, and shot a sudden lustre upon all things around. "'Tis time," she exclaimed, suddenly rising upon her feet—" 'tis time to proceed." Two minutes more, and they were on their way. As they forced their passage again through the thick wood; the former rapidity of their flight might well have astonished them—though only some of the trees were yet in leaf, so thickly interwoven were the branches above, that the moon-beams were directed into solitary patches, upon the deep mossy grass below, and which, in the foliage of summer, must have been impervious both to sun and moon. Their steps were cautious and wary, and often amid the dread silence of the path, the motion of a single leaf made them start, while the distant howl of the wolf, or the falling of a decayed branch, would

break in upon the surrounding loneliness. On all sides, the ever deepening gloom of passing ages, lay around from those primeval trees, which struck their silent, gilded tops into the sky—the very earthly types of that eternity, on whose brinks the unsteady steps of the pilgrims were then doubtfully supported. Their time required to be nicely dealt with; for on approaching the outskirts of the forest, the first faint rays of day were beginning to blend themselves with the moonbeams; and the sea, which burst at once upon them, displayed an arch of light on its eastern horizon. They held in their breath while they bent forward, eager to catch the slightest noise; but even that stern ear discovered nothing but the broken sounding of the sea, where multitudes of silvery-breasted waves were displaying on the beach. “Now,” said Harleigh, looking earnestly to heaven, “here our danger lies; I fear the other side of the rock; but God will protect us—yes, yes, even for your sake!” Having thus said, they crept breathlessly along the foot of its shadowed side, and Mary trembled at the sight of the naked hanger, which Harleigh had, almost unconsciously, drawn from its sheath, and grasped with the firm nerve of one who expected its instant use; but a trial, yet more awful, awaited her. The mangled bodies of the gallant crew—the men whom she had but that night conversed with, in life and in spirits, were lying visible, in that little circle, on the spot where she had last seen them.

“Hush! hush!” breathed Harleigh, his manly heart shaking at her terrible emotion, and taking both her hands between his—
“Hush! hush! we shall soon be there.”

At that moment, a piercing cry from the cliff above, rung through their ears, and struck, as it were, death into their hearts—it told them that hope was gone.

There was a rushing noise behind and before, and several successive daggers glanced, momentarily, in the moonbeams, at the turning of the cliff.—Mary Seton fell down, without a sigh or sound, upon the wet sand.

Even to this day, the mariner, on this inhospitable coast, fancies he hears, in the night watch, a piercing shriek, borne on the wind which blows from Nootka.

C. G.

SONG.

Fly to me! the vesper star
 Is twinkling sweet above thee;
 I have wandered long and far,
 To whisper that I love thee:
 That star is only seen at night,
 And fades before the morning light;
 Truth, like mine, will constant shine,
 Then love me, dearest, love me!

List to me.—Can gentle sighs
 Cause thy bosom anguish?
 Ah! it's dove-like peace I prize,
 Though it bid me languish.
 Give thy lover's breast repose,
 Purest love within it glows,
 Thine will still as softly thrill,
 Then love me, dearest, love me!

JOURNAL OF TWO DAYS,

WITH AN INTERVAL OF FORTY YEARS.

“———Ridentem dicere verum.
 Quid vetat?”—HOR.

April 20, 1783.

Six o'clock A.M.—Sprung nimbly out of bed, and threw open the shutters. It was a beautiful morning,—sun up, birds singing, flowers blooming, dew glittering. Hurried on my clothes. Took my rod in hand—threw my fishing-basket over my shoulder, and soon found myself on the banks of the neighbouring trout-stream. Recollected it was my twentieth birth-day; sighed to think I was so old; determined to correct all former faults, and begin a new life; threw back into the water every fish I caught, by way of a beginning, and walked home with the conviction, that I should one day be a second Howard.

Nine o'clock.—Made desperate havoc at the breakfast table—sent eggs, rolls, ham, jelly, marmalade, tea and coffee, chasing each other

down my throat. Dad said he was glad to see me so hungry; and granny whispered something to my mother about white teeth, blue eyes, and beautiful complexion; talked of Ellen Tracey; dad looked glum; mother frowned; and granny said she was a sly gipsy, not worth a farthing: thought granny an old bore.

Eleven o'clock.—Called on Dick Oliver; rode out together—never saw Dick so merry; met Ellen Tracey; both bowed; our eyes met; never thought her more beautiful; told Dick I was determined to marry her, whether dad consented or no; Dick said I was right—thought Dick a sensible fellow—knew him to be my staunch friend.

Two o'clock.—Returned home; found the honorable Miss Aubrey in the drawing-room; mother and granny in a great fuss; was sorry I had come in; wished to retreat, and stumbled over Miss Aubrey's lap-dog; dog yelped—Miss Aubrey screamed—mother shrieked—granny scolded; wished either them or myself at the devil; tried to turn it off with a joke—failed, for nobody laughed; never felt so foolish, or looked so sheepish. Miss Aubrey rose to go; carried her lap-dog down stairs, and handed both into the carriage. (*Mem.*: never to call any dog of mine Pompey.)

Three o'clock.—Lectured by pa, ma, and granny; Miss Aubrey's charms, personable, moveable, and heritable, drummed into my ears; protested I could see nothing agreeable about her—was told by the whole trio in grand chorus, that she was worth six thousand a year; thought that six thousand a year was more than any married man could have occasion for.

Five o'clock.—Dined with my uncle in town; a large party—mostly old people—all upwards of forty; not a single topic broached in which I took the slightest interest; sat at the bottom of the table, beside my uncle, and carved every dish for him. Never saw people eat so voraciously—had not a moment to swallow a morsel myself; cut too thick a slice of mutton for an elderly gentleman, who sat above me; he sent away his plate, and requested me to give him a thinner; blushed from shame and vexation, but sent him his mutton and abundance of gravy; was asked by my uncle to take wine,—in filling my glass, gave the elderly gentleman's plate a touch with my elbow; plate fell, and deposited its contents—mutton, potatoes, and gravy—in the elderly gentleman's lap; thought I should have died, but put on a serious face, and begged a thousand pardons. After dinner, drank a dozen bumpers of my uncle's claret, and then left him and his old cronies to make the best they could of the remainder of the evening.

Eight o'clock.—Went to the Theatre,—knew that Ellen Tracey was there with her aunt; got into their box,—Ellen Tracey made room for me to sit by her side,—felt myself in the third heaven,—would not have exchanged places with the King, had he been in the house. Saw Miss Aubrey in an opposite box,—thought she looked angry,—did not care; Ellen looked pleased. The play was "Venice Preserved;" saw tears in Ellen's eyes; thought what

rapture I should have felt, had I been allowed to kiss them away; led Ellen and her aunt to the carriage; was asked to go home and sup with them; scarcely took time to answer, but leaped after them into the carriage like a flying Mercury; never was in such spirits; was afraid lest they should think me tipsy; thought Ellen's hair more tastefully dressed than I had ever seen it; how beautifully her light auburn ringlets danced over her dark blue eyes! Sat with them till her aunt gave me a pretty broad hint, that it was time to be gone.

Twelve o'clock.—An enchanting night; the moon travelling through a cloudless sky; composed half a sonnet as I walked homewards; passed Dick Oliver's; saw a light in his room; thought I would call in and tell him of the pleasure I had been enjoying; knew that Dick was my best—my *very* best friend; found him sitting over a tumbler of negus,—was prevailed upon to take some also; repeated my half sonnet; Dick laughed, but I knew he was no judge of poetry; left him at two in the morning; went home,—got into bed,—fell asleep, and dreamed of Ellen Tracey.

“Eheu! fugaces, Posthume! Posthume!
Labuntur anni.”—HOR.

April 20, 1823.

Eight o'clock, A.M.—Was awakened from a comfortable nap, by the horrid rumbling of a confounded dust cart; heard, at the same time, the horse neigh immediately under my window, and the dustman ring his bell with the most consummate violence, and cold-blooded impertinence; felt inclined to load a pair of pistols, and shoot both the man and his horse through the head; was convinced I should not get the better of the shock for a whole week.

Ten o'clock.—Sat down to breakfast; eat nothing; the bread was sour, the eggs rotten, the tea too weak, the coffee too strong; started, when I recollected it was my sixtieth birth-day; went to the glass; thought there was something wrong about it, for most of my hair appeared grey, and innumerable wrinkles were visible on my face and forehead.

Eleven o'clock.—Laid my hand on some old manuscripts; found among them part of my journal, written many years ago; read that part which was dated 20th of April, 1783: wondered how I could ever have given way to so much levity and frivolity, as it convicted me of: thought of my father and mother, and grandmother, whom I had long since laid in the dust, and could scarcely refrain from tears at the recollection thus excited in my bosom. Placing my elbow on the table, leaning my head on my hand, and involuntarily closing my eyes, I thought on my past life, as on a long and troubled dream: here and there, bright objects flitted before me, but they, as well as the darker and less pleasing figures, were soon hid in a dim and uncertain twilight. A melancholy

sensation of loneliness stole over me; I felt that the hey-day of youth and youthful enjoyment was gone for ever, when—

“Simply but to be,
To live, to breathe, is purest ecstasy.”

One o'clock.—Ordered the gig to the door; wrapped myself up in my great coat, and set off on my morning ride; horse rather fiery; determined to sell him, and get another; met Mr. and Mrs. Oliver; took no notice of either, but felt my heart beat irregularly for some minutes; found myself in an excellent mood for misanthropy. When a man becomes the dupe of his own erroneous opinions and false judgments, he often degenerates into a misanthrope, eager to revenge upon his fellow men those misfortunes, which, he imagines, they, and not his egregious folly, have entailed upon him. Felt, however, that *my* misanthropy had something like a just foundation to rest upon. It is surely hard to be deceived by him, whom you consider your best friend, and to be jilted by her, upon whom all your reflections had been irrecoverably placed. Thought of my grandmother; recollected that I had often treated her advice with too little deference; wished that she were still alive, that I might have told her how exactly we agreed about Mrs. Oliver.

Three o'clock.—Visited the family burying place; stood beside the tombs of my father, my mother, my grandmother, and my only sister; did not shed any tears, but earnestly prayed that I might soon lie beside them; felt as if all my previous existence had been a blank, destitute of thought and action; reflected, that the only sincere disinterested friend I had ever known, had long since gone down into the grave, and that I was left a solitary wanderer without one tie to bind me to the world; ruminated on the deceitfulness of youthful hope, and youthful love, and youthful friendship; felt something like tears trickling down my cheek; tried to dry my eyes, but could not.

Five o'clock.—Dined with a newly married couple; there was a large merry party, but the bride and her young husband, seemed to be more than merry; they looked perfectly happy; they had known and loved each other from childhood; almost envied them, and could not help thinking just for a moment, of what Ellen Tracey once was; eat nothing; thought the young people very boisterous in their mirth; could not bear the loud peals of laughter; sought for refuge amongst several old ladies; found that they were all watching with delight, the merriment of their children, and their grandchildren; sighed deeply, and contrived to steal away unobserved; need not say *contrived*, for few knew I was in the room, and none missed me when I departed.

Eight o'clock.—Went by myself to the Theatre; with me a very favorite place of amusement. Lady Howard, formerly Miss Aubrey happened to be in the box into which I went; I was received politely, I may even say cordially, by herself and her husband.

Lady Howard must, at one time, have been a decided beauty, she is even now a fine graceful looking woman. Saw Dick Oliver and Ellen; Mr. and Mrs. Oliver, I mean, in an opposite box; did not think they looked happy; felt half angry at myself, but could not help pitying Ellen. Did not like the play; it was "Venice Preserved." Probably the acting was not good, yet Miss Kelly played Belvidera; observed, that the ladies never think of shedding tears in a theatre now-a-days. Did not stay to see the after-piece.

Ten o'clock.—Felt no inclination to eat supper; read a few pages of Young's "Night Thoughts;" went to bed, and dreamt that I was wandering alone at midnight amidst the ruins of Rome.

THE VAN DIEMEN'S LAND ALMANACK FOR 1833.

Who that has seen this agreeable and most useful little volume, will sneer at the state of Literature in Van Diemen's Land? Here is a well, nay an elegantly, printed *brochure* of some three hundred pages, containing a vast variety of information, and presenting the reader with an accurate, impartial, and spirited account of the Colony, generally speaking, written in a good and masterly style, and, altogether, exhibiting abundant proofs of the painstaking care and tact of its compiler. Well acquainted as we thought ourselves with the history, condition, and resources of Tasmania, we are, nevertheless, astonished at their extent and interest, as viewed collectively in the volume now before us; and we are very sure, that our friends "at home" will more than share our wonderment, as they peruse, delightedly, a work of so much interest.

Thirty years ago, Van Diemen's Land was worse than a wilderness—the abode only of the brutal savage, and the *no more* brutal beast of prey. Human habitation it had none, save the wretched hut of the miserable native; and nature revelled throughout the whole Island in its most rude and wildest riot. What is the case now? The nucleus of a powerful territory has been planted; towns and villages have sprung up in the very heart of the apparently impenetrable forest; an extensive and increasing commerce has been established, and every where are seen the marks of man's power and perseverance, triumphing over physical obstacles with a celerity and certainty perfectly marvellous. Who, as he gazes upon any of the beautiful and finely cultivated estates, with which the Colony is now studded, can reconcile with their present luxuriant condition, the idea, that they were once—and at no very distant period—covered with timber and stone? True it is, there are in many instances, great facilities afforded, both by the soil and the climate of this country; but these would have availed but little, if they had not

been judiciously turned to account, by the reflection and industry of man.

Although we are fain to confess, that there is plenty of room in Hobart Town for architectural innovations and improvements, still, all things considered, it is a very surprising town. It has good shops, excellent inns, with excellent prices, a commodious church, with a very *in-commodious* steeple, and several public buildings of a character by no means conspicuous for elegance, while its inhabitants are computed in the aggregate at eight thousand souls. This is pretty well for a place not quite thirty years old, and must impress the stranger with some very pleasing notions of the spirit and perseverance of Tasmanians. But, if we continue our description of the Colony, we shall, ourselves, perpetrate a history, instead of inditing a short review of the Van Diemen's Land Almanack: we shall now proceed therefore, to the more immediate object of our present article—commenting, as we go on, upon such topics as we may select for quotation.

Let us premise, however, that the mere business part of the Almanack is extremely well done. The geographical descriptions are concise and accurate; the Calendar, useful and perspicuous; and the observations upon Farming and Horticulture, especially plain and practical.

We cannot say quite so much in favour of the Zoological information, which is meagre and unsatisfactory. So little indeed, is really and scientifically known of the Natural History of this country, that we are not surprised at any omission, in this respect, in the work before us; and as it contains so much useful matter of almost every other description, we must not be too fastidious upon a point, which, to many may appear, after all, of no great importance. May we, however, implore the Editor to pay more attention to this subject, during the coming year? It is by no means improbable, that we shall afford him some useful sources of information, through the medium of this Miscellany, as we are extremely anxious to elucidate, as clearly as we can, the interesting Zoological mysteries of this interesting country.

The article on *Exports* and *Imports*, will be read with interest by every intelligent person. In wool, the increase is large and encouraging. In 1827, the quantity exported to England, was 192,075 lbs., while in 1831, it had progressively increased to 1,359,203 lbs.; and as the quality of our wool is yearly improving, we may expect the increase to continue, till the exportation of this important article becomes a principal source of Colonial, as well as individual, prosperity.

There are two subjects lightly treated of, upon each of which we shall make a few remarks. First, "*Prison Discipline*;" and second, "*Aborigines*." In the first, the writer has chiefly turned his attention to disprove the opinion, entertained by many persons "at home," that transportation to this Colony is no punishment. The most positive evidence in support of this opinion, is furnished

by Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield, who, it will be recollected, was imprisoned in Newgate for three years, for the abduction of Miss Turner, of Cheshire. During his incarceration, Mr. Wakefield occupied a large portion of his time in gaining practical information respecting Prison Discipline; and, although his statements have been greatly questioned, especially those which refer to transportation, we have reason to know, that, as far as the statements themselves go, they are perfectly correct,—in other words, that if they are erroneous as to their application, they are true as to their existence. “I had particular opportunities,” says Mr. Wakefield, “of observing the impression made upon the minds of convicts under sentence of transportation, because, in the first place, there is always a considerable number of such persons in Newgate; and, secondly, Newgate is a sort of lodging-house for convicts coming from the country prisons: they remain there for a short time, but quite long enough to give any body, who is an inmate of the prison, an opportunity of observing the impression upon their minds. I took very great pains,” he continues, “during the course of three years, to observe the state of mind of those persons, and I do not now remember a single instance, in which a prisoner appeared to me to be deeply affected, by the prospect of being transported to the Colonies, when he expected to go there, and bent upon attaining a degree of wealth and happiness, such as he had no prospect of attaining in this country. Amongst a number of persons sentenced to transportation, and living together, I generally found one, and sometimes two or three, who had already been in the Colonies; and it is very seldom a session passes at the Old Bailey, without the conviction of some man, who has been transported before,—consequently, the convicts associating with these men, have the best opportunity of hearing reports as to the state of the convicts in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. These reports are always exceedingly favorable; in many cases, no doubt, they are much exaggerated in favor of the convict, because a man who returns from transportation, takes pleasure in making people believe that he has cheated the law, and that he has enjoyed himself, notwithstanding the sentence passed upon him. But whilst some allowance must be made, for this exaggeration of the returned convict, the story he has to tell is, when true, a very favorable one in the estimation of these people. He states such facts as, that a great number of the persons who keep carriages in Sydney, were once convicts, and he gives the names of these persons, and describes how they, in the course of a very few years, have raised themselves from the situation of convicts, to that of the most important persons, in point of wealth, perhaps, in the Colony. All these representations are received with great delight by the convict, and those who think upon the subject at all, go out with the prospect of benefitting themselves and doing well.”

Thus far Mr. Gibbon Wakefield, and Mr. James Busby, late Collector of the Internal Revenue of New South Wales, affords us

this additional evidence on the subject:—"I have known individuals," he says, "who have committed crimes to get to New South Wales, and, I think, I have known of people, who have endeavoured to induce their relatives or connexions to commit crime, in order to get them out."

Now, this is tolerably plain and sufficiently intelligible, and we naturally ask, is it true?—Unfortunately it is too true, and we can bear testimony from our own personal experience, to its correctness and accuracy. We know for a positive fact, that in nine cases out of ten, transportation is not regarded with that salutary terror which can alone render it a means of punishment; and, however irksome and uncomfortable may be the situation of the convict in this Colony, he has but a very imperfect idea of its wretchedness before he is fated to experience it. But this has little to do with the point at issue between our Prisoner Discipline gentlemen at home, and the Editor of the *Van Diemen's Land Almanack for 1833*; this question being briefly and simply this:—Is transportation to this Colony in all cases a punishment, adequately proportioned to the magnitude of the convict's offence? This one subject presents so much scope for discussion, that we dare scarcely trust ourselves with the few cursory remarks, which the limits of an article like this will alone permit us to make. Much, indeed, may be said on both sides; and it does appear to us, that, in very many instances, the punishment of transportation is not adequate to the crime of the offender. True it is—and no less lamentable than true, that in very many cases, the convict, by his once inherent or inveterate viciousness, entails upon himself the utmost severity of penal discipline: but, in other instances, the sentence is certainly rendered as light as possible; and, perhaps, deservedly so. We firmly believe, that the present local Government is, at all times anxious to mitigate the severities of the convicts' doom, and to hold out to him every inducement to reformation and repentance. So far, then, so good, but may not benevolent minded-men be, occasionally, imposed upon, and persuaded to grant indulgencies to those who do not deserve them? That such has been the case, here and elsewhere, is evident enough; and, although, we are the last persons, who would advocate undue severity, or, indeed, severity of any kind, towards the prisoner population, still we would have the meritorious convict alone rewarded; and the incorrigible reprobate, properly and adequately punished. There are individuals in this Colony, bad, and black-hearted enough, for any villany; and roughly would they riot therein, if they had the courage or the chance of doing so undetected: but, thanks to the vigilance and power of our most excellent police, their base desires are rendered nugatory and of no avail,—and, therefore are they, apparently, subordinate. On the other hand, there are many—we hope and believe, *very* many, men whose crimes, in the first instance, were not marked by any atrocity; but who, nevertheless, rendered themselves painfully amenable to the injured laws of their country. To such men—whatever may have been

their original sentence—if they apply themselves resolutely and heartily to reformation, in the name of all that is just and good, let every indulgence be granted. But let not the *pseudo*-philanthropist, from the exercise of such indulgence, deduce a misapplication of the favorable and amiable attributes of mercy! Let him not, from this just and exemplary exercise of beneficial power, stigmatize the penal discipline of transportation, as a measure of none effect—and even imbue it with objects of encouragement and attraction. Alas! Let him spend a single twelvemonth in Van Diemen's Land, and he will then, *and not till then*, form a correct and unbiassed opinion of the mode in which these important affairs are managed: we will undertake to affirm, that his opinion—then formed from experience—will acquit the Local Government of all undue and deliberate partiality; and that he cannot but perceive the excellence—even with all its drawbacks—of the penal discipline, so justly pursued in this Colony.

There is one point connected with this subject, which we do not find illustrated in the Almanack. We allude to the very important one of "*Female Prisoner Servants*." Every one will admit, that he has infinitely more trouble to manage his female, than his male assigned servants. We frankly acknowledge, that this is our case, as well as that of our friends and neighbours. And why is this? The answer is simple enough:—Because you have no adequate means of punishing refractory females. You take a young lady of this description before a police magistrate; and tell him she has behaved very ill—been saucy to your wife,—burnt, scalded, or otherwise injured your children,—finally, that she has got gloriously drunk, and refused to work—in legal—or rather, in *Quarter Session* phraseology—that she has been guilty of "*insubordination*." Well, what follows? The "Court," very properly, adjudge her to be "guilty,"—and she makes no defence. How is this young lady to be adequately punished? All that can be done is, to send her to the Factory—put her in the "crime class" for six months, (which, she will tell you, she can easily "bowl off,) and perhaps, in an extreme case, shave her head! And this is all—positively and actually all—that you can do to a very gorgon—a hyæna—a she-tiger! And, then, there is this drawback, even upon so slight—so silly a punishment as this. Instead of being rigidly confined in the *crime class*, for six months, this furious termagant will very frequently, be "assigned," in less than the same number of weeks, and sent out of the Factory accordingly—the quiet and amiable superintendent feeling wonderfully rejoiced at the opportunity of so good a riddance! And, who can blame him? No one, certainly: for of all plagues on earth, or under the earth, an unruly woman is the worst!—as any one, who has lived in the Colony a single month, will have abundant opportunities of discovering.

Truly has the Editor styled the *Aborgines* a very interesting portion of his subject. It presents many melancholy points for reflection, and comprises sad and horrible examples of the atrocity

and cruelty of man—under circumstances of the most trifling import. We doubt, and ever have doubted, the moral right, even under every circumstance of provoking aggravation, of destroying systematically, and by wholesale, the Aborigines of this country. As to the expediency,—nay, we will say, the actual necessity of such a course, we are free to admit, that it was rendered urgent and imperative, by the sedulous and skilful aggressions of the natives; but, then, a simple but startling question obtrudes itself—“*What was the cause of these aggressions?*” We could write a volume in answer to this; we will, however, content ourselves with merely recording a simple anecdote. During the first ten years of the Colony, the vicinity of the Coal River was much infested by the natives; they, probably, found that district congenial to the purposes of their simple subsistence, and, attached to the spot, did not like to leave it. But then, the “white man,” of all tyrants the most tyrannical, came to “settle” there, with his flocks and herds, his family, and his stock-keepers. The native regarded the intrusion with distrust—it may be with displeasure—but he offered no molestation—he did not even point his spear at the dog, which was wantonly sent to worry him. Well; the “white man” settled on the banks of the river—his flocks and herds were turned out to graze on the “run,”—and his stock-keepers had each his duty assigned to him. Of all brutes wearing the human form, and assuming its attributes—some of the early stock-keepers were the most brutal, and the most diabolical. No atrocity was too horrible—no deed too dark and sanguinary for their depraved and debased debauchery; if ever the enemy of mankind possessed the human form—he revelled, to his hearts content, in that of these villanous stock-keepers. One of these scoundrels on the Coal River, named Carrots, since dead—(and the wretch died in his bed, we believe,)—“took a fancy” to the wife of one of the natives—of course, he was determined to possess her—and, in his attempt to carry her off, he found it convenient to kill her husband. This was a matter of no consequence then—but what did the brute do? How did he aggravate his crime, for his black heart, satiated as it was with similar outrages, wanted some additional stimulus?—he actually cut off the dead man’s head, hung it round his neck, and compelled the unfortunate widow to accompany him to his hut—thus diabolically decorated!—Nor was this all; the beast boasted of his brutality—boasted of it to men wearing the garb of humanity—but most probably, wanting all its best and dearest attributes! What followed this base and abominable outrage? What might have been naturally expected; he plundered the settler’s flocks and herds—and, then, was the tocsin sounded for the extermination of the natives, systematically and by wholesale!

We could multiply these examples an hundred fold—but *Ex uno disce omnes*:—they all present the same disgusting picture of human nature, in its most depraved, its most brutal form. And who would like to contemplate such truths? It is far better to

throw over them the veil of oblivion ; and, now, that we are happily exempt from a repetition of their occurrence, to regard them only as matters of tradition—over the narrating of which we can only shudder and weep.

There are some observations on the “State of Society,” with which we shall not at present, concern ourselves, as we anticipate some interesting and able papers on this subject, from a gentleman perfectly well qualified to delineate to the life, all its varieties. The “Advice to Emigrants” is good, but scanty—it might have been enlarged with advantage. In conclusion, we repeat our hearty commendation of this amusing and useful work, which we sincerely declare, ought to find a niche on the book shelves of every sensible person in the Colony.

ON TAVERN BUFFOONERY.

“Want of decency, *shows* want of sense.”

Amidst the almost countless varieties of folly, perhaps, there is no one variety more cruel, more common, or more contemptible, than the practical indulgence of what is termed a *jocular propensity*. Nor is the exhibition of this indulgence confined to the subordinate grades of society : for the pages of History illustrate, that in more than solitary instances it has disgraced a palace, and sullied the lustre of a regal diadem ! But, even royalty cannot consecrate what is wrong, or convert a derisional departure from decorum into a respectable example ; neither can the frequent repetition of a bad precedent justify its being acted upon. Nevertheless, it is almost impossible to enter any mixed public society, either in England or its Colonies (more especially in Van Diemen’s Land), without encountering in one’s own person, or seeing encountered in the person of another guest, the petty annoyances of some paltry addled pretender to the character of a wit—a Buchanan, or a Yorick. It may likewise be observed, that in almost every instance, the unmannerly jackanapes so pretending, is scarcely removed by half a shade from the sheerest idiot, who can tie a cravat *tonishly*, and dance a quadrille without egregious inelegance ; but, on the contrary, one of those human PUPPIES, who are, to use Lord Chesterfield’s expressive phrase, “*had into company*,” because they can

bark lasciviously, and keep *each other recreant from decency* in countenance! To a JOKER of this description, the most amiable deportment of a sensible, upright, and (because upright) unsuspecting man, affords irresistible temptations. To make him a BUTT, becomes a paramount consideration. If he attempts conversation, the trick is, to repeatedly interrupt him with questions, as to what he may have said last? The enquirer, with an overstrained show of unreal, because unmeant politeness, apologising "for being a little deaf, through the effects of a recent cold;" and then winking at as big and as brainless blockheads as himself (for all who encourage a fool, are fools!) with preposterous exultation at having perpetrated a wanton, impertinent, and an unpardonable falsehood. If the BUTT, animated by gratitude for what he considers to have been a sincere compliment, rises to return his acknowledgments—the *joke* is, to endanger his life and wound his sensibility, by secretly withdrawing his chair, and then loudly protesting, *upon honor!* previous ignorance of its removal. To mix brandy in his wine, is another very favorite amusement; and, in short, (*not to teach any amateur coxcombs more ways, than are already stated, of rendering themselves conventional nuisances*), to outrage all those principles by which a gentleman is dignified, and made proudly contra-distinguishable from a vulgar ruffian—to pervert each opportunity for social intercourse, into a medium of inhuman indulgence, unmerited insult, and pusillanimous dissimulation;—and, lastly, to attack the divine image, in the reasoning faculty of their confiding brother-man, although not brother-votary of meritorious merriment, would appear to constitute the cardinal aim and gratification of those silly, contemptible, self-nominated, jesters, *and vainly-would-be wits*, for whose exposure to the mirror of conscience, and for whose ultimate reform, this article is written.

SENEX.

A DAY'S FISHING IN THE PLENTY.

"Of recreation there is none—
So free as fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less,
Than mind and body both possess:
My hand, alone, my work can do,
So I can fish and study too."—ISAAC WALTON.

Most courteous of readers! Art thou a fisher? We do not mean a mere *bobber* for jolly-tails, or black fish, but an enthusiastic, hearty angler, one, who is "*born to it*," as Izaak Walton hath it;

—and who will follow it with energy and spirit, wading like a crane, fording up to the arm-pits, and diving, like a *Platypus*, if it should be requisite. “And are there such noodles in the world as to do all this for the sake of a dozen or two of mullets?” asks some quiet and sedate elderly gentleman, who entertains the same opinion of angling, as that scurrilous fellow Swift, did:—namely, that it is a pastime performed with a rod and a string—with a worm at one end, and a fool at the other!—But, softly, good Mr. Cynic!—and just favor us with five minutes of your valuable time, and still more valuable attention, while we prove to you, beyond all dispute, past, present, and to come, that angling is not the silly affair you think it is, and that it was practised by wiser and better men than ever you and I can hope to make ourselves. Now, just listen!—

“And for you, that have heard many grave, serious men, pity anglers, let me tell you, Sir, (it is Izaak Walton who speaks,) there be many men, that are by others, taken to be serious and grave men, whom we condemn and pity. Men that are taken to be serious and grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion; money-getting men, (Izaak Walton *loquitur*-men,) that spend all their time, first in getting, and next, in anxious care to keep it;—men, that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented; for these poor, rich men, we angler's pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts, to think ourselves so happy. No, Sir! (Hold up your head, Mister Cynic, and do not be abashed!) we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions; and, as the learned and ingenious Montaigne says, like himself freely, “When my cat and I entertain each other, with mutual apish tricks, (as playing with a guitar) who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has pastime to begin or refuse to play as freely as I myself have? Nay,—who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language, (for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better?—and who knows, but that she pities me for being no wiser, than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly for making sport for her, when we two play together?”

Thus wisely speaks Montaigne concerning cats; and, although we feel wonderfully inclined to enter, here, into a long and (of course) a learned dissertation on these most useful and most capricious of animals, still, the subject to which this article must be devoted, precludes an indulgence in any such *capriccio*: we must, therefore, confine ourselves to the “matter in hand,” and deport ourselves accordingly.

Touching the matter of Montaigne's cat, we opine, Mr. Cynic, that, in the way of illustration, we have made some small advance towards the establishment of our position, namely, that angling is *not* a silly pastime; although we must confess, that it would puzzle us exceedingly to establish any connexion between cats and angling;

so we "let this pass," and return, with unimpaired vigour, to the subject now before us.

We have intimated, that angling has been pursued by wise and good men, as a pleasurable relaxation from the toil of business, or the intensity of study. In proof of this, let us merely mention the names of HORATIO NELSON, WALTER SCOTT, and HUMPHREY DAVY—three of the most illustrious names, which this, or any other age can boast of. We wish we could add to this glorious triad, the name of WELLINGTON; but, although an excellent soldier, and no very bad hand at statesmanship, his Grace has not handled a fishing-rod since he rambled through "Datchet Mead"—a merry, careless, unambitious school-boy. Indeed, soldiers, generally speaking, are indifferent anglers: we know not why—but so it is; and the only soldier, with whom *we* were acquainted, who could throw a fly with anything like skill, was an old pensioner in Wales, whom *la fortune de la guerre* had deprived of an eye and a leg; but he was an extraordinary man in many respects, and, amongst other things, he could hop with his wooden pin higher and faster than any man in the district. He is still alive, and, we hope merry; long may he "dot and go one," and continue to ensnare the golden trout of the dark-waved Dee!

Were we to indulge ourselves in recording all the great names of illustrious anglers, we should fill a volume instead of a mere article: We must, therefore, refer the curious in such matters to *Jamblich, De Vitâ Pythagoras; Dionys; Halicarnassi Epistol; ad Cneium Pomp; (Ed. Reische 1777); Basil; Archiepisc; Cosar; (Ed. 1618)*, with several other works equally learned and accessible, not omitting good, old, gossiping Izaak Walton, who, though mentioned "last," is, by no means "least in *our* dear love!" And if our worthy friend, the Cynic, should still persist in his heresy—which will be very surprising, after he has read diligently the authorities we have selected—we beg leave to submit to his consideration, the following *morceau* from honest Izaak, aforesaid:—"Oh, Sir! doubt not but that angling is an art; is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly? A trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk, and more watchful and timorous than the high-mettled Merlin is bold.—Doubt not, therefore, Sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth learning; the question is, (mark this, Mr. Cynic)—whether you are capable of learning it. For angling is somewhat like poetry—men are to be born so: I mean, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good angler, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit; but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but, having once got and practised it, then, doubt not, but angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself."

But angling has been stigmatized as a dull, unsocial, stupid pastime. Angling dull and stupid! Heaven help the egregious

blockhead who thinks so ! Why, there is an interest beyond comparison, and excitement beyond measure, in the true and manly practice of the art ; and an idiot of ten years standing, if he have but a feeble glimmer of mind left, would find a stirring occupation for it in his lonely wanderings by the river's brink. We positively pity that man, who can find no food for delightful contemplation in the splendid glories of nature—who can travel all the way from Dan to Beersheba, and cry out that all is barren ! We are quite certain, that there never yet existed that strange anomaly, a perfectly irreligious fisher ; the thing is morally impossible ! That man must have a dull and deadened soul, indeed, who can behold with apathy, those ever-active operations of nature, which are visible in leaf and flower—in beast and bird—in field and fell—in the wood, the stream, the mountain and the forest ; and the habit of thought, engendered by the fisher's solitary pastime, sprinkled, moreover, as it is, with its gentle excitement, is extremely favorable to the indulgence of those sentiments, which lift us up from earth to heaven, and which fill us with gushes of irrepressible and holy love for the great and gracious GOD who made us, the earth, and all that is therein,—urging us instinctively and joyously to exclaim :—" O Lord ! how manifold are thy works ; in wisdom hast thou made them all ; the earth is full of thy riches !" No !—the honest and amiable angler cannot gaze upon—

" The stately compass of the lofty sky,
And in the midst, thereof, like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye."

without knowing and feeling, that every thing around him is a portion of that glorious and gracious system, which has for its object the comfort and welfare of heedless and unthankful man. Let the scoffer scoff then, and the Cynic snarl ; let the sour, serious man of money and Mammon, whose soul is wrapt up in the accumulation of the gold he worships, stigmatize angling as a dull and unprofitable occupation ; but do you, our excellent and most gentle " brother of the angle," take up your rod, sling on your basket, and accompany us in a " Day's Fishing in the Plenty,"—singing, as we trudge along :—

" Oh ! the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any ;—
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis belov'd by many :
Other joys,
Are but toys,
Only this
Lawful is ;
For our skill,
Breeds no ill—
But content and pleasure."

But, before we set out, let us look to our tackle, and see if it be in good time and excellent abundance:—

“Our rod and our line, our float and our lead,
Our hooks and our plummet, our whetstone and knife,
Our basket, our baits, both living and dead,
Our net, and our meat, for that is the chief;
Then must we have thread, and hairs great and small,
With our smart fishing-basket, and so we have all!”

And, now then, to the Plenty. “In leaving Richmond Hill,” as the Itinerary would state, “you pass on the left, Mason’s Hotel, and on the right, the neat and comfortable residences of Dr. Officer and Mr. Lindley, with Miss Ring’s “Establishment for Young Ladies,” and that best of all Colonial inns, “The Bush,” whilome kept by our old friend, Mrs. Bridger, and now under the industrious, able, and obliging superintendence of her nephew, Mr. Baker. By the way, a word or two here on Colonial Inns will not be misapplied, or supererogatory; for as we intend to render this a rambling sort of article, our readers must not be very much surprized, if we, occasionally, indulge in rhapsodizing on matters—foreign, it may be, to the immediate subject “on hand,” but, nevertheless, edifying in some degree, to the public in general. To return, therefore, to Colonial Inns. We had an idea, which was industriously instilled into our gentle bosom by our friends at home, that the inns in Van Diemen’s Land were mere huts; capable, perchance, of accommodating you with a “shake-down” in the stable, a tough and doughy *dumper*, some lean mutton steaks, or some still leaner kangaroo—to say nothing of Colonial Beer—worse than the washings of a gun-barrel—and rum, that a “nigger” would sneeze at! Lo! and behold, then! What was our amazement, when, after a tedious voyage of five long months—during which, we were plentifully saturated with salt junk, and more than satisfied with the skipper’s sauciness—what, we say, was our amazement, when we found ourselves sitting down comfortably, to a splendid sirloin of roast beef—a couple of boiled chickens—some most exquisite kangaroo *steamer*, “with other articles too numerous to particularize”—as Mr. Stracey would say—in a very delightful apartment, at that very delightful *Cabaret*, the *Ship*, in Hobart Town! There were no symptoms of the *hut* here! The wines were good, the bottled porter and ale most deliciously ripe and excellent, while the rum punch, prepared by the skilful hand of Mr. Wise, would fearlessly challenge competition with the preparation of the most curious compounder at home. But, were we to enter here upon a general and particular description of all the good inns, it has been our happy lot to meet with in this Colony, we should awfully enlarge our present article: this most important and most interesting subject shall receive due attention and most elaborate illustration on some future occasion—for the present, we shall only declare—and we do

so boldly and fearlessly—that Van Diemen's Land can safely challenge any country of like standing and extent as to the number, quality, and excellence of its inns.—We are not afraid of the result : Mr. Wise's punch, would, almost, of itself, establish the preference ; but we have abundance of corroborative and collateral evidence to adduce at the right and fitting season—and we most certainly shall do so ; for the present, we shall once more return to the original and proper subject of this article—namely, “a days fishing in the Plenty.”

We are, now, fairly on our way to this lively little river—and we have, left Richmond Hill some two or three hundred yards in our rear. Keeping the high road, we see before us a very beautiful expanse of woodland and water scenery. The banks of the Derwent on the opposite side of the river, are diversified by several well-cultivated, though small farms ; and, in enumerating the useful objects on the opposite bank, we must not omit the mention of the Ferry House, kept by Mr. Stephenson, who is so well known for civility, and attention to his guests, and for the readiness with which he attends to the calls of passengers, at all seasons and in all hours—no small virtue, let us observe, when the “fresh” in the Derwent runs sometimes, at the rate of eight or ten knots an hour. Pursuing our route, we presently arrive at Bell's Terrace ; (so called from Major Bell, the engineer, who made the road,) and overhanging the river, at a height of several hundred feet. There is something extremely grand and fine in the various views from this terrace. Below, on the right, the river glides slowly, darkly, and silently towards the distant ocean ; bounded on one side by smiling fields and green meadows, and, on the other, by the road—in some parts, the wattled bush—in others, huge rocks, piled, like “Pelion upon Ossa”—and lifting their brown and bare and rugged sides to the rough elements—unscathed by their fury—unmoved by their inclemency. And, then, they appear as if they would topple, and tumble down upon the heads of those, who gaze admiringly upon them. But, it is not so. There they are, safe, secure, and so firmly moored, that a very strange and powerful “combustion of the elements” would be necessary to “unship” them from their situation.

As you proceed, exultingly, towards the Plenty, you reach, about a mile or so from Richmond Hill, a sharp diversion in the road, which here sweeps round a small gully, and takes the name of the Horse-shoe Bridge. Just above this, as you ascend to the commencement of Bell's Terrace, you will perceive, on the left a “bright, green spot,” somewhat encumbered with wood, but easily cleared, and presenting in our opinion, one of the most delightful spots imaginable for the erection of a residence. A gentle, well-wooded hill, covered with green sward, rises smoothly and shelteringly behind, while the river rolls along the flat below, bounded by broad patches of fertile cultivation, and dotted with white weather-boarded cottages. The declivity to the river is too steep for a

garden, but we could find room for one on the flat by the house, and as soon as we have planned and laid it out, we shall forthwith commence its cultivation; and, we flatter ourselves, that in the course of a couple of years, the grounds and gardens at Bryntrion, (for so we have christened it) will be worthy of a visit from the curious in matters horticultural and botanical; at all events, they shall ever be accessible to their inspection; and, if we are at home, we shall be very happy to crack a bottle of our own grape or gooseberry wine, with a "brother of the angle," as he passes by on his way to the Plenty.

Trudging nimbly along Bell's Terrace, we gain the summit of the hill, and commence our descent to the flat by the Falls. A level road now takes us beneath Mr. Thomas Atkinson's pretty estate of Maitlandville, and close to the river on the right. Here, during the months of January, February, and March, there is usually very good mullet fishing, the fish having now deserted the creeks and rivulets, and repaired to the rapid, but shallow scours and streams of the larger rivers; but as we are bent on a pilgrimage to the Plenty, we shall not stop even to wet our flies at the Falls, but away, at once, up into the hills.

"Away! our journey lies through dell and dingle,
Where the blithe lamb trips by its timid mother:
Where the tall gum tree, with its scattered boughs,
Chequers the sun-beam in the green sward valley.
Up and away! for lovely paths are these
To tread, when the glad sun is on his throne;
Less pleasant, and less safe, when Cynthia's lamp
With doubtful glimmer, lights the dreary forest."

We are now fairly in the uplands, and up to our ancles in sand. It is yet earliest morning, and "the bush" is absolutely alive with the chirping of crickets and grasshoppers, the whirring of beetles, the chattering of parrots and magpies, and, high above all, the extraordinary scream of that extraordinary bird, the laughing jackass. Ever and anon, too, as you look down on the path, a lizard will dart away into the long grass, or perchance, a snake will rush into the brush-wood, giving, as it goes, one rapid piercing glance of its small bright eye, and leaving you standing with poised rod and "hair on end," looking "unutterable things." Oh! how we love the bush, and all its wild and wonderful beauties! Aye! even the venomous and terror-striking snake is an object of admiration, as it glides, with rustling scales, beneath the crumbling log; and the very beetle, as it whizzes like a burnished star before you, adds a joyous interest to the scene. It is true, we have not here as in India and Africa, the mighty roar of the lion and tiger, that shakes the very woods, and infuses terror into the bosoms of all minor animals; but we have the shrill scream of the eagle-hawk—to all intents and purposes an eagle itself—and, occasionally, a glimpse of its majestic figure, wheeling

in wide circles over the brow of some lofty mountain. And as to other birds, we have a vast variety—not very highly distinguished, it may be, for the melody of their notes, but replete with gay and beautiful plumage, and full of wild and graceful motion. We have said nothing of the botany of the bush, because, were we once to enter upon that fascinating topic, we should not know when or how to leave off. This must serve for several separate and future articles, which we shall, according to our invariable custom, render as amusing and as edifying as possible. For the present, then, we shall leave the stately and the weather-beaten eucalyptus, the green and graceful mimosa, and the whole tribe of acacias, &c. &c. &c. and descend a rough ravine in the road, called “the Dry Creek.”

This is a wild and rugged spot. The road here makes a slight curve over the hill, and descends abruptly into a flat by the river side, bounded on one side by a wooded dingle, and on the other by a rough hill, covered with brush-wood, interspersed with a few larger trees, and here and there a brown bare rock. At the bottom is a rude log-bridge, and just beyond are two rude huts, in perfect keeping with the scene, and harmonizing greatly with its ruggedness.

We are now rapidly approaching the Plenty, and shall just reach Redlands in time for breakfast. There it is! that low brick house, in that beautiful broad flat on the left. The chimney smokes hugely, giving visible token of the good fare preparing for breakfast, and we are quite sure that Major Oakes will give us the reception he always gives his friends—warm, hearty, and sincere. We turn out of the main road therefore, and shortly find ourselves in the breakfast parlour at Redlands. What a grand meal is breakfast! we mean the real substantial copious, and most delightful “*Dejuné a la fourchette*.” Ham, eggs, beefsteaks, cold meat, fish of course,—(and it is best broiled) with a splendid *steamer*, hot as heat itself, and as savoury as excellent cookery can make it—add to these, coffee and tea, with some of the genuine Redlands butter and cream, and you have a repast fit for old Jupiter and all his immortal comrades. We forget exactly who it is that remarks, there is nothing like the foundation of a good breakfast, when a body has an important days work to do; but we know from most expert experience, that the observation is full of truth and philosophy. It is truly astonishing, what an alteration a good breakfast effects on the mind and manners of an individual. The best tempered mortal breathing, even our kind hearted and amiable friend ——— himself, will find his temper ruffled, and his suavity soured, after a walk of six miles before breakfast;—no sooner, however, is he favored with a seat at Major Oakes's well-spread board, and the first gentle *fumée* of the savoury *steamer* spreads itself over the *pituitary* membrane of his organ of scent, than his proverbial amenity returns—his good-natured phisiognomy beams with its wonted benevolent lustre, and joke and jest, wit and repartee, season a repast, fit, as we said before, for the immortal Gods.

There are several favorite and frequented spots in the Plenty, where mullet mostly abound; and, without a chart of its course, we cannot well describe in writing the exact geographical situation of the spots in question. But we can give the reader a few general hints, by the adoption of which, we scruple not to aver, he will derive great and peculiar advantage. First then, let him look to his bait. A small reddish worm, denominated the brandling, is about the best he can use. This is found in dunghills, or in rich *made* earth, and if it is used, *without being scoured*, it will, generally, be found very "taking." But *we* prefer the "*fly*" to any bait, natural or artificial. Perhaps, certain sturdy predilections, associated with some of the best, most delightful, and most deep-rooted recollections of our youth, lead us to this choice. We are, ourselves, more than half inclined to think that this is the case; and, at all events, the artificial fly is a very dangerous and successful snare for the mullet. We have generally used a *red hackle*, and the *fern-fly*, and these, from "early morn to evening's shade," are decidedly "killing;" when, however, the sun is progressing towards his "ocean bed," and his beams are withdrawn from the dancing waters, a small white-winged moth-like fly, is the most captivating. In England we use such a fly, with fatal success, at the *edge of night*; but here, heaven help us, we have no edge to night at all; but plunge at once *in medias res*. With the flies we have mentioned, then, tolerable execution, by skilful management, may be reckoned upon in the Plenty: and if the angler will pay attention to the following remarks, he must be a desperate and most daring bungler if he does not fill his fishing basket.

When you come to a smart stream or *scour*, we think the worm will be your best weapon; but mind how you use it. We can assure you, from our own trifling experience, that a very great deal depends upon the mode of using the worm. In the first place, mind, particularly, how you place it on the hook. If you let a single spot of the polished snare appear, the cunning fish will pass it by, if not positively unnoticed, at all events, only *so* noticed, as to convince you that he has detected your design. Cover then the hook, barb, point, shaft and all; and take heed, not to leave too large a portion of your worm, dangling and writhing beyond the point; if you do, the first hungry and ferocious fish will seize upon the superfluous portion, gobble it quickly up, and leave your hook, gliding denuded through the water—a very laughing-stock to the whole piscatory assemblage. Very often, however, when the fish are not hungry, they will not take a worm at all; we have positively seen them wriggle slowly and coquettishly towards the bait, take it quietly in their mouths, give it one soft experimental suck, and then turn away with the most grave contempt imaginable. This is one of the most provoking things that can happen to an angler, and is to be avoided only by substituting the fly for the worm. You may cheat them in this way, for as they usually dart at the fly, to make sure of him upon the earliest instant of his

arrival, they have not time to make any unpleasant discoveries. In the still pools, or under banks, where the water is deep, the fly is decidedly the best. Recollect, we are speaking of *creek fishing*, and, more especially of the Plenty; for, as "different minds incline to different objects," so do the fish of different waters incline to different habits. Experience therefore, based upon sound and attentive observation, is the only sure guide to the angler in these matters.

As to the best times for fishing, we assume, that early morning is the best, then mid-day, and then evening, leaving the afternoon, or from two till about five, last on the list. But so much depends upon the weather, that these periods are subject to considerable variation. Warm weather is decidedly favorable to the ensnaring of mullet, and sun shine, especially in a strong stream or ripple, is by no means unfavorable. The best season is spring, that is from Michaelmas to Christmas, for the creeks; and the summer for the large rivers; but we have known the mullet to remain in the Plenty till February.

Carefully observant of the directions, we have here promulgated, we proceed to our favorite scours and holes in the Plenty, beginning just below Major Oakes's garden, and so fishing down the stream, regardless of snakes, lizards, centipedes, and all creeping things, filling our baskets with some of the finest silver-bellied and hog-backed mullets,* which are contained in this picturesque rivulet. By noon we have crawled as far as Glen Leith, where we make a capital lunch on broiled fish, new potatoes, and bottled porter, and then proceed, "tarrying no further question"—to the river side, to renew our murderous sport, which we pursue with unrelenting vigor, till our baskets will positively contain no more. We then wend our way towards Charlie's Hope, where the Colonial representative of Dandie Dinmont, George Thompson, Esq., J.P. gives us a hearty welcome to dinner, which is urgently re-echoed by his hospitable help-mate; and after a quiet chat about "Auld Lang Syne"—seasoned by a tumbler or two of very excellent whisky toddy—we set out in the cool evening to walk home by moonlight—after a delightful "day's fishing in the Plenty."

PISCATOR.

* By whose sagacious invention these fish received the title of *mullet*, we know not; they are to all intents and purposes, a species of *smelt*, and, when first caught, they have the same cucumber-like odour.

A SONG.

Tune—"And are ye sure the news is true?"

Fam'd Sampson, 'midst the mighty led;
 But mightier, far, was she,
 Who cut the ringlets from his head,
 When resting on her knee:
 O! nought on earth is half so strong
 As thy sex, fair Dalilah;
 But when thy influence is wrong,
 How baneful's the beguiler!
 And Solomon was very wise,
 The babe-decree approved it;
 But much more so are woman's eyes,
 With their keenly probing wit:
 There's nought on earth, so wise, so strong
 As thy sweet sex, Dalilah;
 The charms of love, to thee belong,
 Thou swayest as a smiler.

Z.

 SIR WALTER SCOTT.

This distinguished writer and accomplished scholar, died at his seat of Abbotsford, on the 21st of September last, aged 61 years. Thirty-one of these years, says the Editor of the *Atlas*, were devoted to the most triumphant but wearing and literary labor—and at last his physical strength was exhausted by mental exertion. The last days of life were darkness—and, visited as he had been, death was hailed as the only source of relief. In this place, our duty is merely to note the fact of his translation from that sphere wherein his talents were honored to that wherein his virtues will be rewarded.

We are extremely happy to learn, that, notwithstanding Sir Walter's unfortunate involvement in the affairs of the late Mr. Coristable (his original publisher,) his family will still enjoy the affluence, to which it was raised by his talents. The mode in which Sir Walter composed his works, and the time, which must have been necessarily devoted to such a task, have often excited the curiosity of the public; and Allan Cunningham, in a brief memoir of his deceased friend, thus solves the mystery:—

"Of the habits of Sir Walter Scott as an author, I know little, save what he happened to tell me, or what I casually gathered from men intimate with him. He told me that he was an early riser; I have since learned that his usual hour of beginning to write was seven

o'clock in the morning; that he continued it, saving the brief hour of breakfast, till one, and sometimes two o'clock; then shaved, dressed, and went to the hills with his favorite dogs; two tall, rough strong hounds, fit to pull down a stag, and, after some hours exercise, he turned to see such friends as chance or invitation brought to his door. By this mode of economizing time, he marched fast on with a romance; as he always inspired alike when in health, he had no occasion to wait for the descent of the *Muse*, but dashed away at the rate of sixteen pages of print daily. He wrote freely and without premeditation,* and his corrections were beyond all example few. When he wrote fastest he wrote best, because his heart was in trim."

We subjoin a correct list of all Sir Walter's works, for which, strange to say, we are indebted to a French Journal:—

1799.—*Goëtz de Berlichingen*, a tragedy, translated from Goëthe, 1 vol.

1802.—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 3 vols. 8vo.

1804.—*Sir Tristram*, 1 vol. 8vo.

1805.—*The lady of the Last Minstrel*, 1 vol. 8vo.

1806.—*Ballads and Lyrical Poetry*, 1 vol. 8vo.

1808.—*Marmion*, 1 vol. 8vo.; *The works of Dryden*, 18 vols. 8vo.

1809.—*Papers and Letters of Sir Ralph Sadler*, 2 vols. 8vo.; *Collection of Papers of Lord Somers*, 3 vols. 4to.

1810.—*The Poetical Works of Miss Seward*, 3 vols. 8vo.; *the Lady of the Lake*, 1 vol. 8vo.

1811.—*The Vision of Don Roderick*, 1 vol. 8vo.

1813.—*Rokeby*, 1 vol. 8vo.; *the Lord of the Isles*, 1 vol. 8vo.; *the Bridal of Triemain*, 1 vol. 8vo.; *Monumental Antiquities on the frontiers of England and Scotland*, 2 vols. 4to.; *Waverly*, 3 vols. 12mo.

1815.—*Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, 1 vol. 8vo.; *The Battle of Waterloo*, 8vo.; *Guy Mannering*, 3 vols. 12mo.

1816.—*The Antiquary*, 3 vols. 12mo.; *Tales of my Landlord*, first series; *The Black Dwarf and Old Mortality*, 4 vols. 12mo.

1817.—*Rob Roy*, 3 vols. 12mo.

1818.—*Tales of my Landlord*, second series; *the Heart of Mid Lothian*, 4 vols. 8vo.

1819.—*Tales of my Landlord*, third series; *the Bride of Lammermuir and the Legend of Montrose*, 4 vols.; *Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Views of Scotland*, 4 vols. 4to.; *Poems, &c.* of P. Carey, 1 vol. 8vo.

* There must be some mistake here. We, ourselves, happen to know, and, indeed, Allan Cunningham has told us, that Sir Walter generally, if not invariably, drew out a plan or skeleton of his story first, and, then proceeded to fill up the outline, deviating, of course, according to the plan of his brilliant imagination. It cannot, therefore, be said, that he "wrote without premeditation."—Ed.—H.F.M.M.

1820.—*Ivanhoe*, 4 vols. 12 mo.; *The Monastery*, 3 vols. 12 mo.; *The Abbot*, 3 vols. 12 mo.

1821.—*Kenilworth*, 3 vols. 12 mo.

1822.—*The Pirate*, 3 vols. 12 mo.; *Fortunes of Nigel*, 3 vols. 12 mo.; *Halidown Hill*, 1 vol. 8 vo.

1823.—*Peveril of the Peak*, 4 vols. 12 mo.; *Quentin Durward*, 3 vols. 12 mo.

1824.—*Saint Ronan's Well*, 3 vols. 12 mo.; *Redgauntlet*, 3 vols. 12 mo.

1825.—*Tales of the Crusaders*; the *Betrothed* and the *Talisman*, 4 vols. 12 mo.

1826.—*Woodstock*, 3 vols. 12 mo.

1827.—*Chronicles of the Canongate*, first series, 2 vols. 12 mo.; *Life of Napoleon*, 9 vols. 8 vo.

1828.—*Anne of Geirstein*; third series of the *Chronicles of the Canongate*; translated under the title of *Charles the Bold*, 3 vols. 12 mo.; *Memoirs of Madame la Rochejacquelin*, 1 vol. 8 vo.; *Letters from Malachi Malegrowther on the Public Funds*, 1 vol. 8 vo.; *Tales of a Grandfather*, on the *History of Scotland*, first series, 3 vols. 18 mo.

1829.—*Tales of a Grandfather*, on the *History of Scotland*, second series, 3 vols. 18 mo.; *Sermons*, by a Layman, &c. 1 vol. 8 vo.; *History of Scotland*, 2 vols. 12 mo. for the Cabinet Library.

1830.—*The Ayrshire Tragedy*, 1 vol. 8 vo.; *Tales of a Grandfather*, third series, 3 vols. 8 vo.

1831.—*Tales of a Grandfather*, fourth series, 3 vols. 8 vo.; *Letters on Demonology*, 1 vol. 8 vo.; last series of the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, 4 vols. 8 vo.

To these may be added several Ballads, and about 4 vols. in prose, comprising Biographical Notices, Essays, &c. inserted originally in the Supplement of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The articles furnished also by Sir Walter Scott to the different Reviews, &c., would besides make up not less than 4 vols. 8 vo.; and during the last four years, he has in a revision of his works, added to the amount of 6 vols. 8 vo. in notes and prefaces.

Sir Walter obtained his baronetcy shortly after the accession of George the Fourth, who, whatever were his faults, could never be accused of an indifference to talent and genius. He is succeeded by his eldest son, now Sir Walter, who is in his 32nd year, and a major in the 15th Hussars. The venerable author has left three other children, Mr. Charles Scott of Brazenose College, Oxford, Mrs. Lockhart, (the lady of the talented Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, who, by the by, is specially enjoined to write the memoirs of his illustrious relative, and Miss Scott, who, we believe, accompanied her afflicted parent on his recent tour in Italy and the Mediterranean.

The Mutiny.

46

LINES.

Written in the last number of Ashmun's "Fry"

Beloved! If in after years
To part from thee should be my lot,—
That e'er my tale a few warm tears,
But, oh! My love—forget me not!
Forget me not! And though for me
Life may present its sunny spot,—
What e'er may be my destiny,
Thou shalt not be by me forgot!

THE MUTINY;

AN EVENT IN THE LIFE OF A

In one of my rambles in the bush,
evening to a small log-house, high up a
ward. The spot was lonely—I may say
nevertheless, an appearance of complete
solitary habitation, which very much
knoll of smooth, green sward, well dis-
growing in the golden beams of a
fronted the house; while the rear
most luxuriant of our flowering
acres of cultivated land, bearing
were spread somewhat irregularly
stream, or rivulet of the purest
joyously over its uneven bed, at the
which fronted the house. I had
sight of such a haven was cheering
for a moment doubt the cordiality
of which I speak, every log-hut
bush-rambler a welcomed guest
had, we were sure of some mint
a basin of tea, or a noggin of rum
entirely out of the question.

But, there was something
solitary dwelling, to which I
hesitate somewhat, before I
my gun, and looking about

manly man came out of the house, and thus addressed me:—"Pray, sir, walk in: I see you have travelled far; and I beg you will not hesitate to make my poor hut your home." I followed him, accordingly, and entered the house.

If I was prepossessed in favor of this lonely dwelling, merely by a hasty glance at its external aspect, my impression was very considerably increased, by a view of its internal arrangements. The apartment, into which I was conducted, was not only furnished with every regard to comfort, but, even, to a certain degree, of elegance. A comfortable couch, a handsome Brussels' carpet, an excellent piano-forte, with chairs and tables, of the most approved European fashion—imparted to the place an air of refinement, very different to what I expected to find in a situation so sequestered, and, apparently, so remote from the haunts of mankind. But, I had yet to learn, that the proprietor of this solitary and secluded domicile, was, in every sense of the term, a strange and most extraordinary being. I have often thought his mind was "touched;" and, indeed, his story—as imparted by him to me, and now by me to the world—will afford sufficient ground for such a supposition: it is one of the most agonizing trials, which the human heart can suffer and survive.

On seating myself, my host, whom I shall call Mr. Edwards, placed on the table a case of spirits, some wine, with some cold meat; and ordering an old man-servant to prepare a kangaroo steamer, he urged me to commence operations on the fare he had already provided. I soon found him to be gifted with extensive information—in every respect, indeed, a man of great and very superior intelligence, with a dash of that wild, but amusing eccentricity, which usually betokens the existence of mental aberration. At once pleased and surprised at so unexpected a *rencontre*, I exerted my conversational powers to the utmost, and was happy to find, that they were not exerted in vain: I was pressingly invited to extend my visit, and found, that—I don't know how—I had, by some means, gained the esteem and confidence of the Recluse.

We spent a most delightful and intellectual evening. The wit—the fitful gaiety—the rich stores of anecdote and information, with occasional gleams of enthusiasm, varied by clouds of melancholy—all contributed to impart an interest to the stranger, which made an irresistible impression upon me: and this was greatly enhanced by a narrative of his adventures, which he related to me, on the evening of the second day of my visit, in words, as nearly as I can recollect, to the following effect:—

"I am the descendant of an old and somewhat eminent family, in the west of England. My father was in the Commission of the Peace; kept his fox-hounds, and lived in that jovial and hospitable style, so characteristic, at the time I speak of, of the English country squire. My mother was a gentle and retiring woman, the younger daughter of a wealthy baronet; and a sister and myself constituted their only offspring. Of my childhood, I need say

family, but that he had left his home, when a mere boy, in consequence of the ill usage of his parents. Good God! How parents *can* use their children ill, is to me a great marvel; surely they could not be such children as my Henry was!—The mates' name, I should tell you, was Forrester—the surgeon's, Morrison.

"I have told you the skipper was a brute, and I will give you an instance of it. We had barely entered the Bay of Biscay, when a smart gale overtook us; and I need not tell *you*, Sir, that such a visitation in such a place is no trifle. It was just before the commencement of the night watch, at which time the skipper was usually occupied with one, or sometimes two, of the youngest of the lady passengers; and on this occasion Forrester was the officer of the watch. The evening had been fine, and unusually warm for the season, and the surgeon, Forrester, and myself, had been enjoying the beauties of a fine sunset on the poop; it was blowing a brisk breeze even then, and as the buoyant ship dashed through the foaming waves, the spray rushed from her bows in columns of liquid gold."

"We shall have a rough night, yet," said Forrester, as he gazed round the horizon, with the watchful eye of the experienced seaman; "and, if I am not very much mistaken, my watch will be a wet one."

"I think so, too," said the surgeon (himself, an "old hand,") and I will lay a trifling wager that yonder small black cloud in the south-west is the very eye of a storm, which will make the old ship dance a bit, and prove what she is made of. I never saw a sunset like this in this infernal Bay, but it brought after it a smart gale, particularly when the wind was from the south-west."

"All this time Forrester, although not on watch, was examining the trim of the ship, which was going before the wind, under a heavy press of canvas, and at the rate of about nine knots an hour. "Keep her full, my lad, don't shake her," was his frequent exclamation to the helmsman, as his quick eye detected the slightest wrinkle in her sails; and having seen everything was right, he again joined us on the poop. As the huge red disk of the sun disappeared slowly and majestically beyond the foaming ocean, the wind was perceptibly rising, coming at first in fierce and strong gusts, and shaking the ship to her very keel.

"By George," exclaimed Forrester, "we must shorten sail, or we shall carry some of the sticks out of her," and he went forward accordingly to speak to the second officer, whose watch it then was. This man was Forrester's senior in years, but infinitely his junior in seamanship, and, as Forrester truly suspected, he was beastly drunk. He returned to us immediately, and asked our advice how to proceed. "We shall have a breeze I know," he said, "if I interfere in Roger's duty, and I know, too, that if I do not, we shall lose our sails, and, perhaps, a mast or two besides—what had I best do?"

"Go to the captain"—we both replied, "and apprise him of the state of the weather."

He did so; and, as we were rather anxiously awaiting his return, we heard the captain's rough and boisterous voice, rising high and discordantly above the roar of the elements, and indicating evidently the existence of high wrath in the skipper.

"The breeze is rising," said the surgeon—"Forrester was quite right—let us see what this mad-headed fellow is about—while he is venting his rage upon the young man, we may lose half our masts." We accordingly repaired to the cuddy, and arrived just in time to prevent a most serious outrage on the part of the captain. We found him collaring Forrester with one hand, while, with the other, he held over his head a naked cutlass. "By God!" said the surgeon, "this is too bad!" and, rushing quickly forwards, he seized the skipper's arm, and, by a dexterous movement of his leg, threw him on the deck. This, if possible, increased the captain's fury. I never saw a man so outrageously violent. He rolled about on the floor—for the surgeon held him in his powerful grasp—like a very maniac, and swore and bullied in a manner quite awful. All this time the gale was rising; the second mate, who was the officer of the watch, was dead drunk,—and the ship was pitching and rolling about, like a pea-shell on the water. While the captain was yet grovelling under the surgeon's manly grasp;—and while his stentorian voice was vying with the roar of the wild and furious elements, I heard Forrester's well-known voice, give the command, to "strike the bell eight!"—and I just caught a glimpse of the spirited fellow, as he sprang on the poop, to issue the necessary orders for shortening sail, and for placing the ship in a proper condition to weather the coming tempest. His orders were promptly obeyed—and, with close reefed topsails, we were scudding before the wind, all snug, safe, and secure.

I left the cuddy as soon as I could, and sought Forrester on the poop. I found him, now the excitement of preparation was over, sad and dejected—absorbed in his own melancholy feelings, and apparently, unconscious of the din and uproar that raged around us. He passed me twice unnoticed, as he paced, with hurried steps, and hanging head, to and fro on the poop. "Forrester!"—said I:—"What ails you, man? Come! come! Don't be cast down for such a trifle as this; you must be aware that we all approve of your conduct."

He stopped suddenly, and seized me eagerly by the hand. "My dear Sir!—Mr. Edwards!—I cannot express what I feel for your kindness;—but —," and the manly young fellow burst into tears, and sobbed like a child! "You see how it is," he continued, as he recovered from his emotion—"My best exertions are always misconstrued, and I am treated more like a brute than a human being." While he was yet speaking up came the skipper, with his speaking trumpet in his hand, and very much surprised as well as chagrined he was, to find the ship made snug, and nothing for himself to do. He was deeply annoyed at this, as he was wanting to find fault again with the chief officer; however, he

was not over-nice for a cause, and he soon made one. "Mr. Forrester!"—he shouted,—“Is this the way your watch brail up the spanker-boom? Why, a parcel of lubberly soldiers would do it better; send the watch aft, Sir, and let it be done properly!”

“It is done properly, Sir!” answered Forrester, perfectly well convinced of the truth of his assertion, and still walking the deck.

“You lie, Sir!” returned the Captain, in a rage.

“*Sir!*” said Forrester, in a tone, which made the Captain start.

“I say, Sir, you lie!” repeated the Captain; “and, as you do not choose to do your duty, go to your cabin; I can do without you.”

“Very well, Sir;” was Forrester’s quiet answer, and to his cabin he accordingly retired.

I felt too indignant to attempt to remonstrate with this unjust and obstinate man, although I felt extremely for poor Forrester; and as the night was wet and stormy, I retired to my own cabin, where I occupied myself with my wife’s assistance, in lashing some of our packages to the deck and bulkheads. It was truly a tempestuous night. The gale, now arrived at its extreme violence, continued to blow in one continuous rush, lashing the waves over the ship with terrific celerity; and although my wife was a woman of strong nerve, she could not but quail beneath the terrors of such a tempest. As for our little boy, he was fast asleep in his cot, happily unconscious in his innocence of the perils by which we were surrounded.

“Between 10 and 11 o’clock, just as I was preparing to throw myself on my couch, a heavy sea struck the ship on the starboard quarter—broke on the poop, and carried away the man at the wheel, with several hencoops, and the boat on the larboard davits. The uproar of such an occurrence was tremendous, and, rushing on deck, I immediately perceived the extent of our danger. To save the poor wretch who had been washed overboard, was utterly impossible, and my first impulse was to rush to the wheel, being well aware of the vast importance of securing the helm. But, in this, I was anticipated by Forrester, who, although under arrest, had heroically come forward in this extremity, and by his activity and skill, saved the vessel from sinking, for had another sea struck her before she could be directed by the helm, she must have gone down at once, and that instantaneously. How my admiration for this young man was heightened by this occurrence! As for the captain—he seemed positively offended at his conduct. On coming on the poop to see who had taken the wheel, he could not conceal his vexation, when he found it was Forrester. “I thought, Sir, he said, “I had sent you to your cabin—what business have you here?”

“Captain Betts,” said Forrester, very coolly, and firmly—“In an emergency like this, I should feel ashamed to be supine, even were I under sentence of death. How far you are justified in your present conduct towards me, I shall inquire into hereafter; and I

now tell you, Sir, that all the power you are possessed of **will not** remove me from this wheel, so long as I have strength to hold it, while the ship is in such danger."

"By G——! Sir, you are a d——d saucy fellow; and, if you like such drudgery, why take your spell at it," and away went the galled skipper to his cabin.

I was an interested witness of this rencontre, and, as the captain left Forrester, I joined him. "It is not for me," I said, "to interfere in any thing connected with the working of the ship, but I cannot help thinking that we are all indebted to you, Mr. Forrester, for our preservation this night; as for the Captain, I really think he must be mad."

"I saw by the sickly light of the binnacle lamp, that a faint smile passed over Forrester's pensive features, as he replied—"I am glad, Mr. Edwards, that *you* approve of my conduct: this, I assure you, is a great consolation to me, and I shall ever exert myself to merit your good opinion." He then asked, anxiously, after my wife and child, and hoped they had not been needlessly alarmed at the circumstances of the evening; and, applying himself sedulously to the business of the helm, was deeply absorbed in the duties of his newly assumed calling.

By morning the gale had moderated, and the ship was once more put under canvas. We met at the breakfast table dispirited and sad: the captain was sulky, and the majority of the passengers woefully sea-sick. Mr. Forrester, of course, did not make his appearance—as, all danger being past, he had again retired to his cabin, where he remained, till summoned forth by an event, even more disastrous—more terrible, than the one I have just related.

"We had crossed the line, with the usual silly mummeries, before a pleasant breeze, which wafted us along at the rate of six knots an hour; and, as we were not for an hour becalmed, the delicious climate of the southern hemisphere imparted health and spirits to us all. I should mention, that, the men, taking example by their Captain, had, long before we reached the line, each selected his companion from amongst the female emigrants, who, themselves, "nothing loth," were well pleased with any excuse, that enabled them to indulge in propensities, which were, most probably, the original cause of their exile. The surgeon had remonstrated against this glaring and most disgraceful impropriety—so, too, had I—but we were both informed, that, as we had no command in the ship, we must not interfere—if we did, we should be sent to our cabins. I thought of poor Forrester, and was resigned.

Not so the surgeon:—his gentlemanly disposition could not brook such indignity, and he foresaw the most serious consequences from suffering the men to cohabit, thus openly, with some of the most abandoned of their sex. "I know very well how it will be," he used to say, "these girls will corrupt the men, and God knows what may happen. If the men have spunk enough, they may try to take the ship: but, God help the poor devil, who dares to lay

his finger upon me! I have a pill *here* (placing his hand on his breast) that will certainly settle him for ever." At first, I used to laugh at the doctor's caution; but, very soon, my own fears were excited in a similar manner. Being very much upon deck, in all weathers and at all hours, I had opportunities of witnessing many things, which, I will confess, gave me great uneasiness. The men seemed sulky and dissatisfied: they hated the Captain, and appeared bent upon some irregular, if not, desperate proceeding. On more than one occasion, they broke into the spirit-hold, when every man in the ship, (except two) and about twenty of the women, were obviously intoxicated. The captain took the men under his charge, and the surgeon the women; but they were all saucy, and full of defiance. I held my peace, but thought, that if Forrester was on duty, such things would not be; but they *were*, and we had no remedy.

In the meantime, my wife and child became reconciled to the monotony of a long passage; and, as the weather was fine, they even enjoyed its beauty. As to the child, he evinced an extraordinary fondness for the sea—gazing with childish rapture upon the dancing waves, and clapping his little hands with glee, when the albatross or the Cape pigeon careered, joyously, by our cabin-window. In the deep and solemn solitude of this wild spot, I have often thought, the live-long night through, upon that dear and extraordinary child. He was quick and intelligent far beyond his years; and his poor mother would often say, as she regarded the cherub with a tearful eye, that he would never live to be a man—his young life seemed hastening on too swiftly to reach the goal of mankind in safety. Too true—too fatally true, were her surmises: he did not even survive the passage. But, I anticipate!

"It was the beginning of July, and, as far as the weather went, we were proceeding, fairly, on our passage. The captain had, if possible, increased in his brutality—the men in their insubordination, and the women in their wantonness and audacity; and I could see, every day, fresh cause for anxiety and alarm. I suspect my wife had her suspicions, too, that all was not right. She did not express any fear to me; nor did she betray, by a single word or action, any alarm at what she daily and hourly witnessed. One evening, however, I perceived she was more than usually melancholy, and on pressing her to confide to me the cause of her despondency, she frankly told me, that she did not expect to reach Sydney in safety. "There is something," she said, "so strange and mysterious about the men—they seem so dissatisfied and insolent, that I freely confess to you, Henry, I fear the worst; I have a strong and fearful presentiment that some terrible evil is hanging over us."

I endeavoured to laugh away her alarm, but she smiled sadly, as she pointed to a small recess behind our couch, where, I imagined, I had effectually concealed a brace of loaded pistols. "How long have I deserved to lose your confidence, Henry?" she asked, as the

tears streamed from her eyes—"But, I will not upbraid you: I know your motive, and it is a kind one." I took her in my arms, and tenderly embraced her with a heart full of emotion. We then, as was our custom, offered up our prayers to our Almighty Father, and experienced that consolation and support, which a sincere and unreserved communication with HIM never fails to afford. During the time we were thus engaged, our little boy was extremely and unusually restless in his sleep. He uttered, at intervals, low murmurs of complaint, and, at last, started up in his cot, with a loud and piercing wail? "Mamma! mamma!" he shrieked, "save me—oh! save me, from these cruel men!" His mother took him in her arms, and endeavoured to soothe him to quietude; but there was a wildness about the child, which, at first, alarmed me; but it soon subsided, and was succeeded by his accustomed glow of joyous spirits. Rarely was he allowed to remain up after his usual hour of rest, and the novelty of his situation, on the present occasion, was a source of delight, which he evinced in every tone and action. He prattled with all the cheerful vivacity of childhood, and soon seemed to have forgotten the terrors of his dream. This happened between eight and nine—and, having occasion to speak to Mr. Rogers, the officer of the watch, I went upon deck for that purpose. The night was fine, but dark: a light breeze just kept the sails full, and wafted us steadily along; and a holy tranquillity hung over the scene, which imparted to my anxious spirit a soothing and most welcome balm. Rogers, who was, as usual, in liquor, could not give me the information I required, and referred me to Forrester, to whom I consequently repaired.

He had now been in his cabin some weeks, and his health was suffering from the confinement, as well as from the working of his fine and manly mind: I usually looked in upon him once or twice every day; but, I was never so forcibly struck with his altered appearance, as on the evening in question: he looked haggard, pale, and anxious. I found him (to use a sailor's phrase) "overhauling" his desk; and when I entered, he held a letter in his hand, which he regarded with a melancholy interest. Whether my own saddened feelings imparted to the objects around me, a sombre hue, I know not, but I well remember, how dark and gloomy every thing appeared, that evening, in Forrester's cabin. "Why, what ails you, man?" said I, as I took a seat by his side, "you look as melancholy as a jib-cat." "Indeed, I cannot tell;" he answered, "but I feel as I look, and am sick besides. I am quite tired of doing nothing."

"Tush, man! never be downhearted! We shall soon be at the end of our voyage, and then, you will be all right enough." "I hope I may find it so—I cannot lead a more miserable existence, than I do now; but," and he mournfully shook his head, "I do not think I shall ever see home again."

"I was just in the humour to sympathize in Forrester's despondency, but I exerted myself, and rallied him—"Why, this is rank

nonsense," I replied, "and unworthy a smart fellow like you. Come, come! What say you to a game at chess?—and we'll have a bottle of sherry, and make ourselves snug. I'll go and fetch the chess-board and the wine, and do you put up your letter and rattle-traps, and don't be brooding over the letters of your absent sweetheart."

"Very well:" he said, gravely, "I will try and exert myself; but I do not feel much in the mood for chess to-night."

"I left him—and when I was crossing the deck to my own cabin, I met the doctor, who accosted me with—"You are the very man I wished to see, Mr. Edwards, and I was now coming in search of you. Will you step into my cabin for a moment?"

"I saw he was agitated and alarmed, and I instinctively asked—'Is any thing the matter? What has happened?' He placed his finger on his lips, took my arm, and we went to his cabin.

"The lamp, which hung suspended from the cabin, cast a sickly light upon its furniture; and without saying a word, the doctor drew a dirty piece of paper from his pocket, and gave it to me. I looked at it, and read, in a vile hand-writing, the following alarming communication:—"sur ther Is a plan to tak the shipe too nite, hand u ar all too bee murtherd so luk out from ure unknown but tru frend."

"How came you by this?" I asked.

"I found it here, in this book, which I had been reading."

"What do you think of it?"

"I *know* its meaning too well. I went down just now, before I had received this notice, to the hospital, for some medicine I had left there, and which I wanted. I did not take a light, as I knew where to place my hand upon it. You know that there is a tolerably wide chink in the bulk-head, which separates the hospital from the fore-castle. This chink runs across the shelf on which the medicine was placed, and as I reached it down, my eyes were rivetted on a scene in the fore-castle, which its actors imagined was witnessed by no one but themselves. Round a large chest sat, stood, and reclined, about a dozen of the men, while two of the women were loling on another chest close by. On the large chest were placed some cutlasses and pistols, which the men were busy examining,—priming the pistols, and selecting from the cutlasses, those which best fitted their hands. There was a strong smell of rum, and the men seemed excited by its effect, for they were talking, not loudly, it is true, but loud enough for *me* to hear them. Vengeance, even to blood, was vowed upon all, but their immediate accomplices, and the drunken scoundrel, Rogers, who, aware of their intentions, had purchased his exemption by a liberal supply of spirits. Upon *me*, their heaviest threats were showered, chiefly by the instigation of the two women, who have an especial hatred towards me: and this night, this very night, is the bloody tragedy to be enacted. "But"—he continued, with a fearful and resolute energy—"I will have a dark and desperate struggle first!"

He paused, greatly agitated, while I asked, assuming a calmness, which was very opposite to my real feelings—"what's to be done?"—There is no time to be lost, that's clear; even now, these desperate and daring men are preparing for the perpetration of their crime. Have you seen the captain?"

"No! you are the only person to whom I have mentioned it—and, really the captain behaves so strangely, that I deemed it best to see you first. However, we must see him instantly.—"Steward!" he shouted, "make my compliments to the captain, and say I would be glad to speak to him."

"The captain, Sir," said the Steward, with a sarcastic grin, "has left particular orders not to be disturbed on any account, or by any person, till four bells."

"Pho, nonsense! go and tell him I must see him instantly."

"I'll go, Sir," said the Steward, "but if he breaks my head, I hope you'll give me a plaster"—"Familiar scoundrel," muttered the Doctor—"I suppose he is in the plot, too." And while he was speaking, we heard the captain's loud and angry voice, abusing the steward, whom he speedily beat out of his cabin; and who came running to us, with his face covered with blood, from a cut over the eye, "I knew how it would be," said the man, now, considerably excited,—"but d—— my eyes if I'll stand this!" and, without another word, he ran forward.

The Doctor and I exchanged looks; "There is no time to be lost!" he exclaimed, as he took his pistols from his writing desk, and looked at the priming—"my course is sufficiently clear, and, they shall yet find that Richard Morrison can snap a pistol, or handle a cutlass, with the best of them." And now, Sir, he continued, "what do you mean to do?"

"What indeed! For myself, I care but little—but my wife and child!"

"Oh! true! I had forgotten *them*," hurriedly replied my companion—"but we must defend them—aye! even with our lives! I'll go with you to your cabin, and—but hark! the men are up in the fore-castle!"

A confused and uncertain noise, as of the heavy trampling of hurried feet, mingled with muttered oaths and execrations, now reached us—and while I hurried to Forrester's cabin, to apprize him of the danger, the doctor hastened to mine, where I promised to join him with our friend. I had scarcely, however, entered the cabin, when we found that the deck was crowded with men, all armed, and several bearing lights. "I'll go out to them," said Forrester—"they used to mind me once, and why not now? Poor wretches! they may have too much cause for what they do!"

"But you'll not go unarmed," said I, as the fearless youth prepared to throw himself perfectly defenceless amidst this crew of lawless men.

"I will not, even, take a ropes end," was his reply—"as I have now no command—"besides," he continued, "what malice can

they bear to me?" His hand was on the door as he spoke, and he tried to open it, but it resisted his efforts, and we found ourselves prisoners! Forrester was a very powerful young man, and, with one blow of his fist, he forced the door, and sprang forward on the deck, where I quickly followed him.

The work of slaughter and destruction, however, had begun. The men appeared absolutely infuriated, and we heard the report of more than one pistol, as we endeavored to gain access to the cuddy. Forrester was immediately in the midst of them, and I just saw him cut down with a cutlass, as I approached my own cabin, which I did with ease, as the men seemed too much occupied with their immediate business of bloodshed, to bestow a thought upon me; besides, there was but a dim light in the cuddy; and in the confusion, I might have passed for one of the crew. As I approached, I found that my cabin was regularly besieged, and that there the conflict raged most fiercely. The Doctor kept his word, and maintained a most resolute resistance. He had shot one man through the head, and seriously wounded another, and was now, with a drawn cutlass in one hand, and one of my pistols in the other, standing in the door way, which he completely filled up, and thus effectually prevented the men from entering. I could see the interior of the cabin sufficiently to perceive, that my wife and child were as yet uninjured;—Mary was sitting pale and terrified, on the couch, with little Henry clinging in terror and affright round her neck.

I hesitated in what manner to act, as I was perfectly defenceless—and I had no means of ascertaining the sentiments of the mutineers towards myself. The note addressed to the Doctor included us "all" in the catastrophe; but the crew had generally showed me great civility and respect, and were particularly fond of the child—still, in their present maddened state, former considerations might have but little influence. All this passed swiftly through my mind, as I stood in the cuddy, an inactive spectator of this distressing scene; and it struck me, that if I could contrive to get into my cabin, through the window, by climbing over the side of the poop, I might be of some service. I instantly repaired thither for that purpose, and a waning moon had now risen, shedding a faint and sickly light over the scene. The first person I saw was Forrester, who was leaning against the taffrail, nearly fainting from loss of blood. "For God's sake, Mr. Edwards!" he hurriedly exclaimed, as he eagerly caught my hand, "save yourself!—There is a boat now lowered, just under the quarter, here, and you can lower yourself into it. Not a moment is to be lost, *for the captain has fired the magazine!*"

I turned sick and shuddered at this horrid intelligence; and ere I had recovered myself, a crash, louder than the loudest thunder, rent the very skies—and a tremendous shock threw Forrester and myself many yards into the sea.—I was an excellent swimmer, and was otherwise unhurt, than by the powerful concussion. I turned

instinctively towards the ship, and saw nothing but her shattered masts and timbers, floating confusedly on the sea. I looked again more steadily, and saw many human bodies, some dark and motionless—others struggling in the despairing agony of death: but, I was too far off to recognize a single form. I swam towards the boat which Forrester had pointed out to me, and saw, with inexpressible joy, that it was making towards me. It picked me up, and we hastened, as fast as six oars could take us, to the assistance of the survivors. In an agony of suspense and anxiety, I watched the rapid approach of the boat, as it neared the wreck, and fancied, that every form I saw, as it rose on the waves, was that of my wife and child. There were in the boat only two of the cabin passengers besides myself, with ten seamen and four women—these were all—every soul of us—out of more than two hundred human beings, that were preserved. All that night we rowed about the wreck, searching for those in whom life might yet linger; but we found none—not even a single soul. Many we found in whom no life was left; some, fearfully scorched and mangled; others calm and placid, as if they—amidst even such a fearful scene as this—had died peacefully and gently. And then the morning dawned, and the sun rose—warm and bright—shedding its glorious light over that scene of horror and destruction; but I could see nothing of my wife and child, nor recover any trace—any memorial, of their love and their affection; but they live in this withered breast—to die no more in my blighted affection.”

The narrator, for the first time, paused in his narrative, and, covering his face with his hands, seemed to be absorbed in grief at the recollection of an event so terrifically woeful: he soon recovered, however, his self-possession, and resumed his narrative.

“I have but little more to say, Sir,” he continued. “After supplying ourselves with some provisions, and some sails, we rigged the boat, and committed ourselves to the protection of a wise and merciful providence. We had fortunately saved a chart, a small compass, a couple of sextants, and two or three telescopes. The seamen, who had escaped, had refused to join their shipmates in the mutiny, and were steady, able men; and knowing my proficiency in navigation, they unanimously elected me their commander. The weather was fortunately fine, but our provisions beginning to run short, we made for the nearest port, and arrived at Sullivan’s Cove, in the Derwent, three weeks after we took to the boat. All, except myself, went on to Sydney; but I settled in this wild spot, the cultivation of which, has afforded me some diversion from dwelling too painfully on my misfortunes; and if the sins and follies of my youth have entailed upon me an affliction so insupportable, I am not without the hope, that I shall meet, hereafter, with the spirits of *the lost*, in that blessed land, ‘where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.’”

R.

Summary of General and Colonial News.

We observe from the following advertisement in the *Morning Herald*, that the commissioners for emigration are preparing to send to this Colony some more free females—but, under regulations different from those of their first experimental cargo. Respectable women are, certainly, much wanted here; but we do not augur very favorably of the contemplated importation, we do not want the refuse of the London institutions, nor the Refuge for the Destitute, but decent, well-disposed, and industrious females. The advertisement runs thus:—

"New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land.—It is understood that many females, who would be willing to emigrate to these Colonies, and who would be assisted by their friends, or by parishes, with sufficient pecuniary means, are unable, from the difficulties attending the preliminary arrangements, to carry their intentions into effect. The committee of the Refuge for the Destitute, acting under the sanction of Government, has therefore resolved to provide passage, clothing, and outfit, and, where necessary, a temporary lodging in London for females thus situated. The whole expense is guaranteed not to exceed £15 in addition to the sum of £3 allowed by Government in aid of the emigration of females; and should less than £15 be expended, only the actual amount laid out will be demanded from the females, or those by whom they may be assisted. Circulars, with full particulars, may be had on applying to the secretary to the commissioners for emigration, Colonial office, Downing-street; or to the Secretary to the Refuge for the Destitute, Hackney-road."

The recent accounts from Swan River are not very flattering. Kangaroo flesh sells at 1s. 6d. per lb. when it can be got, and a cow and a calf cost £35. There appears to be a sad deficiency of that energy and judgment, which can alone overcome the difficulties insuperable

from location in a new settlement. The natives, too, are becoming troublesome—and one settler has recently been murdered by them. No provocation whatever was given—according to the account of a boy who escaped, when the deed was perpetrated—except that the settlers had taken their country, and were killing the animals, which furnish them with their chief means of subsistence!

A very distressing occurrence has taken place in New South Wales, in the murder of Murdoch Campbell, Esq. The particulars are as follows:—

A bushranger, named James Lockhart, had committed several depredations in the neighbourhood; in consequence of which, information was sent to Mr. Campbell that he was supposed to be near his premises. Mr. Campbell thereupon took his piece, and soon fell in with him. He immediately ordered the fellow to stand, on which the latter told him that he would blow his brains out. Mr. Campbell might at once have ended the villain's career of crime, but reluctant to take his life, stepped forward to seize him, when Lockhart levelled his piece, and shot him through the head. The murderer then made his escape, and the dead body of his victim being shortly afterwards discovered, the hue and cry was raised. The remains were conveyed to the General Hospital at Liverpool, on Wednesday, when an inquest was convened, and adjourned to the following day, in the meantime, the constables, the mounted police, and many others, were scouring the bush in all directions, and among them, a servant to constable Smith, who was fortunate enough to fall in with the object of his search. This man being known to Lockhart, the latter asked him for some ammunition; the question naturally conveyed to the other an impression that his pistols were not loaded, and watching his opportunity, he

seized him and conveyed him into custody to his master. The request was resumed on Thursday, in presence of the prisoner, and after hearing a number of witnesses on the subject, the jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against John Lockhart, who accordingly stands committed on the coroner's warrant, to take his trial.

He has since been executed, exhibiting to the last a degree of reckless hardihood, perfectly accordant with the atrocity of his crime.

By accounts recently received from London, we learn that the result of the last wool sales is highly favorable. Upwards of 5,500 bales had been taken at prices varying from 15s. to 31s. per pound above the averages of last year for those of similar quantity; and there appeared every prospect of the continuance of the same rates. It is, however, generally remarked that the wool from both Colonies exhibit too much tendency to retrograde in quality, as must inevitably be the case, if improvement is not kept up by continual crossing with fresh blood of the purest kind; and as this is the natural tendency of all flocks, wool growers cannot be too much alive to the necessity of giving their particular attention to so important a point. Notwithstanding, this drawback, however, we are happy to learn that both the quantity and quality of this year's clip are a great improvement upon former seasons; and justify the expectations of a favorable result to our farmers.

We cannot speak so favorable of our other exports. Sperma oil is again down to £61 to £62 per tun, and southern continues dull at its last prices, without likelihood of improvement through the winter, as the Davis Straits Fishery has been very successful; whalebone is selling with difficulty at £95 to £97 per ton; bark gets worse instead of better, and 30 tons of fine quality, were sold at £8 5s.; seal skins have been fetching enormous prices, in

consequence of the late short supply, a fine parcel having realized 36s. to 50s. 6d. each, whilst those of fair quality produced 32s. to 36s. Of hides there has also been but a scanty importation of late, both from the Cape and Buenos Ayres, and we have no doubt but that 4d. to 4½. per pound could now be obtained for a fair parcel from the Colony. Flux does not improve in demand, and £13 to £16 per ton is the highest quotation we can make, unless for that of a very superior description.

Although the season, generally speaking, has been one of the most favorable ever known in the Colony, and the weather very variable, yet, upon the whole, the accounts of the crop are extremely favorable—it being both abundant and of excellent quality. We have seen several samples of new wheat from the neighborhood of New Norfolk, than which none could be finer. A changeable and uncertain season is well calculated to display the skill of the farmer in the application of his numerous resources. Let us see what such a season will do for our Colonial agriculturists, who are, many of them, at least, gifted with numerous natural advantages. Were there a little more reflection and management employed by our farmers, we should not have to send so often to Sydney for farm produce; but from causes, upon which we shall very speedily expatiate, we fear any alteration in this respect, to our shame be it spoken, is very far distant.

The settlers on the Kangaroo-point side of the Derwent, have already experienced such great benefit from the establishment of the Steam-boat, that very increased cultivation from that quarter may be expected for the future, the chief drawback under which they have so long labored, being thus effectually removed. We are particularly happy to learn too, that the Steam-boat meets with liberal and general encouragement from the public.

Colonial Appointments.

The Home Government has confirmed the appointment of Matthew Forster, esq. as Chief Police Magistrate; and that of Peter Archer Mulgrave, esq. as Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, for the northern division of the Colony, and Commissioner of the Court of Requests at Launceston.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased in pursuance of the authority vested in him by the Act of Parliament of 9th Geo. IV. chap. 83, and of instructions received from the Secretary of State, to appoint Algernon Montagu, esq. to be a Puisné Judge of the Supreme Court of Van Diemen's Land.

His Excellency has also been pleased to appoint Edward M'Dowall, esq. to act as Attorney-General until the arrival of Alfred Stephen, esq. whom His Majesty has appointed to that office.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to appoint Hugh Ross, esq. to act temporarily as Crown Solicitor, and also as Clerk of the Peace, and Registrar of the Court of Requests, *vice* Henry James Emmett, esq. suspended, until the pleasure of the Secretary of State shall be known.

The Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to appoint Thomas Bannister, esq. to be Sheriff of Van Diemen's Land for the ensuing year.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to appoint Michael Vicary, esq. Ordnance Storekeeper, *vice* William Neilley, esq.

The Lieutenant Governor has been

pleased to appoint William Proctor, esq. Collector of Customs, *vice* Rolla O'Ferrall, esq. suspended until the pleasure of the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury shall be known.

The Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to appoint Thomas Smith, esq. Comptroller, *vice* W. Proctor, esq. appointed Collector of Customs, until the pleasure of the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury shall be known.

The following Gentlemen have been appointed Magistrates:—Thomas Daunt Lord, esq. Assistant Police Magistrate at Waterloo Point, police district of Great Swan Port, *vice* Lieut. Aubin, 63d regiment. J. England, esq. to perform the duties of Police Magistrate at New Norfolk, during the absence of Edward Dumaresq, esq. who is proceeding to New South Wales, for the benefit of his health. John Leake, esq. to perform the duties of Police Magistrate at Campbell Town, during the temporary absence of Mr. Simpson, employed on Colonial duty in Hobart Town.

Mr. Charles Freestone has been appointed Post Master at George Town, *vice* Mr. William Kneale resigned.

Mr. James Best has been appointed Post Master at Norfolk Plains, *vice* Mr. J. Powell, resigned.

Mr. W. J. Hamilton, District Constable, has been appointed Inspector of Stock at Westbury, police district of Norfolk Plains, *vice* Philip Riley, resigned.

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVALS.

On Saturday, 29th December, the ship *Yark*, 486 tons, Capt. R. Sprately, from Plymouth 1st Sept., with 200 male con-

victs, surgeon superintendent Dr. M'Ternan, R.N. The guard consists of a detachment of the 4th regiment, under the command of major Hovenden, with Dr.

Lewis of the same regiment, also ensign Clark of the 41st.

Same day from Sydney, the schooner Currency Lass, Capt. Wisbart, with corn and cedar. Passengers, Messrs. Dixon and Wood.

Same day from the Isle of France, with sugar and a general cargo, the barque Merope.

On Sunday, the 30th December, the sperm whale ship Elizabeth, 400 tons, Capt. Mattison, last from Timor 21st October, having left London on the 10th November, 1831, and procured during her voyage 500 barrels sperm oil. Passengers, Mrs. Mattison and 3 daughters.

On Friday, January 4th, His Majesty's ship Imogene, 28 guns, Capt. P. Blackwood, from Swan River and Madras, having previously brought the troops recently engaged in the Malacca insurrection, from that place to Masulipatam, where they were disembarked.

On Monday, the 7th, the Colonial brig Isabella, Capt. Kinghorn, from Port Arthur.

On Wednesday, the 9th, the schooner Eagle, 108 tons, Capt. Pratt, from Launceston, with a cargo of wheat and oats, having made the passage in forty-eight hours!

Same day, the schooner Harlequin, 71 tons, Capt. Lancey, from Launceston, with a cargo of wheat and oats.

On Thursday, the 10th, the barque Frances Charlotte, 296 tons, Capt. Smith, with 95 female convicts and 11 children, 51 free women and children, surgeon superintendent, Dr. Logan.

On Sunday, the 13th, the schooner Mars, Capt. Hay, from Launceston, 6th inst. with a cargo of wheat and oats.

Same day, the Government brig Tamar, Capt. Bateman, with a cargo of pine logs from Macquarie Harbour.

Same day, the cutter Alexander M'Leay, from Sydney.

On Monday, the 14th, the brig Helen Marr, 257 tons, Capt. Benson, from London 9th August, with an assorted cargo of goods. Passengers, the Rev. R. W. Gibbs, lady and child, Mr. and Mrs. Keech, 2 Misses Keech, and 3 young children, Master Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Harp and two children, and Mr. T. O'Connor.

On Thursday, the 17th, from Sydney 1st instant, the brig Clementina, 88 tons, Capt. Dudoit, with a general cargo.

Passengers, Mr. E. Parker, private Trocay, of the 63d regt. arrived from England by the *Parmelia*, and 3 prisoners.

On Saturday, the 19th, the ship Clyde, 401 tons, Capt. Ireland, from Liverpool Sept. 4, with a general cargo. Passengers, Mr. and Mrs. O'Reden and child, Mr. and Mrs. Orr and child, Mr. and Mrs. Brown and 3 children, Mr. and Mrs. Wise and child, Messrs. Kelly, Bentley, and Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Field, Mr. and Mrs. Carolin and child, Mr. Morris, Mr. Mitchell, and 110 others.

On Sunday, the 20th, the schooner Sydney Packet, 84 tons, Capt. Drysdale, from Rio de Janeiro 4th Nov., with a cargo of tobacco, wine, and other goods. Supercargo, Mr. J. Spyer of Sydney, Messrs. J. Kenney and J. O'Connell.

On Friday, the 24th, the schooner Hetty, from Sydney.

On Sunday, the 27th, the schooner Admiral Gifford, Capt. Owen, from Sydney. Passengers, Mr. M'Leod, and Mr. Yate.

On Tuesday, the 29th, the barque Duckenfield, 364 tons, Captain Riddell, from Sydney with a cargo of ~~baggage~~. Passengers, the Venerable Archdeacon Broughton, Mrs. Broughton, two Misses Broughton, and two servants, Dr. M'Braire, Captain King, R.N., Captain Jackson, Bengal Artillery, and servant, Mr. H. Degraives, R. W. Loane, esq., and two Misses Loane, also Messrs. Flaves, Hyland, M'Culloch, and Meale.

On Wednesday, the 30th, the ship Sir Thomas Munro, Capt. G. Richards, from England. Passengers, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. J. Diver, Mr. W. Mitchell, Mr. Cathron, Mr. C. Sharp, Mr. R. Wallerd, Mr. Burnett, Mrs. Allathorn, Mr. J. Wood, Mrs. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Allardyce, and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Hampton, Miss Creazer, Mr. Gilles, Mr. Turner, Mr. Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, and four children, Mr. Smith, Mr. Collier, Miss Throsby, Mrs. Muggeridge, Mrs. Brown, and 2 children, Mr. and Mrs. Moore and 2 children.

On Friday, February 1st, the barque Georgiana, Captain Thomson, with 187 male prisoners, surgeon superintendent, James Hall, esq. R.N. She left Portsmouth 16th October last, and brought as a guard, a detachment of the 21st R.N. B. Fusiliers, (commanded by Captain Booth,) consisting of one serjeant, twen-

ty-eight rank and file; also, seven women and ten children.

On Saturday, the 9th, the schooner *Defiance*, Captain R. M'Kenzie, from Sydney. Passengers, Mr. W. Hamilton, Mr. Spiers, Mr. Westgate, and Mr. Forst.

On Sunday, the 10th, the schooner *John Dunscomb*, 88 tons, H. M'Lean, from Glasgow, with a cargo of sundries, Passengers, Mrs. M'Lean, with five daughters and two sons.

On Tuesday, the 12th, the ship *Gulnare*, Capt. Bulley, from London Nov. 6, with a general cargo. Passengers, G. B. Hesse, esq. Mr. and Mrs. Gresley and family, Mr. Favance, Mr. Macmichael, brother of Mr. Macmichael of the house of Collicott and Macmichael; Messrs. Poyson, Newton, Baker, Lennington, Smythe, Cowell, Crotnell, Miss Eastman, Miss Jones, Miss Stephens, Miss Wright, Miss Timpson, Mrs. Burberre and child, Mr. Redwood, besides fourteen others with their families for Sydney.

On Thursday, the 14th, the brig *Mars*, from Boston, Capt. Rand, with tobacco and staves. Passenger, Mr. Farwell.

Same day, the brig *Mediterranean Packet*, Captain Pugh, from Liverpool. Passengers, Mr. Allen M'Gee, and Mr. Warham.

On Saturday, the 16th, the barque *Circassian*, Captain Douthwaite, from England with male prisoners.

On Sunday, the 17th, the brig *Bee*, from Sydney.

On Friday, the 22d, the Colonial brig *Tamar*, from Macquarie Harbour.

Same day, His Majesty's ship *Imogene*, Captain Blackwood, from Sydney.

DEPARTURES.

On Tuesday, January 1, the ship *Pambam*, for Launceston.

On Saturday, the 5th, the schooner *Prince Regent*, for Launceston.

On Wednesday, the 9th, the schooner *Currency Lass*, for Sydney, with merchandize and Colonial produce.

On Thursday, the 10th, the ship *Medway* for Sydney, with part of her original cargo.

On Saturday, the 19th, the schooner *Harlequin* for Sydney.

On Sunday, the 20th, the ship *York* for Sydney.

Same day, the Government brig *Tamar*,

for Macquarie Harbour. Passenger, Mr. Sibbald, of the Commissariat, who goes down to relieve D.A.C.G. Woolrabe, in the charge there.

On Wednesday, the 23rd, the Government brig *Isabella*, with stores for Launceston. Passengers, Capt. Boyd, Deputy Surveyor-General, who is, we learn, to be permanently stationed at Launceston, Mrs. Boyd, Mr. Leech, and several of the free women that arrived by the *Frances Charlotte*, with their children, who go on to join their husbands in service on that side of the Island.

On Sunday, the 27th, the schooner *Sydney Packet* for Sydney.

Same day, His Majesty's ship *Imogene*, for Sydney.

On Wednesday, the 30th, the schooner *Mars* for Launceston.

Same day, the schooner *Eagle* for Launceston.

On Saturday, February the 2d, the brig *Amity* for the sperm fishery.

Same day, the ship *Elizabeth* for Sydney.

On Sunday, the 3d, the schooner *Hetty* for Sydney.

On Tuesday, the 5th, the schooner *Clementine* for Sydney. Passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Browne, Mr. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Okenden, Mr. Bowers, and one soldier.

On Wednesday, the 6th, the ship *Clyde* for Sydney. Passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, and two children, and Mr. Kayle.

Same day, the schooner *Admiral Gifford*, for Sydney. Passenger, Mr. Edwards.

On Thursday, the 7th, the schooner *Alexander M'Leay* for Sydney.

On Monday, the 11th, the ship *Katherine Stewart Forbes*, with Colonial produce for England. Passengers, Dudley Fereday, esq., Dr. Bryant, Mr. Hockery, Mrs. A. Smith, and daughter, Mrs. Peevor and six children, Mrs. Rowe, Mr. Ludgater, Mr. Parker, and five men invalids from His Majesty's ship *Imogene*.

On Tuesday, the 12th, the ship *Sir Thomas Munro* for Sydney.

Same day, the barque *Marian* for the whale fishery.

On Sunday, the 17th, the schooner *Defiance* for Sydney.

On Sunday, the 24th, the barque *Princess Royal*, with Colonial produce, for London.

MARRIAGE.

At Sydney, Dr. Jeannerett, the dentist, to Miss Merrit.

BIRTHS.

Mrs. Elliston, wife of William Gore Elliston, esq. of a son.

At Oatlands, Mrs. Lindley, of a son.

In Hart's Buildings, Sydney, Mrs. Mansfield, the wife of the Rev. R. Mansfield, of a son.

DEATHS.

At his residence, Elizabeth street, Hyde Park, Thomas Macvitie, esq. Managing Director of the Bank of New South Wales, aged 52 years. He was the father of the Sydney Magistracy, and much esteemed by the Colonists as a liberal and kind-hearted man.

William Archer, of Woolmers, father of our highly-esteemed Colonist, Thomas Archer, esq. Member of the Legislative Council. He was riding home on Thursday, the 3d of Jan., with one of his sons, when his horse took fright, and threw him. The injury he received was so severe, as to cause his death in a few hours, to the sincere and poignant regret of a large and distinguished circle of friends. If strict integrity, and undeviating rectitude of conduct, with warm benevolence and general kindness of heart, deserve the commendation and sympathy of mankind, then, did Mr. Archer, most particularly, merit the sorrow of his survivors. Gifted with virtues of no ordinary stamp, imbued with attributes of a high and beneficial order, his loss will be severely felt, by those who enjoyed his society; although he had attained a venerable old age, his friends cannot but lament the sad and sudden manner of his removal. We sincerely and from our hearts exclaim — "*Requi escat in pace!*"

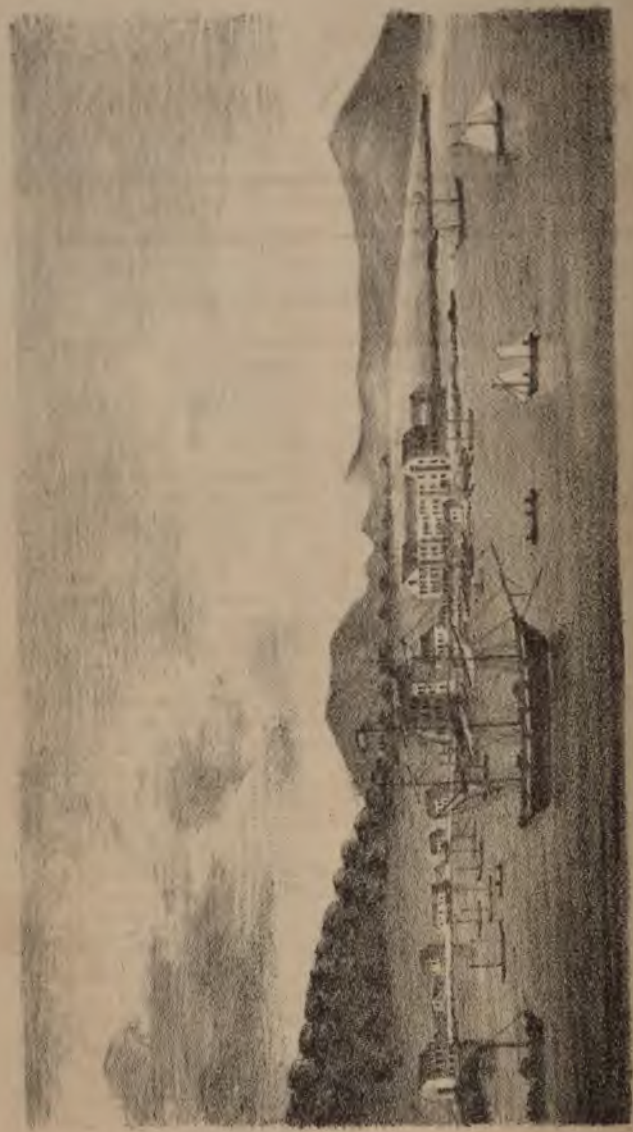
After a lingering illness, which he sustained with Christian fortitude and resignation, James Bryant, esq. of Jericho. He was a man, who took a meritorious pride and a warm

interest in the welfare and prosperity of the Colony, which is highly indebted to him for the introduction of a superior breed of horses. He died much and deservedly lamented by a large circle of friends and acquaintance.

On the 23d of January, the son of Mr. Boyd, chief clerk of the Police-office, aged two years. The poor little fellow was playing about a new building, on the New Town Road, with his brothers, when he fell from a height of five or six feet, and was so hurt, as to survive the accident only two hours. He was a very fine child, and remarkably intelligent for his age.

In the 82d year of her age, from an attack of the cholera, at Drogheda, Ireland, Isabella, the much respected widow of the Rev. Joshua Ferguson, of Ballymoyer, and mother of Joshua Ferguson, esq. of Tinder Box Bay.

In September last, at his apartments in Chelsea College, Sir Everard Home, Bart. and Serjeant-Surgeon to the King. He was in the 77th year, and, although a man of coarse and vulgar manners, his scientific acquirements obtained for him the most fashionable practice of the day. He was an acute and clever physiologist, and devoted a considerable portion of his time to the investigation of subjects connected with comparative anatomy, as well as to the elucidation of many obscure and painful diseases, incident to the human frame. He was, for many years a vice president of the Royal Society, and succeeded, we believe, the celebrated John Hunter (under whose tuition his professional education was perfected) as senior surgeon of St. George's Hospital. His physiological works are characterized by considerable depth of thought, and a pertinacious adherence to certain theories and opinions by no means infallible. He is succeeded in his surgeonship to Chelsea Hospital, by Mr. Keats, while Mr. Brodie receives the appointment of serjeant-surgeon to the King.



The Old Jetty.
HOBART TOWN.

THE
HOBART TOWN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

APRIL, 1833.

[No. 2.]

THE VAN DIEMEN'S LAND ANNUAL,

And Hobart Town Almanack for the year 1833. Hobart Town,
Van Diemen's Land. James Ross.

With the exception of a long and elaborate "Essay on Prison Discipline," there is nothing in this publication, which merits any very particular notice. The article relating to the erection of a Pontoon Bridge across the Derwent, exhibits considerable research and professional talent; but it is not at all in its proper place within the covers of an Almanack; neither do we learn that the suggestions which it contains, or the plan which it so ably points out, have been productive of any benefit to the Public: with this, however, we have nothing to do; and shall proceed at once to notice the *lion* of the work—the *Essay on Prison Discipline*.

This is, certainly, a good paper—written with some force—with tolerable feeling, and containing a considerable portion of information, embodying, in short, the result of much observation on a subject of great interest to the writer. We shall, therefore, consider it somewhat in detail, and endeavour to render it that justice which its subject merits, and which our limits will allow. We pass over a "curious" peroration "on the advantages of Government," and come to some remarks on the cause of that frightful increase of crime, which has taken place in England, and which is mainly attributed to the extensive existence of poverty. "We have heard," says the writer; "various impressive discourses from our senior Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Bedford, in Hobart Town, addressed to congregations, of which a large portion consisted of the prisoner class, on the salutary uses of affliction, and it is good to teach us that in all the most trying circumstances of life—in our most forlorn and dependent plights—(this is a vile word) our best and surest reliance is on that great friend, who has already sacrificed himself to rescue human kind from impending and everlasting ruin. But who, that has felt even the approach of its cold, pinch-

ing grasp, will long that poverty, long-continued, depressing, heart-breaking, condemned poverty, will not at last drive the sufferer to put his hand on that which is not his own? That instances of this wretched state have prevailed in England, commensurate with the increase of crime, is a fact too well known, and we may, therefore, fairly attribute poverty as the great and immediate cause of the increase of crime in England. — (p. 10.)

The uncertainty of punishments is also stated, as another great cause of the increase of crime, and some acute remarks are quoted from Fraser's Magazine, illustrating the fact. Speaking of the Old Bailey trials, it is stated, "the London thieves entertain a contempt for that tribunal. An opinion prevails throughout the whole body, that justice is not done them. I do not mean to say they complain of the sentences being too severe generally, that would be natural enough, and not worth notice. They believe every thing done at that court, a matter of chance; that, in the same day, and for a like crime, one man will be sentenced to transportation for life, while another may be let off for a month's imprisonment, and yet both equally bad characters." — (p. 12.)

This is very true, and has a very great influence upon the delinquency of the lower orders, especially in tempting the young of both sexes to the commission of crime. We recollect a case of this kind, which occurred to a young lad, who had been previously in our own service, and was by no means scholar or so long an offender as many who received lighter punishments. He had been seduced by some "old hands," to connive at the robbery of his master's house, was tried and convicted upon evidence merely presumptive, and sentenced to be hanged. We have no doubt of his guilt—but as this was his first offence, a petition was prepared, and presented to the Secretary of State; but the petitioners were informed, that as robberies by servants had become very prevalent, it was necessary to make an example—and he was accordingly executed.

The increase of crime, however, cannot be attributed to one or two causes only: there are many circumstances, arising out of, and operating upon, the great machine of society, which promote this evil. Ignorance is one of these—idleness, or want of employment, another: but, our limits will not permit us to expatiate on this very interesting subject; we must, therefore, pass on at once to the effect of punishment, or, in other words, of Prison Discipline.

What," asks our Essayist, "do we find is or has been the effect of severe punishment throughout the world?—not, most certainly, the excitement of any great mental passion, any spirit of hatred, revenge, or retaliation upon society, for that would argue that the mind not only retained its full energies, but was stimulated to exert them, though in a wrong direction, by the cramping severity it had undergone—it would argue that the sensibilities of the heart were sharpened by the direct operation of the heavy oppressive ~~means~~, that was used with such force to blunt them. . . . The direct effect, and the almost invariable effect on the contrary of the

severe system is, to deaden the faculties, both corporeal and mental—to extinguish the perceptions of right and wrong—to rob virtue of its charm, and vice of its hideousness—to bring down the man almost to a level with the brute—at once to strip him of the means to obtain and the capacity to relish the purer enjoyments of his nature—to remove him from the associations of civilized life—to reduce him to what is worse than the savage state, for he retains all the habits of artificial existence, and the appetites of the natural one, without the principle left to regulate or restrain either.”—(p.p. 25, 26.)

And again :—

“The more severely the wretched convict is punished, and the longer he is confined, the more necessary does it become to confine him still longer ; for every day makes him more and more unfit to be set at large—the less likely is he rendered to reform and become an honest member of society. We bring ourselves into a distressing dilemma by arriving at this conclusion. Is it then the case that while we have been endeavouring to punish offenders and to check crime, we have been actually strengthening and extending the means of its propagation ? We fear the answer must be in the affirmative. In all parts of the world, wherever punishments have been most severe, there crimes have been most numerous and of the darkest stain. At Macquarie Harbour, where the discipline of the convict is of a very severe kind, instances have occurred in which men have committed murder with no other intention than to be brought up to Hobart Town for trial, and to be executed ! In the prison called the *Bagne* at Toulon, where the restraints and deprivations are described as still more terrible, murders, or attempts at murder, with a similar object in view, occur almost weekly. Yet the miserable convict on the very eve of his dreadful deed will joke, and laugh, and dance, and sing, though loaded with chains, as if indifferent to his wretched—his hopeless state. Does his spirit rise then above his fate, that he seems thus joyous in misery ? Alas ! No, he has no spirit to be sensible of joy as it exists in the natural breast. His ebullition is but the empty froth produced from the very dregs of debasement. Neither his joke, nor his laugh, nor his dance, nor his song, bears the smallest resemblance to that of innocent life. It is an empty sound—a mere animal expression, more void of feeling than the low of the ox or the roar of the hungry lion.”—(p.p. 27, 28.)

Highly colored as this may appear, it entirely meets our own views upon this momentous subject. As the object of penal discipline should be the reformation of the offender, as well as his punishment, and as there is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-nine persons that need no repentance, the chief and paramount purpose of Prison Discipline ought unquestionably to have especial reference to this important end. By viewing public punishment in this manner, we divest it of much of its coarse brutality, and imbue it with a philanthropic and even an

engaging interest. If, then, the holy purpose of reclamation be an object of paramount interest, as respects the public, other measures than those of extreme severity must be resorted to, and diligently pursued. It is not the lash, nor the fetter, nor the solitary cell, nor the ignominious brand that will work any salutary reformation in the breast of the sinner: but measures, more arduous of accomplishment, and infinitely more mild and multifarious in their character.

As regards the extreme penalty of the law—the punishment of death, we object to it upon two grounds; first, it is inefficient as an example: and, secondly, in very many instances, by no means effective as a punishment to the offender. Our Essayist, however, goes rather farther than this, and seems to view its infliction in many cases, as a matter of mercy to the criminal. “It appears,” he says, “but too clearly, that there is even a mortal punishment beyond that of death, and which is the more dreadful, as it leaves the wretched sufferer, while perception lasts, the melancholy prospect of the dreary intellectual void into which he is about to be hurled. That this is no fanciful or ideal picture, the experience of every day evinces. It has fallen to our lot to be present at the execution of a large proportion of the malefactors, who, for the last eight or ten years have suffered the extremity of the law in Hobart Town, and the apparent apathy with which the unhappy men met their fate, was always to us the most humiliating part of the spectacle. Their lips would utter with apparent sincerity, the invocations prompted by the clergyman, but the heart that should give them expression, was too plainly wanting—they were empty sounds—the soul in a certain sense was already gone—the main part of the executioner’s duty was performed to his hand—the kernel was already consumed, the outer shell only remained. They went through the most sacred ceremonies of religion—they sung psalms, they ate a most abundant meal—they heard the summons of the sheriff—their arms were pinioned—the halter put about their neck—they heard the solemn and affecting words of the funeral service as the pastor walked before them to the scaffold—the cap was brought over their eyes, and they dropped into eternity with more indifference than the ox goes to the slaughter. Vice and its consequences had completed their subjugation.

“Yet this shocking debasement is often mistaken for a calm and resigned temper—the epitaph of nine out of every ten miserable men condemned to death, is that ‘they died resigned to their fate,’ and they might well be resigned to a fate of which they had so faint, so indistinct a perception.”—(p.p. 29, 30.)

With regard to its effect as an example, we know, full well, that it is perfectly nugatory. We know, too, that it is a common occurrence at the executions in London, for the comrades and accomplices of the condemned criminals, to plan extensive robberies and depredations, at the very foot of the gallows on which their late companions are suspended.

From this then, does it appear that the punishment of death has any terror—any moral effect upon the surviving miscreant?—No! The public exhibition of a young man dying resolutely is rather a fearful display of courage, than an awful warning against crime. The precious contents of the Newgate Calendar afford ample and most abundant proofs of this; for the depraved adore what is ‘game,’ and to them a daring death is rather a sharp stimulant, than a dreadful shock to their vices. The halter sublimizes the ruffian, and makes him a hero on the scaffold; the gallows, indeed, is but the tree on which desperate courage hideously blossoms. The convict’s piety in the condemned cell is insincere while a chance of reprieve remains, and the moment he escapes the rope, back he rushes to the herd with impatient velocity. As to example, then, capital punishment is none—even the very hangman at Hobart Town, was conveyed, on a recent occasion, drunk to the watch-house in less than two hours after he had slung the rope round the necks of his five victims! “Oh!—but” it may be said, “*he is so used to the business.*” Granted. And, therefore, the very frequency of the exhibition, tends most materially to nullify its salutary influence as a warning.

But independently of all this, there is something supremely awful in taking away—even under any circumstances—the life of a human being; and, although the condition of society may render expedient, in some instances, the example of that extreme penalty of the law, still we should be certified of its efficiency, *as an example*, and resort to it only in those cases, which are marked by peculiar and unpardonable atrocity.

The most interesting portion of this able Essay, connected with ourselves as inhabitants of this Colony, is that which is devoted to the consideration of the Prison Discipline pursued *here*; and, we must think, that too much stress is placed upon its severity. The worthy author generalizes too much, and argues from what the system might be, rather than what it is. He builds all his reasonings on extreme cases, and when he maintains that transportation is a very severe punishment, he forgets that he has drawn his deductions from some of the most atrocious instances of crime, that have ever occurred in the Colony. Thus, in speaking of a miscreant named Williams—one of those bad-hearted villains, whose crimes ran abreast with their punishment—and who, after running the gauntlet of the most severe Colonial discipline, was sentenced to Macquarie Harbour for three years; speaking of this man, he says: “Arrived at Macquarie Harbour, the wretched man’s punishment is rendered as severe as almost any circumstances on earth may be supposed to admit. Shut up at night within a wretched hovel on a rock in the ocean, where the only symptom of comfort is that which security alone presents: as soon as the prisoners are called from rest in the morning, they are fed with a dish of porridge composed of flour and water, with a little salt. They then embark in boats, and row for several miles to the wood-cutting

stations, where they continue to work until their return at night, when they are supplied with the only substantial meal they receive during the twenty-four hours. Their labour consists in cutting up the trees, growing near the coast, into heavy logs, which they slide or carry on their shoulders to the water's edge, and form into rafts. During the greater part of this duty the convict has to work up to his middle in water, and even in the woods, from the moist and swampy nature of the country, his employment is of the most disagreeable and harassing kind."—(p.p. 39, 40.)

We know not what the friends of the people "at home"—those sensitive pseudo philanthropists, who are ever ready to advocate the cause of the wretched, when they do not deserve their commiseration—will say to this horrid description; but one caution we must give them,—let them not imagine, that *all* the convicts in Van Diemen's Land are subjected to this rigid discipline. Out of 11,012 prisoners only 422 were, in October last, at the two penal settlements of Macquarie Harbour and Port Arthur—a very small proportion it will be seen, of the whole number. But we must show them how the general mass of the prisoner population—the assigned servants, namely—are treated in the Colony; and we shall do so in the words of our Essayist:—

"We will suppose him, (the convict) on his landing, assigned to the service of an agricultural settler, who receives him from the hands of the Principal Superintendent, and from that moment his course of discipline commences. As his new master conducts him to his home, he gives him an outline of what he has to expect; he convinces him, that it is only by a close adherence to his duty,—by the faithful and honest discharge of the labour allotted him, that he can escape sinking into a condition, far worse than any he had witnessed in England. As he goes along the road, he perhaps remarks a gang of offenders at work, who have fallen to that state. Every thing indeed he sees and hears, impresses him in the strongest manner.—He learns more practical instruction in one day, than he did probably in all his former life, during all the opportunities he might have had,—for he is most sensibly convinced, that his own interest is at stake, and he listens with great eagerness to all that is told him. He is speedily set to work, and he as soon finds that the only way to escape censure or renewed punishment, is at once to resign himself to his condition, hard as it may be, and to strive every nerve by the full performance of his task, to give his employer satisfaction. He is watched and admonished at every step. He cannot commit the least inaccuracy, but it is observed and corrected, while, at the same time, he has the satisfaction of knowing, that if he does right—if he uses his best endeavour to do well in his new occupation, his conduct is observed and appreciated. His duty is for the most part very laborious, and he is liable to be called upon even in the middle of the night, upon any necessary occasion or emergency. If he is set to break up new land, for instance, to cut or saw down trees, to grub up their roots,

especially if he is unused to manual exertion, no labour perhaps in any country can be more severe."—(p.p. 56, 57.)

This is a pleasing and very pretty picture, particularly that portion of it which describes the care and solicitude of the master for his newly-assigned servant. The "practical information" which he learns on his journey—the "great eagerness" with which he listens to all that is told him—the watching and admonishing "and all that sort of thing," as Jonathan would say, are impressive illustrations of the convict's new existence. To be sure, the assigned servant is liable to be called upon, even in the middle of the night, "upon any necessary occasion or emergency;" but as this is an affliction, incident to every servant, bond or free, we must not consider it in any manner as a drawback upon his general advantages. And what a lovely notion does this convey of the conduct and character of the "agricultural settler!" These, too, are more elaborately set forth in the following extract:—"The moment his master receives him (the convict) into his hands from the Government, he applies himself with all his energy to reform him—he lays down to him the daily line of his conduct, in the strictest manner—he cautions him at all points—he watches his conduct day and night—he encourages him by explaining to him the alleviating consequences which a series of good conduct will obtain for him—he carefully separates him from the contamination of bad associates, or, if he permits him a companion, he places him under the supervision of one, either free or bond, in whom he can confide, and who will assist in carrying his intentions with regard to him, into effect. The convict, to be sure, is for the most part fed without restriction, and is well enough clad and lodged at night; but, beyond this, he has not the smallest indulgence. If he even possess money, which he has brought with him from England, or if he have friends and connexions who would be disposed to give him any, he has no opportunity of touching it."—(p.p. 58, 59.)

We wish we could conscientiously subscribe to the correctness of this statement, but we cannot, neither, we are quite sure, can our readers.

In the first place, where is the master, who, upon receiving an assigned servant, applies himself *with all his energy* to reform him? Is *this* the chief object of an agricultural settler's intention, in obtaining a convict labourer? Are "settlers" of any description so marvellously kind and considerate as to have so much at heart the reformation of their assigned servants? We say, at once, and unhesitatingly, that no such thing is the case. When a "settler"—agricultural or otherwise, applies for a servant, he does not want him for the purpose of exercising his reforming talent upon him; but he wants him to dig, to plough, to cut down his trees, and, generally, clear his land, or to wait upon him in some serviceable capacity; and if he does not do this, to his master's satisfaction, he gets him punished, or perchance, returned to the Go-

vernment? And as to associates, why, he has as many as he wishes for, ay! both male and *female*—and too often money in his pocket, to boot. We do not mean to say, that there are not some masters, who exercise a more rigid authority than others over their assigned servants; but this we do say—that, taking the whole number of assigned servants throughout the Colony, we are quite certain that they enjoy a much better existence, than the majority of English agricultural labourers. Why, what have they to care about? Have they a hungry wife and a host of starving children to feed and provide for? Have they to toil from sun-rise to sun-set for a miserable pittance of three shillings *per diem*, and then to pay, even out of this, and leaving all maintenance out of the question, their rent, their tithes, their taxes, and their other imposts. We are at a loss to conceive the reason, which could induce the writer to argue so boldly from premises so perfectly untenable? Such a course does infinite injury to the very cause which the writer would so studiously advocate; and, from his great and peculiar sources of information, he must know, that he has greatly overrated the severity of the penal discipline, as generally practised in this Colony. As public writers, we cannot overlook this very reprehensible inconsistency; more especially as it is calculated to mislead many worthy persons “at home,” to the great and manifold disadvantage of this Colony. We can assure the writer of the Essay now before us, that his production would have been much more highly esteemed, had it been divested of the passages, which we have deemed it our duty thus severely to reprehend; and, although we may give him full credit for sincerity of purpose, we cannot withhold our censure for the absence of his judgment.

The instance now in question, however, is not the only matter in dispute between us. In an elaborate Essay like this—the finished performance of three laborious years—not a single discrepancy should be perceptible. We may be accused of hyper-criticism, but we do not mind that, because, having really and sincerely the welfare of the Colony at heart, we feel vexed and concerned that one of its oldest and ablest writers should in any way compromise his consistency. But, how can we reconcile these two passages? At page 47, we find the following:—“The exertions even which have of late years been made to reform and render comfortable the interior of gaols, have, we fear, also helped, by holding out a sort of peaceful asylum to the starving and houseless poor, to add in some measure to the number of offenders. When we see large and handsome buildings erected for gaols, the most striking, and in many instances, the chief ornament of towns, rivalling both in the number of their inmates, and in the commanding appearance of their exterior, the church (!) itself, can we wonder, that the sources to supply them with inhabitants should prove so abundant?”

At page 50 we have a short answer to this question: it is as follows:—“Man, even in his debased state, is proud and jealous

of his free agency—his spirit, however much corrupted, yet revolts at being driven into a corner, even for the purpose of receiving a boon." In other words, he does not like, however "debased," to go into a "large and handsome building, erected for a gaol."—So much for our erudite author's consistency of argument!

If we rightly comprehend the gist of this Essay, we imagine that its object is to point out the penal discipline in use in this Colony. This is a good object, and we admire and extol it; because we are perfectly convinced, that in no other penal settlement, is there so much care taken, or so much vigilance used, for the purpose of establishing the highest ends of Prison Discipline. But we wish that our zealous Essayist had been rather more circumspect in his course, and less rash in his procedure. In all matters of this kind, a plain, straight forward statement of facts is infinitely more valuable, and, in truth, more to be depended upon than the most euphonious rhetorical flourish, or the most sentimental string of sentences. That our author has, in more than one instance, been carried away by his feelings is not to be wondered at, considering the stimulus of his subject, and the warmth of his heart: but we regret that he did not submit his lucubrations to some candid and prudent friend, by whose suggestions and advice he might have considerably benefitted.

In answer to our observations on the mode of treating assigned servants, we anticipate the cry of "Look at the Government regulations—see, how severe they are, and then, talk of transportation being no punishment!" The regulations of the Government are one thing—a strict compliance with them, another: and we may venture to assert—taking the settlers all through the Island—that not more than one in an hundred trouble themselves at all about their strictness. Masters there are, we well know, whose attachment to the Police-office is proverbial: but this is not actuated by any tender regard for the welfare of the convict, neither do such masters avail themselves of the regulations of the Government for any other purpose than the punishment of their servants. As one proof of the general apathy, which is entertained towards the orders or regulations of Government, we may point out a notice in a recent *Gazette*, where the inhabitants of one of the districts are enjoined to comply with a previous order, requiring a return of all their assigned servants, stating conduct and character, and which return ought to have been sent in by the 1st March. But we need not adduce any examples of a fact, notorious to every one—and to none more so than the Local Government itself.

On the subject of Indulgences, however, we agree, generally, with our author. We are fully apprized of the difficulty of obtaining any indulgence, as well as of the risk of retaining it; but even as regards this matter, we know that, in many cases, a great deal of partiality is often exhibited. Not—let it be understood—by the officers of the Government—but by persons, who are interested, more or less, in the accomplishment of the matter in question. This,

however, is a subject, with which we have no concern : we therefore let it pass—coming, in conclusion, to the very extraordinary

“STANDING INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE REGULATION OF THE
PENAL SETTLEMENT OF TASMAN'S PENINSULA.”

We call these “Standing Instructions” *extraordinary*, because they are most particularly adapted to render unavailable the most prominent and beneficial purposes of Prison Discipline—namely, the reformation of the criminal. We regret that our limits will not permit us to extract the whole of these “Standing Instructions”—but we will, nevertheless, find room for two or three items, just by way of shewing our readers what penal discipline may very properly be rendered, whenever occasion requires at any of our penal settlements. Amongst other officers a “Police Magistrate” is to be appointed to Tasman's Peninsula,—and his instructions are very voluminous. Among other things, he is authorized to “punish offences *upon view*. He is, when the accusers are able to give their evidence coolly, and are not under excitement from recent irritation, to make the trial and punishment follow the offence as closely as possible, so that crime and its consequences may be associated in the convict's mind as cause and effect, and form parts as it were of the same idea !”

There is something supremely scientific and grandly philosophical in this : but we have other examples of the same stupendous subject to adduce. “He,” (that is, the Police Magistrate—and be it remembered we quote from the “Standing Regulations”) “is generally to assign such punishment as will inflict the requisite amount of pain or misery (!) within the shortest period of time.”—“He (we speak still of the Police Magistrate) shall order flagellation in every case in which from blunted sensibility it is impossible to punish effectually through the mind.” We consider this “instruction” purely supererogatory, because we naturally opine, that no man would be sent to Tasman's Peninsula, till the little “sensibility” he ever possessed was most completely “blunted.” However, this is, after all, but a difference of opinion, perhaps, but there can be no difference as to the following—“He shall take care that when flagellation is ordered, it is executed with due severity, in the presence of the Surgeon, who shall attend for the usual purposes.”

So far, then, as regards the Commandants—and we regret that our limits will not allow us to analyze the instructions of the other Officers—the Surgeon, the Chaplain, the Superintendent, the Commissariat Officers, and the “Officers generally.” But we cannot do this, neither can we quote the “Instructions” relating to the convict's themselves : we may observe, however, that rigorous severity is their prevailing characteristic.

We meet in these very plain and explicit “Instructions,” the galling term “gentlemen convicts.” Now, it would be extremely difficult to reconcile this contradictory appellation, had we not a

clue to the real meaning of the designation in the measures and intentions of the Home Government. By "gentlemen convicts" is meant what plain-speaking men would call "swindlers,"—persons, with some degree of education, who, by the exercise of superior address and cunning, have preyed upon their unsuspecting victims ; and who—one-half of them, at least,—richly merit very severe and very peremptory punishment. Still, we are at a loss to conceive why the attention of the Government should be so suddenly, and so rigorously directed to the coercion of this class of convicts ; and looking to Prison Discipline as a science, having for its object the punishment and *reformation* of the offender, we are most decidedly of opinion, that these "Instructions" are worse than useless. As to the *punishment* part of the business, we readily concede that they provide more, much more, than can be requisite. Let us, however, be distinctly understood. We have lived quite long enough in the world to know—that the possession of power is by many persons a temptation not to be resisted ; and with every care and circumspection, it is not always possible to select Officers duly and strictly qualified to superintend a Penal Settlement, so rigidly constituted as that at Tasman's Peninsula. True it is, that the design of this Settlement is admirable :—"the design of this Establishment," the Instructions tell us—"is the severe punishment of the vicious part of the community, as the means of deterring others from the commission of crime, as well as the reformation of the criminals themselves." We cannot, however, commend so unreservedly the means by which this design is to be fulfilled. "To this end"—we are informed, "the most unceasing labour is to be exacted from the convicts, and the most harassing vigilance over them is to be observed, together with such a minute system of classification, as may be best calculated to develop their characters, habits, and dispositions." If proper attention be paid to the latter part of this regulation, considerable benefit may accrue, both to society at large, and the criminal individually ; but we must confess that we have our doubts on the subject ; however, we shall see how this new system will "work," and be guided accordingly.

We had forgotten to mention that there is rather a curious preface prefixed to the *Van Diemen's Land Annual* ; and amongst other curious matters is the following observation :—"An article of considerable length on the Aborigines, with several *other subjects of minor importance*, has been unavoidably shut out." This is the first time we have been given to understand that the subject of the Aborigines is one of "minor importance : " it was only the other day that a man near Launceston had his cattle speared, and was very near meeting the same fate himself. The man's name is Stephen Broe, and the Aborigines were the aggressors. We must confess that *we* should have preferred any article on the Aborigines, to that on Pontoon Bridges ; and so, we think, would the majority of our readers ; but as there may be a diversity of opinion upon this subject, we shall say no more about it—except, that we hope to

see the omitted article in the next number of the *Van Diemen's Land Annual*: and we shall anticipate much amusement and instruction from its perusal. Let the learned Editor, therefore, render it as perfect as possible, and by no means shut it out as an article of "minor importance."

ON FRIENDSHIP.

There's a beam of this earth, so bewitchingly bright,
 Like a far distant world, shining o'er us at night ;
 Chaste and lov'ly as moonbeams, that dance on the ocean,
 And mild as the zephyr's that charm it to motion ,
 Sweetly pure as the babe with a smile on its cheek
 Ere the woes of the world have yet riven a streak,
 To tinge the repose that is there smiling on,
 All lov'ly as roses just ope'd by the sun—
 And life—oh, it is ! when debarr'd of this biessing,
 Like love when divided,—unworthy possessing ;
 'Tis a beam that is cast in such exquisite mould,—
 To be felt by the heart,—by the tongue never told ;
 How often the heart has a warmth o'er it stealing.
 So bright, that the tongue cannot picture that feeling !—
 On land, or on ocean, it beams o'er the soul,
 Whatever the distance—from pole, unto pole,
 The north to the south,—from the east to the west,
 Triumphant it follows, and never at rest ;
 Twin sister of love, with its joy, and its sadness ;—
 Fac-simile quite—save wanting its madness ;
 Stretching over the earth—tis a beam from a flame,
 The pride of our being,—and *friendship* its name ;
 The gift of all gifts, and to man only given—
 We worship it here, and 'tis hallow'd in heaven :
 When surrounded by woes, that too often attend,
 Oh ! say what then cheers, like the voice of a friend ?
 And the heart at such moments, tho' waked from repose,
 Drinks balm of relief, as it breathes forth its woes ;
 For the ear of a friend when life's dark sorrows roll,
 Ne'er yet listened in vain to complaints of the soul ;
 Whatever our state, or in sickness, or health
 Or to poverty driven, this beam is our wealth :—
 As it follows through life's fleeting ocean of breath,
 So it still hovers over the cold bed of death,
 As the soul from the world, casts upwards its eyes,
 And breathes forth its prayers, to its God in the skies,
 And its blessings for those who are weeping below,
 And forgets its own pangs in beholding their woe—
 The spark faintly trembling—the last of all feeling—
 The fine temper'd pulse, fainter throbs now revealing,—
 The hand faintly grasped in the hand of another,—
 The eye upon all, dimly moistened all over,—
 The calm on the pale cheek bewitchingly blinds,
 And speaks of death's feelings, surrounded by friends—
 Oh, friendship supreme !—at the last solemn hour,
 How great is the conquest ! unbounded thy power !—
 The world closes o'er us—the soul is now driven,
 To meet thee again, blest beam !—but in heaven.

BALLAD.

Ma petite ne m'oubliez pas.

Tho' a twelvemonth has passed, I am still, love,
The same that I vow'd I would be ;
For thy name thro' my heart sends a thrill, love,
Whenever 'tis utter'd to me.
Thou art yet to my bosom as dear, love,
In our own native Island afar,
As when we were constantly near, love,
So, ma petite, ne m'oubliez pas !
They said that another would win, love,
When away from thee over the sea,
The heart that still thinks it a sin, love,
To yield to aught earthly but thee.
And those others I've seen have not woke, love,
One feeling that thou'dst wish to mar,
Thus the vow that I vow'd is not broke, love,
So ma petite, ne m'oubliez pas !

ANGLO TASMANIAN.

APRIL FOOLS.

We are all April fools.—This is a startling dogma, gentle reader, but it is not the less true, and if you pause for a moment, and consider my assertion, its truth will be apparent. The year is in its youth, and the most of us in our life's April, when our sorrows are but passing clouds, which serve only to make our joys the more brilliant and delightful. Look forward to a future, undimmed by the most filmy vapour, and when we do reach that El Dorado of the heart, and discover the agony of disappointment, we are doomed to encounter, how frequently are we compelled to own ourselves April fools.

The soldier seeks for "reputation at the cannon's mouth," he braves danger for the sake of a renown, whose well-chosen emblem is a laurel, an evergreen certainly, but bearing poison within its leaves, and the man of a thousand battles at some time will sadly acknowledge the insufficiency of his reward, and be obliged to confess himself an April fool.

The sailor, too,—he, who in his tall ship, rides over, and defies the mighty and tremendous sea ; who laughs at the billows as they roll over his bulwarks, or bathe his bowsprit in their crested foam ; who spurns them as unworthy his talents and spirit, when lulled into calm and peacefulness, like a glassy mirror spread around his

vessel, and longs for the tempest to wake them into action ; he, when the overwhelming waves are about to sink his ship, which is even then splitting upon some unseen rock, will, indeed, be tempted to own himself an April fool.

And the Poet, who lives in a world of his own creation, who loves the communion and companionship of his own spirit, better than the thoughtless, boisterous joviality of society ; who breathes an atmosphere of gentle imaginings, and adores nature in all her forms of light and shade ; if we could look into the recesses of his heart, and behold there the bitterness, which, coiled like a serpent around it, he endures—from the taunts of envy—the deprivations—the miseries of poverty ; if we gazed on him, wasting his midnight oil in the pursuit of knowledge, and finding the world, however much it might admire his productions, cold and chill towards himself—if we gazed on him, I say, thus sinking uncared for, unfriended, into the grave, should we not exclaim the Poet to be an April fool ?

Nor can Woman, loveliness personified, escape ; how often does she give her unsuspecting heart away, and pour her whole soul out in affection for some worthless image of man ; wreathing her blossoming hopes around this shrine of her idolatry, to find them wither one by one, till, wearied by disappointments, and heart-broken at his faithlessness, she pines away into an early tomb—while, perchance, some stranger who hears her story, graves upon the marble record “ An April fool.”

Thus could we go on through the whole pursuits of life,—all the businesses, the pleasures of existence, bring so little sufficiency to the heart, and indeed serve only to disgust and mortify the spirit, that the world, with its every enjoyment, may be termed the region, the kingdom of folly, while its inhabitants may all be counted as April fools.

K

FROM A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT,

Written at the age of 16.

There was a time, Alfreda ! when the thorn
That had pang'd e'en thy Dog, *my heart* had felt ;
When, if with thirst, I had been expiring,
And but one drop, a solitary drop,
That to my flasket hung—to thee, to thee,
With blessings and a welcome I'd have handed it !
Alfreda ! know'st thou not why that times past—
Like ocean-bubbles not to be recall'd ?
Alfreda ! know'st thou not alas ! too well,
The *inexpiable* crime that stung me ?
Nay, do not weep ; I would not see thee weep :
For O, I loved thee with a brother's love—
And yet thou could'st—but ah, I'll not upbraid,
I die, *thee pardoning die*. Fare—fare—well !

H. O'N. M. R.

ON MODESTY.

An answer to a gay young Friend, who proposed the following question.

“ Pray, what's modesty like ?”—like the Persian rose,
Not aware of the beauty with which it blows !
’Tis just like the hue of a patriot's gore,
When he dies for that freedom brave men adore.
And oh ! it is like its own pure source—Heaven !
Or an Angel's lip when a sinner's forgiven—
Like the robe Aurora is deck'd with in spring ;
Like the sweet eglantine when tis blossoming ;
Yet no ! for the eglantine's arm'd with a sting,
And *that* modesty leaves to each *guilty* thing !
Then hallow her blushes, may ne'er they depart,
But continue the symbol's of virtue at heart ;
And spurn the vile beauty they never adorn,
For though a *fair flower*, it harbours a *thorn* !

AN ADVENTURE WITH THE BUSHRANGERS.

“ Come tell me thine adventure ; it shall be
A joy to think of, in long winter nights,
When stormy winds shall make our lullaby.”—SOUTHEY.

I need not tell the reader—that is, the Colonial reader, that, but a very few years ago, bushranging was in free and full operation. The bold and desperate characters of those who had “ taken to the bush,” their reckless and most audacious extortions, and the systematic manner in which many of their depredations were carried on, rendered them a complete pest to the country settler,—his property—nay, his very life, being in constant jeopardy and peril from a *rencontre* with these desperadoes. Some, of course, were more dreaded than others ; and one leader of a band of bushrangers was so conscientious and methodical a gentleman, that, whenever he had cause to suspect the fidelity of any member of his gang, he coolly told him his suspicions—gave him ten minutes to make his peace with Heaven, and then, very quietly, but very certainly, shot him dead on the spot !

These occasions of wilful and deliberate murder, were neither

rare nor few. The large rewards offered by the Government, proved too tempting to men, who having lost all sense of moral rectitude, became slaves to the highest bidder. Besides, what reliance could be placed upon some of the most abandoned—the most wicked of mankind? Hunted about like vermin, with a price set on their head—living wretchedly and precariously on plunder—too often stained with blood—their's was indeed, a most miserable existence. Yet were there some “gay bold villains” amongst them; men, whose physical attributes might have been rendered available to the best and most useful purposes, had not their moral—or, rather immoral propensities, poisoned the source of all good, and made them what they were, daring and destroying demons.

I came into the Colony at the time when bushranging was in full vigour, and the grant which I obtained from the Government, happened to be situated in the very centre of the district, where Michael Howe's gang delighted most especially to play its pranks. Of this very comfortable accommodation, I was duly apprized, and the surveyor, who marked out my land, was, I well remember, particularly eloquent in his description of the diabolical achievements of my depredating neighbours. But this to me, was then, rather a recommendation than otherwise. At home, I was noted for a certain bold, dare-devil disposition, that sought danger, rather than shunned it; and, really, I looked forward with a degree of interest, to a collision with the bushrangers. Not that I wished to capture or convert them; but I wanted some strong excitement to break the horrible monotony of a distant settler's mode of life.

I had good interest with the Government, and found no difficulty in obtaining as much assistance as I required, in the way of assigned servants; and I proceeded with all speed to erect a habitable domicile. I selected as pleasant a spot as I could find; and having a small, but clear rivulet in front—with a scrubby hill in the rear, my bush hut was erected, in a situation as advantageous as any I could find. It was comfortably furnished, and contained four moderately sized rooms.

My brother, who accompanied me to the Colony, was truly a *harum-scarum* fellow. Ever forward in every frolic—bold, courageous, disinterested, and generous to a fault, he constituted a character, which every one must love, and even admire. Frank was, indeed, a fine and noble fellow, and there are those now here, men of no small rank and consideration, who will not easily forget his worth, nor fail to remember with delight his many manly virtues. What I should have done without him, I know not. By his cheerfulness he encouraged—by his wit he enlivened me,—and the weary dull and dreary hours of the solitary bushmen were deprived of half their weariness, by Frank's fun and unceasing merriment.

Our nearest neighbour was a wealthy settler, named Tomlinson; a man originally, I am sure, of a generous and warm disposition, but whose temper had been sadly soured by misfortune. He was a magistrate—extremely well-informed upon all subjects of general

interest, and had evidently mingled much and freely in the busy world; what a deep sarcastic humour characterized his usual manner and conversation. He was alone in the world; without father or mother, or brother or sister—without wife or child; he stood singular and alone, like a scathed gum tree in the forest, and this his isolated and solitary condition, was a constant source of misery to him. I have seen him, often watching my brother and myself, as we toiled on our land, gazing on us with an expression of bitter discontent, not quite unmixed with envy. When I spoke to him on the subject, and jeered him on his sour, morose looks, he would reply—"It is well for you to talk—happy in a brother's love and companionship, while I have not a single soul that loves—that even cares for me!"

"Nay, Mr. Tomlinson," I would reply, "Your servants—your dependents.—and they are numerous—adore and love you, and why should you repine? Your land is well cleared, and you have abundant and increasing resources. While we have every thing to do, and nothing, at present, coming in."

He would smile languidly, and reply, "You are like the rest of the people here. All your thoughts bent upon gain. Well—continue in your present mind, and prosper accordingly. But if all exertions fail you, ye will still enjoy more happiness than Michael Tomlinson." This gentleman, I say, was our nearest neighbour; and, I know not why, but—we soon became great and most familiar friends.

Till our hut was completed, and somewhat comfortably stocked, we had nothing to apprehend from the bushrangers; but before this was effected, we were not without some tokens of their attention. One evening, three men, well armed, and each carrying on his shoulders a Kangaroo knapsack, made their appearance at the work-men's hut, and coolly carried away such articles of provision as they could place their hands upon. Now this sally was the more provoking, as we happened, just before, to have laid in a large stock of tea, at that time to be procured only with difficulty, and, of course, at a large price. I did not know at that time, of any preconceived scheme between any of my own men and the bushrangers; but subsequent events disclosed to me a series of villainous stratagem and connivance, of which my simple heart had then no conception. These three men belonged to Michael Howe's gang, and it is well known, that this notorious freebooter had a particular *penchant* for a good cup of tea, and a *bouquet* of flowers!* Both

* How singularly incongruous is human nature! This low-minded, brutal ruffian, with as deep a thirst for blood as a blood-hound, and no more compunction in shedding it, had a partiality for flowers! In his knapsack was found a little memorandum-book of kangaroo-skin, containing his journal, *written in kangaroo blood*. Here were noted down his dreams, and sundry remarks, incident to his course of life. It appears, that he frequently dreamt of being murdered by the natives—of seeing his old companions—of being nearly taken by a soldier—of joining his sister, &c. It seems,

my brother and myself were absent at the time this little robbery occurred, and, as we did not return till the next morning, there was little use in making any stir about it, much less in using any means to attempt to discover the offenders, and recover the goods. Some of our men, however, eagerly offered to go into the bush after the rangers; and my brother, in his mad-cap way, was upon the point of making one of a party of four, and had absolutely called for his knapsack, when Mr. Tomlinson came in.

"So," said he, smiling, "You have had a visit from the bush-rangers, I hear: have they relieved you of much?"

I told him what they had taken, when he replied—"Come, come, they have been indeed, moderate. But they knew you were "*new chums*," and will, doubtless, be more liberal in their exactions the next time."

"The next time!" I replied. "Why, Sir, are we always to be subjected to these plundering visitations? Are there no means of preventing them?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Tomlinson, in his dry, sarcastic manner, "*Very* abundant means. You can arm your men, and make them keep regular watch; your brother, I warrant, will take an active part in such an arrangement. Or, you can borrow a couple of constables from my friend Mr. —, the active Magistrate of this district; or, if this fail ye, I dare say, the Governor will lend you a file of soldiers. But, notwithstanding all this, the bushrangers will rob you."

"You surprise me," I replied—"for, although I have heard many strange stories of the daring of bushrangers, I surely imagined that they would not attack a well-guarded house."

"Umph!" said Mr. Tomlinson—"Perhaps, they would not;—but I would not trust them."

"Well, then, what would you advise me to do?"

"O! just keep a good look out,—and, above all, watch well your servants."

"My servants!" I instinctively exclaimed—"Why, I would trust them with my life!"

"Would you?" said Mr. Tomlinson, "that is more than I would."

"Indeed!" said I—"Why so?"

"Because *I know them*," he answered;—and, mounting his horse, was in the act of riding home, when he returned, and said:—"I won't go home to-night—there is mischief in the wind, and I will stay and see it out."

"I am much obliged to you," I said,—“and so, I am sure, will

also, that he had once an idea of settling in the woods, for his journal contained a long list of seeds he wished to have, including vegetables, fruits, and, particularly *flowers*. The career of this desperado was at length terminated by a private of the 48th regiment, and another man, who killed him in the bush; and thus ended his career. How could it end otherwise?

be my brother ; but do not let us detain you, if you have any business at home."

" Oh !" do not fidget yourself," interrupted Mr. Tomlinson.— " You know I am a bachelor, without wife, or sister, or brother, or, even friend, to whom I can confide a single sentiment : and, to speak truly,—but do not think I flatter you—I *do* feel a little interest in your welfare, and this induces me to put up my horse in your stable, and keep you company for the night :—will you give me a shake down ?"

" By George !" said my brother, " you shall have the best bed in the place ; and, if we had not another, my brother and I would sleep in the stable."

" This is not necessary, my good Sir," said Mr. Tomlinson.— " indeed, I think, we had better not go to bed at all—let us sit up, and keep careful watch."

" Have you any reason, then, to expect an attack to-night ?" asked my brother.

" To speak candidly," answered Mr. Tomlinson, " I have."

" Why ?" asked my brother.

" My good friend," replied Mr. Tomlinson, " do not ask unnecessary questions. I have already told you my suspicions, and have exposed myself to any mischief that may be attempted : rest satisfied with this ; and, if you can, do curb that fire-brand temper of yours !"

" O, certainly," said my brother—already considerably excited, " I will be as gentle as a dove : but why the devil do you keep so much mystery about nothing ?"

Mr. Tomlinson smiled, as he said—" Your *nothing*, young man, may turn out *something* :—but, however, we will be well prepared."

At this moment, one of my men made his appearance, accoutred for a journey through the bush. " I'm ready, now, Master," he said, " if you will give me a pass."

Mr. Tomlinson looked at the man with one of those piercing, searching glances, which betoken a strong and inquisitive curiosity.

" What is your name ?" he asked—

" John Davis, Sir," answered the man, touching his straw hat.

" Is he going far ?" asked Mr. Tomlinson of me.

" He is going to Camp," I replied, " and will get as far as Bagdad to-night with the moon."

" Umph !" muttered Mr. Tomlinson, " could not you keep him at home till to-morrow ?"

" If I don't go to-night, Sir," said the man, " it will make a day's difference to my master."

" Very well," said Mr. Tomlinson, quickly, as if a sudden thought had struck him—" set off, then ; and, hark ye ! be sure and report yourself to Mr. Humphreys, on your arrival, and bring your master his acknowledgment : do you understand me ?"

" Yes, Sir," said the man, and, taking his pass, away he went.

" Now, I'll make a reasonable bet," said Mr. Tomlinson, " that

this fellow will apprise the bushrangers of our vigilance, and so prevent the meditated attack. So far so good; but I shall greatly begrudge coming here, for nothing. However, let us make ourselves comfortable, and keep watch, at any rate, over a can of grog."

We accordingly did so, and the "rosy hours" of good fellowship, and social glee passed on happily enough. But not a sound was heard to break the stillness of the quiet night; or to startle our harmless festivity. Even the wind was hushed into silence, and the harsh croak of the frog and the night cricket, with the sharp scream of the prowling opossum, did not reach our watchful dwelling. And, oh! how solemn; the nocturnal silence of the lonely and secluded bush! Often and often, when I have wandered forth in the bright moonshine, have I been startled by the silence around me. And, then, would my pensive thoughts stray far and far away across the stormy seas, to that sweet and lovely spot in my far off father-land, where dwell, still dwell, in quiet happiness the companions of my youth—the inheritors of my blood and lineage. And do they now ever think of their absent—their long absent and truant exile. What if he *did* leave them in sorrow, in fretfulness, it may be, in anger? Are these evil feelings to exist for ever? Is there no hope of reconciliation or redress? Oh! yes! yes! Indeed there is. And in the silent solitude of overpowering night, the exile's thoughts are filled with warm contrition. But to return to my narrative. The night passed by without the slightest interruption; and as Mr. Tomlinson prepared to depart at early morning, he said—"We have been disappointed *this* time—but there is a plot to rob my house—and, if necessary, to murder its inmates. Two days hence are appointed for the adventure, and if you afford me your friendly assistance, I shall feel particularly obliged."

"Oh!" said my brother, "I would not wish better sport, than to shoot some half-dozen of these rascally bushrangers. D— them all, say I!"

"Indeed!" said a voice from without, "don't make too sure of your game my fine fellow!"

Out at one bound, sprang my brother, towards the spot whence he imagined the voice proceeded: but he speedily returned. "The d— rascal!" he exclaimed, "I could not catch him. It was well for him I did not, else, one of us would have fallen!"

"Did you see him?" I eagerly asked—

"No! But I heard him rustling among the wattles."

Mr. Tomlinson smiled, as he observed, "They are too deep for you, Frank, depend upon it:—however, I shall expect you the day after to-morrow." And away rode our neighbour.

On the morning of the appointed day, Mr. Tomlinson rode to the door. He had received information, it seems, that in consequence of his arrangement with us, the meditated attack was abandoned for the present. The system of *espionage*, which these outlaws pursued, was so perfect, that it was a matter of extreme difficulty to deceive them. However, we arranged a plan by which we

might entrap them, and Mr. Tomlinson promised to give us the earliest information of their expected visit. The information came, and in three days, or rather nights, the plot was to be perpetrated.

It was the beginning of harvest time, and Mr. Tomlinson had sent all his men, but two, upon whom he could depend, to a farm on the other side of the Island; and these two he despatched on some errand on the afternoon of the day on which the bushrangers were expected. Mr. Tomlinson was thus alone,—as we were not to join him, till after dark, and then as secretly as possible. When we arrived, which we did with all due caution, we found our host in his sleeping-room, the windows of which were closely shuttered, and every crack and cranny, by which light could be emitted, carefully closed. In one corner was a file of half a dozen loaded muskets, with plenty of additional ammunition on the table. The room was well lighted, and, although it would appear from without, that there was no one in the house, we were very snug and comfortable within.

We were chatting *sotto voce*, expecting every moment to hear the approach of the plunderers, when my brother started up, exclaiming entirely off his guard, "By George! there they come!" And snatching up a musket, he pointed it up the chimney, and was just in the act of firing, when Mr. Tomlinson arrested his hand. "For God's sake—hold on!" he exclaimed—"or you will shoot our allies." And he had scarcely said the words, when Mr. Tomlinson's two men, accompanied by a third, descended the chimney, and joined us.

We were now a party of six strong, well-armed, stout men, possessing the advantages of possession, and vigilance, with every determination to maintain our post vigorously. A little before midnight, the dog, which was chained in the yard, began to bark, bounding at each bark to the extent of his chain, and then growling defiance at some evident intrusion.

"There's no mistake, now, at any rate," said Mr. Tomlinson, "Let us get ready, lads," and we each took a musket, and stood ready for action. We heard the men advancing, and soon distinguished their voices, although they spoke in a low, muttering tone."

"There's no one at home, I think," said one—"Jack Davis wasn't quite sure about the old chap's going to that young wildfire's, at ——— (meaning me, gentle reader!) but I know there's no one else in."

"Well, then, let us go to work, and try the door."

This was purposely left on the latch, and it was, therefore, easily opened, and the men walked into the hall, which divided the house. They were now only separated from us by the thin wainscot of the room, and we waited with breathless anxiety their next movement.

"Where's the store-room?" asked the man who spoke first.

"Right through the room on the left," was the answer: and this was the room we occupied.

"Well, then, let's push through to it." "It is so infernally dark," said the other, "I can't find the door."

"You be d—— for a fumbler," said the first spokesman, "let me come," and his hand was upon the door handle.

"It's fastened tight enough" said the other.

"Then clap your ugly foot on it," was the reply,—and, forthwith was the "ugly foot" applied with no trifling vehemence to the door.

Colonial locks in those days were not the best in the world ; and the second thrust of the "ugly foot" burst the door open, and disclosed to the astonished gaze of the ruffians our well-appointed and watchful party.

We did not wait to parley with them, but treated them with a volley, by which one man was killed on the spot, and the other three (there were four of them) more or less wounded. They escaped, however, into the bush, and we traced them the next morning by the blood, nearly a mile from the house.

Soon after this, the Local Government took the bushrangers in hand, and by offering large rewards for their apprehension, they were soon betrayed and captured. I saw one of my old acquaintances in jail, when under sentence of death, and he told me some very strange stories of the mode in which they gained intelligence of our movements. He himself had been twice so near me, he said, that he could almost have touched me with the muzzle of his firelock. I asked him, why he did not shoot me?—"Because," he answered, "You was on the list of good uns." R.

ON LOVE.

"Is darkness on my path ?
There beams bright radiance from a star that hath
It's temple in the Heaven."—KAZINCZI.

There is perhaps no name in the English language so much and so generally abused as that of the passion upon which I am about to lucubrate. It is often employed as a mask to conceal licentiousness, and no less as an apology for heartless avarice. But its being so employed shows its attraction, as counterfeiting the King's coin establishes its value. *Love* !—only spell it, and you are spell-bound. *Love* !—only think of it for one moment, and your mind becomes whirled like a tetotum. There is in its very

sound, a titillating influence which no one but a naturally mental paralytic, can (or indeed would, if he could, be anxious to) resist. Whence then does this influence proceed? I will endeavour to demonstrate. Before, however, I venture on so important an undertaking, permit me, kind reader, whether juvenile, senile, a laughing philosopher, or a weeping one, to pledge your health in a bumper:—ah! a very tolerable drop of claret, upon my veracity! Well, well, I shall get on all the better for it; and Love can consecrate the wine cup.

I have mentioned my undertaking as important: why, there's not one described by History that equals it. Talk of Hercules, indeed! Why, cleaning the Augean stable was a school-boy's half holiday play, if brought into competition with doing what I mean to do:—with separating Love from the diametrically opposite passions and principles with which ignorance, prejudice, and hypocrisy are prone as well as accustomed to amalgamate it.

In the first place, I deem it incumbent on me to display, a few instances of the abuse to which its fascinating appellation is subjected:—

SCENE—An alcove in Vauxhall Garden. Alderman Bottlenose, Mrs. Bottlenose, and Miss Juliana Bottlenose: Enter Waiter with supper under covers, one of which the Alderman lifts.

ALDR.—Aye! aye! this indeed is something fit for a man of my respectability to put a fork into—I *love* curry!

MRS. B.—And really Alderman as you say, it is a vastly genteel set out *considering*!—they have I see sent a most delicate pullet—ah, no doubt they have heard from our footboy how *dearly I love* pullet!

MISS B.—La! Ma, isn't this place charming—and those beautiful lamps too! *O! how I love them!*

Now, of course, I am ready to admit, that similar examples might be adduced nearly *ad infinitum*; but as these, assisted by my reader's knowledge of the world, will be sufficient to show how the term Love is abused by IGNORANCE;—I shall now offer a few proofs of its equal abuse through the means of PREJUDICE. But, here I confess myself to lie at the mercy of that very fault it is my duty to deprecate.—However, when I entered on my subject, I ought to have been prepared for difficulties; and I am so. It is usual when talking of Leonidas and Themistocles,—of Tell, Wallace, Hampden, and Bruce, to assert that their motive to be heroes was *a love of country*. This I deny! Their ruling passion was hatred of oppression:—a passion, which would no less ardently have inspired them, had the first two been Indians, the third a Dutchman, the fourth a New Zealander, the fifth an African, and the sixth a Greenlander; or more properly speaking, had they not been residing in their respective natal localities. They doubtlessly were brave and virtuous citizens at home, but change of scene would not

have made them otherwise ; and to such men as they were, *the world at large, is home ; and all mankind are brethren!* Again, glance at the myriads of noblehearted, gallant men, whom destiny expatriates to the Islands that stud the Southern seas, and to other Colonies—I presume they are no less patriotic than those whom they are severed from : but if their kindred and their other *living* objects of attachment were to rejoin them, say would they yearn for the land they left ? Say would they willingly relinquish the asylum they have found ? I think they would not ; and, I feel I do no umbrage to the best sensibilities of human nature, when I assert that, although like Jacob, they might sigh to be buried in the grave of their fathers, they would unreluctantly expire in the country which has furnished a refuge for their offspring.

Love of glory, too ! How absurd is it to talk of such a thing :—as, if love and cruelty, as if tenderness and wholesale murder, attended by the widow's shriek and the orphan's groan, could be co-existent ! No, no, there may be, and undoubtedly there is, a tie—a close and an endearing tie to the land on which men first drew breath ;—there may also be a passion, or thirst for superiority, that animates the warrior in “ the deadly breach ”—but *love* is a prostituted term when applied either to country or to glory, if, (for there's the rub) if, I say, detached from human reminiscences : that is, from fellow-beings who have by the magic of sympathy entwined themselves around the soul.

And now to HYPOCRISY'S abuse of the term—The best of all good Books informs us that “ where the treasure is there will the heart be also.” Taking this then as my text, can anything possibly present a more disgusting object for contempt and indignation, than the sensualist, or the miser, who asserts himself *to love* ? Can the turtle mate with the cormorant ? No ! Neither can selfishness, nor lust, be compatible with a sacred passion ! Yet, how often does the systematic debauchee approach the precincts of virgin purity, with sighs of professed devotion ? and how often does the wretch whose bags of yellow ore contain his deity, lead blushing beauty to the shrine dedicated to reciprocal affection, and falsely swear *he loves* ? My reader cannot need illustrations that guilt of this unpardonable kind is, of every day occurrence. But he may ask why do I advert to it ? My answer is that even on the most depraved of mankind woman has *some* power ; and that by them she is recognized as too holy, to be addressed even for the vilest of purposes, without, at least, the semblance of that homage to which she is unquestionably entitled.

If such, then, be the power of a name on the most abandoned of our species—if the term Love be viewed by the mercenary wretch and the sensual villain as a charm wherewith to achieve a lawless conquest over female loveliness ; if such, I repeat, be its acknowledged efficacy on beings who are heartless ;—what an exquisitely thrilling and more than necromantic sway must it exercise in the honorably sensitive and manly breast !—Perhaps, it may be imagined—but I

despair to represent it. And yet this sway is, or may be quite disinterested: for undoubtedly there are many men, who never formed a personal and particular attachment for an individual of the softer sex, who are not the less conscious of its general sovereignty. Indeed, I have known a man of the most frigid constitution, and apathetic character, who would have felt insulted had matrimony, as connecting himself, been spoken of; and, who would have spurned, with unwonted warmth, the slightest allusion to illicit indulgence; by whom, at the same time, as it were instinctively, the most scrupulous devotion was evinced towards woman; and Love confessed to be the purest of passions, applicable to human nature.

And I cordially agree with him that it is such; notwithstanding Garth's invective, that—

“More ills from love than tyrant's malice flow;”

although I equally concur with the Poet, that—

“Jove's thunder strikes less sure than Cupid's bow:”

yes, (for I must now leave the name for the passion that it so mysteriously represents) Love is a principle which generates the most astounding consequences. It is a stream that gushes from the Rock to which Christians cling—for “*God is Love.*” It is a dispensation by which the sons and daughters of calamity are comforted, as the descent of manna sustained our Mosaic fellow-creatures in the wilderness. In fine, it is like Liberty, “if we have it not we die!” Neither diadems can purchase, gyves restrain, nor misery subdue it.—Fidelity adorns it; and it, in turn, is the brightest and the purest gem that decorates a woman. It heaves the bosom, irradiates the cheek, and sheds celestial witchery on every attitude. Innocence is its bold-eyed parent, and chaste simplicity its meek associate. When Milton describes the Mother of our race he powerfully finishes his climax of her fascinations, by observing—

“Grace was in all her steps,
Heaven in her eye,
In all her gestures dignity and love!”

But, I am becoming prolix; and unnecessarily so: for were I to light another taper, and sit up all night, I could not pen one hundredth part of what I feel in reference to my subject; which, indeed, can alone be understood, by being felt;—suffice it, therefore, that Love is the essence of refined benignity between the sexes—the prop of man's weakness—the crown of his prosperity—the star that illuminates his adverse sky—and the inspirer of his worthiest energies;—that it is morally incompatible with sensual or selfish aspirations;—and that woman,—dear, sweet woman! when her

angel eye-betrays the precious secret of her flattering predilection,
is so inexpressibly attractive, that—

“ He who can resist her smiles,
With brutes alone should live ;
Nor know the joy which care beguiles,—
That joy her *love* can give.”

H

Launceston.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND IN 1803.

(Continued from our last.)

The chief, with a bold and undaunted step, entered our encampment. We naturally expected to have excited his curiosity, by objects new to him, but were surprised at the apparent apathy with which he looked upon the various masterpieces of European art, and, as if in ridicule of their use and real value, put them to his nostrils to ascertain by their smell, if they really were for the gratification of his appetite. The trinkets and baubles with gaudy colors not only delighted, but he seemed desirous to retain them; to which we as readily assented, by dumb intelligence, that our desire was that he should keep them.—His stay was of short duration, although we exerted our utmost for his entertainment. When about to depart, we accompanied him by way of friendly convoy from our huts; every step we took from our encampment, appeared to give the savage chief uneasiness, he at last showed symptoms of displeasure, we offered to shake hands with him, to convince him that we were only giving him a friendly escort; by degrees he became so irritable, that we consulted among ourselves whether it would be prudent to push on further—our first intention having been to follow him to his tribe or haunts. We determined to persist in keeping at a short distance, until he suddenly turned round, and throwing himself into a menacing position, convinced us that he would not allow us farther to proceed; still, our European courage was not to be daunted by a savage in a state of nature. We, therefore, persisted in following him, in defiance of the threats of our sable friend; he perceived that we were not easily to be intimidated, when he again turned upon us with a fierce and furious look, at the same time holding his spear in his clenched hand, making it quiver as though every nerve of his body were concentrated in his powerful arm.

Prudence, which is wisely ranked as the better part of valor, then induced us to desist from the object in view, therefore we left the native to pursue his course at pleasure, keeping a watchful eye

on his movements, until he disappeared in the bush—we next bent our steps homewards, and as the sun verged behind the distant mountains, the brilliant lights on the flitting clouds, as he passed below the horizon, drew forth our admiration. How resplendent is the winter evening in a southern climate, when preceded by a calm and mild day; the glow of ruby clouds, tinged with glittering glory stretching along the east, their radiance giving to the mountains a glow of fire, splendid in colors, peculiar to this pure and enlivening atmosphere.

The mind is agreeably entertained, when reviewing the first efforts of the early ages—to observe mankind rising and refining from a state of barbarism into civilized life, as it were from a stage of infancy, making the first attempts towards the arts and sciences, until these acquirements become the ornaments of human life—but here nature appeared in even earlier stage than before the fall of man, for when our first parents sinned, they knew that they were naked, and “they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons.” If the nakedness of the object which we had just seen, arose from pure innocence, some might say the inhabitants of this country were surely derived from a race, unconnected with the future decrees pronounced on our first parents, and therefore, not subject to the sin created, and the consequent displeasure of the great Creator of all things.

Our encampment, as I have before said, was bounded by that majestic, flowing River, since called the Derwent, on the one side, and enclosed by a ridge of mountains on the other, where hills seemed to enclose hills to endless termination. Our efforts to ascend the tier, after numerous attempts, was at last accomplished, and the fond anticipation that some verdant plain would gratify our sight, met with disappointment. Other mountains arose to obstruct our view, like impassable barriers to our hopes. To surmount any difficulty, all first attempts are made with bold and determined resolution, but continual failure sinks the heart—our exertions proved invariably unsuccessful;—in vain we sought for land, to establish a settlement, where the husbandman could extend his labours, and increase the cultivation of the soil for rising generations; but, to form a settlement in a mountainous country, where the plough could be no auxiliary to man's exertions, would be contending with endless difficulties.

Having sought in vain for a tract of land to establish a permanent settlement, our attention was next directed to the immediate means of rearing a few vegetables, on the scanty plot of ground, where we had fixed our camp. We were indefatigable in our exertions in clearing away the timber and the bush, to enable us to use the spade and the hoe, which were our principal implements of husbandry, these were put in active requisition; the rains that had lately fallen, enabled us to turn up the fresh ground without much difficulty; but when worked, it exhibited below the sod a thin, sandy substance, little improved by time, and in its nature

bad. The seeds which were sown on the land had difficulties to contend with, for the wiry fibres of the grasses prevented the admixture of the earth, and therefore prevented the seeds from benefiting by even the thin covering of soil, which time had brought on the surface; and lastly, such of the seeds as did germinate, grew like so many dwarfs, as it were, to mock us of our labours. Our provisions were nearly exhausted; the only fresh meat that we had eaten since our arrival in the Island, was supplied by hunting the kangaroo; and they were now become shy and scarce; at length we were brought to the alternative, either of famishing for want, or finding some other spot better calculated for a settlement. We had scarcely formed the latter resolution, when some of our people who had moved further into the bush, returned to the Camp, with the alarming intelligence, that the Natives were coming down upon us. Every man prepared himself for defence; the pieces of ordnance which had been landed from the vessel for protection, were loaded, and ere our equipment for the reception of the Natives was completed, they were heard distinctly at no great distance, hallooing and *cooeeing*, making a fearful noise, as if they were resolved to strike us with terror, before they could point their weapons at us. They continued to approach nearer; the sounds appeared to extend over a great space of ground, and we fancied all the tribes of the Island had combined to hurl destruction on us at once. We listened to the various sounds—heard them beating the bush—the rattling of the dead branches. Some of our party approached towards them to ascertain the numbers of the enemy, but unlike the mode of warfare among civilized nations; they were not coming down in a body, but had extended their line so as to close upon us in the form of a crescent. We receded towards our camp; the numbers then began to assume fearful odds to our little band; one alternative only was left, either to submit, and be swept from an existence, which had become miserable, or, strike a blow, and impede the progress of their body, as they became more concentrated; at last their approach did not appear like the advance of an army, determined or prepared for battle; but still, the well known treachery of savages, created within us fearful suspicions. Perhaps we had no real cause to fear; or perhaps our fears had been excited by the numbers which had collected together—but if once within their power, they might take unfair advantage. Little time was left to take all these things into consideration—the word of command was given, to fire:—consternation was caused by the report of our guns, and when they saw their companions struck to the earth, by means which they could not understand, a dreadful scene of terror and dismay ensued; some were observed to fly for safety, while others became frantic at the loss of their comrades. The first fire had not the desired effect of driving back the suspected enemy, nor did they appear bold enough to rush upon us to revenge their loss;—a pause ensued, little calculated to allay our fears; it was observed that the chiefs had not been prepared for the sudden attack made upon them, and

looked undecided what measures to adopt ; but no time could be lost in the deliberations ; we interrupted their councils, by firing a volley of musketry. The second attack put their whole body into a state of utter confusion ; a mixture of rage and dismay was pictured in every countenance—the yells and cries of the poor savages, reverberated from hill to hill ; some more desperate than the rest approached to the attack with their spears and waddies, but as they rushed on, our well directed fire stemmed their progress. Their numbers were thinned, and their revenge vain, they fell into disorder ; the terror was communicated to their comrades, and the whole fell back. To complete our victory, we pursued the enemy, and continued our fire: Like passion when once excited becomes ungovernable, so it was with us, when we found that the enemy fled before us ;—a scene of carnage was left for our contemplation.

It eventually appeared but too certain that these poor savages were at the time only engaged in hunting the kangaroo, at a meeting of the several tribes ; and had unwarily taken the direction of our camp, neither desiring to drive us from the land, or injure us in any manner.

Thus was the first aggression on the part of the British, which opened a field for treachery and revenge on the part of the Natives, that has scarcely yet been obliterated, even by the destruction of five-sixths of the Aborigines.

A. S.

POETRY.

The following Lines are founded on fact ; and though the humble Author cannot presume to suppose that on their own account they merit notice, yet, as reflecting a just tribute to the humanity of one of his most valued friends, they perhaps may be tolerated.

The sun's ruddy beam, illumined the stream
And the breeze was deliciously sweet—
A fowler then came, took pitiless aim,
And his victim lay dead at his feet—

Poor little bird !

It's breast was of blue—of heaven's own hue ;—
But ah ! it's life's blood had defiled it,—
And the fowler's pale look—or I mistook,
Spoke grief that he had so dyed it—

Poor little bird !

But its flight was flown, and the deed was done,
And the fowler regretted in vain :—
Then vow'd he'd never, pollute a feather,
Of so lovely a creature again—

Poor little bird !

T.

LINES,

Written in a Vineyard.

O, vine! thy green leaves are graceful;
 O, vine, thy ripe juice is sweet!
 But its effects are disgraceful,
 And with tears I should thee greet.
 From kindred thou canst sever
 To madness thou do'st urge:—
 Those who subserve thee never,
 From mis'ry's gulph emerge!

E.

MANNERS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

In Drummond Castle, there is a curious M.SS. Journal of, maiden Elizabeth Woodville, written during the early part of the 15th century—the habits of ladies in those times, and some of the fair sex of the present day, afford an extraordinary contrast, which may not be uninteresting.—This Elizabeth Woodville first married Sir John Grey, and after his death became in 1465, the Queen of Edward IV. On the accession of Henry VII. (who married her daughter) to the throne, she was confined in the nunnery of Bermondsey, in which seclusion she died:—

“Monday, March 9.—Rose at 4 o'clock, and helped Catherine to milk the cows; Rachel, the other dairy-maid, having scalded her hand in so bad a manner the night before. Made a poultice for Rachel, and gave Robin a penny to get her something comfortable from the apothecary's.

“Six o'clock.—The buttock of beef too much boiled, and the beer a little of the stalest. Memorandum:—To talk to cook about the first fault, and to mend the second myself by tapping a fresh barrel directly.

“Seven o'clock.—Went to walk with the lady, my mother, into the court-yard. Fed twenty-five men and women; chided Roger severely for expressing some ill will at attending us with broken meat.

“Eight o'clock.—Went into the paddock behind the house with my maid Dorothy; caught Thump, the little pony, myself, and rode a matter of six miles without saddle or bridle.

“Ten o'clock.—Went to dinner. John Grey there, a comely youth, but what is that to me? a virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate but little; stole a great many tender looks at me, and said, “Women never would be

handsome in his opinion, who were not good tempered." I hope my temper is not intolerable ; nobody finds fault with it but Roger, and he is the most disorderly serving-man in our family. John Grey likes white teeth ; my teeth are of a pretty good colour I think : and my hair is as black as jet, though I say it ; and John, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion.

" Eleven o'clock.—Rose from table, the company all desirous of walking in the fields ; John Grey would lift me over every stile, and twice he squeezed my hand with great vehemence. I cannot say I should have any objection to John Grey ; he plays at prison-bars as well as any country gentleman, and he never misses church on Sundays.

" Three o'clock.—Poor Farmer Robinson's house burnt down by an accidental fire. John Grey proposed a subscription for the benefit of the Farmer, and gave no less than four pounds himself with this benevolent intent. Memorandum : Never saw him look so handsome as at that moment.

" Four o'clock.—Went to prayers.

" Six o'clock.—Fed the hogs and poultry.

" Seven o'clock.—Supper on the table : delayed in consequence of Farmer Robinson's misfortune. Memorandum : The goose-pie too much baked, and the pork roasted to rags.

" Nine o'clock.—The company fast asleep ; these late hours very disagreeable. Said my prayers a second time, John Grey distracting my thoughts too much the first time. Fell asleep, and dreamed of John Grey."

WEALTH.

From the Anthologia Græca of Grotius, by De Bosch.

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN.)

When old Diogenes, with bitter sneer,
Saw royal Cræsus 'mongst the shades appear,—
In tatter'd cloak, before the ghost he stands,
For whom once roll'd Pactolus' golden sands ;
And, smiling, thus the monarch he address'd,
A Cynic pride still rankling in his breast :—
" Cræsus ! thy wealth is vanished now to smoke,
Mine I brought with me, for I brought my cloak."

SONG.

Sing me to sleep—and let me rest
 Pillow'd upon thy snowy breast,
 That I may dream myself to be
 Sailing upon some summer sea ;
 While each pulsation soft will seem
 The wave to bear me through my dream.

Sing me to sleep !—thy cadences
 Shall be the music of the breeze
 That fills my sail, and wafts me on,
 Until some halcyon shore be won—
 While love, and hope, and pleasure beam,
 The guiding stars throughout my dream !

ANGLO-TASMANIAN.

 THE SOLDIER'S BILLET.

Some years ago, a regiment marched through a French town in which I then was, on their way to the camp of Charles X. at Saint Omer. Two of the soldiers were billeted on me. I had been struck with the face of one of the two as they entered the town—indeed, by his conduct and manner, as well as his features. After passing the gate, the regiment, at word of command, I believe, broke their lines, and went scampering and jumping, and shouting, like possessed creatures, down the precipitous main street to the place where they were to get their billets served out to them—a most indecorous exhibition to eyes accustomed to the gravity of English soldiers after a march—indeed, upon all occasions: and, I suppose, their pranks were meant to express joy at having gained a resting point for the day and night, with the near prospect of bread and onions and *bonne soupe*. But I digress. One man, among them all, cut no such capers as I have mentioned, contenting himself with tramping sedately down the street, his musket held by the middle in his left hand; nor did he shout nor utter any boyish nonsense like his comrades, nor contract his features as only Frenchmen can do. In fact, though young—about seven and twenty—and handsome too,—thought, if not sorrow, sat on his open, manly brow, and compressed the corners of his mouth—so far as I could observe his mouth, it so appeared to me: for not only did he wear *moustaches* of a prolific growth, but his black beard had been suffered to grow

at pleasure—another peculiarity about him ; no second man of his regiment having spared his chin from the razor.

After seeing the soldiers come in, I did not immediately return home ; and when I got to my door, the individual I have been describing was standing at it with his comrade, a lad scarce one and twenty. He handed me his billet with a grave but well-mannered bow, asking if he had come to the right number. I told him all was right, so far ; but that I was exempt from a billet, inasmuch as my house was a furnished one, and that my landlord was to provide him with accommodation for the night. He replied, that he knew no mere lodgers in a furnished house could be called on to receive him, and asked how far off was my landlord's residence. I said, half a league in the country. He shook his head, and continued to say, still with the utmost civility, if not blandness, that he and his young friend were too tired to take to the road again, after a long march, and in such bad weather (the poor fellows were, indeed, soaked with rain, and the mud clung about their feet and legs, almost up to their knees ;) but they would wait till I could send a messenger to my landlord for instructions ; and, if I could allow them to sit down at my kitchen fire in the meantime, they would very much thank me. While he spoke, he leaned his back against the wall of the house, and having reversed his musket, put its muzzle on his shoe, and rested his hands on its butt, and his cheek on them. His manner, his voice, his most respectable expression, and above all, I believe, his large, round, mild, blue eyes, made a conquest of my precision and of my praiseworthy attachment to a franc or two. I rung at the door, after a moment's pause, and telling him he should wait for nothing at my kitchen fire, but for his dinner, I ushered him in and his *jeune ami* to Mademoiselle Phrosyne, who received her guests in a great fluster, but still with the due number of curtsies, in answer to their bows ; and then she put a chair for each at opposite corners of the fire ; and so behold me the hospitable host of—as we are told—two of the “ natural enemies ” of old England. I lingered in the kitchen some time. My grave soldier sat down at once, crossing his arms on his knees, and poking his body and head towards the fire. His youthful comrade saved him the trouble of putting his piece in a corner and his cap on a table, and had a kind “ Thank you, Pierre,” for his good nature. The lad then pulled off his own gaiters in a twinkling, and, tucking up his muddy trowsers, ran to the kitchen pump as naturally as if he had been in the house all his life, and set about washing, over the sink, the first-named articles of dress. Phrosyne offered him her black paste soap, but he declined it, laughingly, and while proceeding in his work, said he dared her to wash his gaiters as well with soap as he should without it ; at which Mademoiselle laughed too, while busy over her saucepans ; it was not the first pleasantry they had interchanged, and Phrosyne was a youthful *cuisinière*, and did not shame her name for comeliness—in fact, I saw she was in for a pleasant evening, with one of her guests, at least ; but the other conti-

nued silent and melancholy. He did not hesitate, indeed, to answer my questions promptly and politely, but he never spoke of his own accord. Before I left the kitchen, he had begun to take off his gaiters, in imitation of Pierre ; but the lad insisted on having them to wash after his own, adding, "and for this evening at least, Louis, I will work for two, at the muskets, the trowsers, shoes, and all."

"Are you and Pierre relations?" I asked.—"No, Sir," he answered, "but," smiling for the first time, as he pulled Pierre's ear, who was kneeling to get off the gaiters, "we have been friends nearly a year, ever since the day he joined the regiment."

All this interested me, and I went up stairs to interest my wife by telling it over to her. We agreed to do something to make the two men comfortable. A good fire was ordered in their bed-room, at which they might sit to dine, after having cleaned their arms, accoutrements, and clothes. Hours of the evening wore away, and we did not hear their voices or steps in the house : they only sent up their thanks for Monsieur's kind attention. I inquired from time to time how they were occupied ; and when I thought they might be at leisure, went down to their sleeping-room to try and get the elder of them into conversation. He was alone ; sitting over the fire, which he had suffered to decay, in the same bent position he had adopted in the kitchen. I believe he slumbered ; for my entrance did not make him raise his head ; so, not wishing to disturb him, after his weary march, I turned into the kitchen to his more lively comrade, whose laugh, mingled with that of Phrosyne and of her fellow servant, attracted me thither.

I spoke to Pierre about his friend, and pointedly noticed his melancholy. In a few minutes I learned the cause of it. Before drawing his *mauvais numéro* as a conscript, seven years before, Louis had loved—"not wisely"—Rosalie, the only daughter of the richest man of his village—the miller no less. Rosalie loved him in return, but her father was obdurate. They met in secret once too often : Rosalie became an unwedded mother. But before that event, and while her condition was known to the whole village, Louis again, and repeatedly, solicited the miller to allow her to become his wife, and again and again he was refused. He heard he was a father ; he asked permission to see his child ; it was denied him. The morning the baby was baptized in the church, he suddenly appeared amid the family group who surrounded it ; kissed it, and claimed it, and insisted that it should bear his name, of which its stern grandfather wished to deprive it. The clergyman was compelled to yield him his right. A few days after he was a conscript ; "and," continued Pierre, "they tell me, that since the first day he came to the regiment, now seven years ago, he has been always, and to every one what Monsieur has seen he is to-day—civil, kind, but very sad. But this does not interfere with his duties.—He is one of the best soldiers, if not the very best soldier among us. I believe him to be *the* very best. A good, and true, and most useful friend he has been to me since I joined the 27th, and I love

him like a brother. Everybody loves him—aye, and respects him too ; men and officers, all the same ; and it is pleasure to me, when he will let me do a hand's turn for him, to save him trouble. I wonder will his Rosalie be true to him for another year—after which he may return home to see her and his child. I hope she will."

"I hope so, too," sighed Phrosyné.

"And I," echoed Sophie.

"And I, Pierre," said I, "with all my heart."

"Thank you, a thousand times, Monsieur," replied Pierre, his eyes glowing.

Now, were I writing what did not really happen, word for word, and did I not dislike disturbing the honest facts in my own mind, I could very easily go on to say that I had been travelling by chance to Rosalie's village, about a year after, and just in the nick of time to witness the nuptials of her and Louis. But I cannot bear to lie, even poetically, on this subject. The truth is, I know nothing more about it ; and to the truth I limit myself. That I continue to hope what we all hoped that evening round the kitchen fire, need scarce be doubted. Nor have I ever seen Louis since ; he had gone to bed before I left the kitchen. I heard from him, however, in the shape of the following note, handed to me by Sophie, after the departure of him and Pierre, next morning, long before day-break :

"The two French soldiers below thank the good English Monsieur of this house, for unexpected and unusual kindness, after a long march, on a bad day. May God bless him and Madame, and *les petits enfans*."

DEATH.

"Man comes into the world like morning mushrooms, soon throwing up their heads into the air, and conversing with their kindred of the same produce : and soon they turn unto death and forgetfulness."

JEREMY TAYLOR.

"Shall we rob ourselves of content because our bodies are mortal ? or shall we esteem it the best assistance of our friends to weep ?" Such was the enquiry, which one of the elder brethren of English literature demanded of his reason ; and, although we of the present day, might feel inclined, from motives purely philosophical, to reply to it with a negative, yet, if we follow up the feelings excited by the

question, into the general detail of human action,—if we trace the windings of inward thought, and enquire into the various degrees of which the affections of mankind are, in general, bound and attached to the earth whence we tread ;—if we bring honesty and candour to the test of a more minute examination, we shall be inclined to admit, that *the love of life* is the strongest, the most invincible principle by which not only man, but every living creature is actuated. To descant upon the bourne of all our hopes, and fears, and wishes ; to enlarge upon the conclusion which the word of the Most High has decreed to the sorrow and the pride of man ; and to dwell upon the cold and remorseless senselessness, with which the great enemy of our species, who, though he tarry in his approaches, tarrieth not long—year after year severeth some link in the golden chain of friendship, and beareth it away with him to a dark and dismal region, where curiosity never laboureth to return, and where imagination is perplexed by the melancholy gloominess of its own conceptions,—would be, indeed, an arduous task ; but there is scarcely a writer, from the earliest period to which we can trace the use of letters, who has not, at some period of life, contemplated the awful moment of its close, and dwelt upon the same with an earnestness and a solemnity peculiar to the subject.

That, unto all men over whom time has drawn the mantle of past centuries, and that, unto those who now people the earth, as well as to the earth itself, there will, in an awful hour, sound the thunders of their final destiny, is a truth, which, since the sentence, “Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return,” presumption never dared deny, nor infidelity attempt to disprove. There was a time, when *sinless* man walked forth in all the confidence of his innocency, over the paradise of God ; and there, also, was a period, when *sinful* man gathered up the heavy burthen of mortality, and, casting over every joy and every grief, which had passed in succession from his view, the dark mantle of oblivion, laid him down in his chamber in the grave. Such a period is ours ; and such will be the termination of *our* joys and sorrows—our hopes and fears.

A few short years, and sorrows' wave
 Shall roll unheeded o'er us ;
 Soon shall we slumber in the grave,
 With those who slept before us :
 Unkindness, which could wound us here,
 Shall never, never, find us ;
 But journeying to some brighter sphere,
 Leave all our griefs behind us.

But, then, the grave itself—the dark, clamp, desolate, rapacious grave ! with what different feelings do its numerous victims prepare to descend into its dim recesses ! Some are buoyed up with hope, others cast down, shaken, almost maddened by fear, and hopeless, unceasing, overwhelming despair : Some seek its gloomy protection with joy : others descend into its cold profundity with sorrow, and

others with calm indifference. The man of "three score years and ten," the good and pious patriarch, who has lived throughout his brief span, subjected to the varied good and ill of poor humanity, will go down into the grave in peace, and with the hope of a renewed and blessed existence in eternity. The strong and lusty sinner, with defiance on his lip,—and boldness—the boldness of despair and guilt upon his unbending brow, will still wrestle rebelliously with the mortal stroke, till the arrow hath pierced his vitals. The young mother, although sustained and elevated by holy and fervent hope,—soothed, even in the dark hour of departing life, by a consciousness of her own meek virtues,—think you, will she leave her weeping husband, her darling babes, the bright sunshine of youth, the sweet hopes, and fears, and joys,—aye! or even the griefs of mortality, unmoved?—Oh! no! no! She would willingly forego her doom, even were it only for a short season,—and although that short season were to afford nought but the bitterness of life—the wormwood and the gall! The man of sorrows, whose life has been but sparingly "chequered o'er" with the good things of this world; whose spirit has been bruised and broken by the unfeeling hardheartedness of his fellow men;—who has languished on in poverty, and nakedness, and hunger;—without friends—for who will befriend the wretched? without kindred—for who will acknowledge the hapless? without a single being to whom he could apply for succour, or from whom he could expect even the uncostly balm of a kind word;—to such an one—and many such there are—the grave is as a bed of down—"Soft as the breath of even," where he may rest in peace, secured, at length, from the wants, and woes, and bitter humiliations of poor humanity.

Some green and grassy mound shall cover,
His mouldering corpse from human eyes;
Around the spot shall pity hover,
Above shall shine the bright blue sky.
Although in life his heart's in sadness,
Wore out its brief existence here:
The spot where now 'tis laid, in gladness,
Shall smile, though weakened with a tear!

And, then, what a blessed thing is the quiet death of the sweet infant!—

"Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls, and takes the stain of earth,
With not a taint of mortal life, except its mortal birth!"

The sinless soul of the cherub child, that dies on its mother's breast, wings its way to heaven, unconscious of the joys it might have shared here, as well as of the many, many miseries of which it might have been the partaker. This can hardly be called *death*.—It is but the calm, soft ebbing of the gentle tide of life, to flow no more in the troubled ocean of existence; it is but the removal of a

fair creature—"too pure for earthly stay"—to make one of that bright band of cherubim, which encompasses in glory and in joy the throne of the living God. But glorious as the change may be, it is a hard thing for the fond mother to part thus easily with her little one:—

"Tis hard to lay her darling
Deep in the cold damp earth ;
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber
His small mouth's rosy kiss ;
Then waken'd with a start,
By her own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss.

To feel (half conscious why)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till memory on her soul
Flashes the painful whole,—
That she is desolate !

And, then, to lie and weep,
And think the live-long night,
Feeding her own distress,
With accurate greediness,
Of every past delight :—

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty, playful smiles,
His joy, his ecstasy,
His tricks, his mimicry,
And all his little wiles.

Ah ! these are recollections,
Round mothers' hearts that cling ;
That mingle with the tears,
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening !"

Yet, after all, how little does individual misery or misfortune, affect the great mass of mankind ! "When I reflect," observes Pope in a letter to Addison, "What an inconsiderable atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will shine as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green ; the world will proceed in its old course ; people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were used to do. The memory of man passeth away, as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day."

During my perigrinations about town, I have occasionally fallen in with a well-dressed, tall, thin, slim-figured young gentleman, who brought to my recollection some lines, entitled "The tall gentleman's apology," written some few years since by my much-esteemed friend, Henry Glassford Bell, Esq. As the lines themselves merit a niche in any publication, perhaps you will favor me by their insertion in yours,

P. M.

Upbraid me not ;—I never swore eternal love to thee,
For thou art only five feet high, and I am six feet three ;
I wonder, dear, how you supposed that I could look so low,
There's many a one can tie a knot, who cannot fix a beau.

Besides, you must confess, my love, the bargain scarcely fair,
For never could we make a match, altho' we made a pair ;
Marriage, I know, makes one of two ; but here's the horrid bore,
My friends declare, if *you* are one, that *I*, at least am four.

'Tis true the moralists have said, that Love has got no eyes,
But why should all my sighs be heaved for one who has no size ?
And on your wedding-day I'm sure, I'd leave you in the lurch,
For you never saw a steeple, dear, in the inside of a church.

'Tis usual for a wife to take her husband by the arm,
But pray excuse me should I hint a sort of fond alarm,
That when I offered you my arm, that happiness to beg,
Your highest effort, dear, would be, to take me by the leg.

I do admit I wear a glass, because my sight's not good,
But were I always quizzing you, it might be counted rude ;
And though I use a concave lens,—by all the gods ! I hope
My wife will ne'er look up to me through a Herschel's telescope.

Then fare thee well, my gentle one ! I ask no parting kiss,
I must not break my back to gain so exquisite a bliss ;
Nor will I weep lest I should hurt so delicate a flower,—
The tears that fall from such a height would be a thunder-shower.

Farewell ! and pray don't drown yourself, in a bason or a tub,
For that would be a sore disgrace, to all the Six-Foot Club ;
But if you ever love again, love on a smaller plan,
For why extend to six feet three, a life that's but a span !

FILIAL CORRESPONDENCE,

No. I.

Van Diemen's Land, June 7, 1832.

My beloved Mother,

I proceed to redeem my promise of communicating in a series of letters the most interesting particulars of my passage, and if they may contribute

to beguile your venerable age of one solitary hour, my trouble in detailing them will prove to your far distant Henry, a source of inexpressible delight. It would be ridiculous to attempt describing the feelings with which I left you, and which oppressed me on my joining the vessel; no language can reveal them; and no one but a wanderer from his kindred and his country can conceive them! Trusting therefore, that you will believe they were not unworthy of the occasion, I shall at once begin my narrative.

On Saturday, the 15th of January, I breakfasted and dined with Mr. J—— and his family, after which, he took a tender farewell, and we proceeded to the steam boat, accompanied by my dear old friend his brother George, and that amiable man Doctor H——, for whom we had called in the city; we all then started for Gravesend, which, after a pleasing passage, we reached about night-fall, and where we enjoyed a social evening, in company with my old fellow traveller Captain R——. On the following day, Henry T—— and the Doctor accompanied us on board, and after quaffing a bumper of tolerable sherry to our safe arrival and the success of all our honorable undertakings, they returned, God bless them, each with "a brimfull eye" by the steam boat to London. On Monday we proceeded a short way down the river, when from some cause unknown to us "let go the anchor" was the pilot's cry, and we remained stationary until Tuesday, when we again proceeded a trifling distance amidst sleet and squalls, (not very acceptable, you may be sure,) and again anchored. Thus dropping down the majestic Thames by slow degrees through the day, and bringing up at night, we continued until Sunday afternoon, when we were abreast of Dover Castle, completely becalmed, (not a very enviable state so close to the Goodwin Sands, believe me). But towards evening a friendly breeze sprang up, which, in the course of two days and a night, wafted us completely out of sight of ever dear, once happy, and still, in many respects, glorious old England. With a fresh and favorable breeze we crossed the Bay of Biscay, and soon afterwards encountered a heavy squall, during which, we had the misfortune to lose our bowsprit. We soon afterwards made the fertile Island of Madeira, off which, we lay becalmed, much against our inclination, during the period of ten days. Continuing our course to the Canary Islands, which we passed with auspicious breezes and fine weather, we proceeded thence to Saint Jago's, which we reached in the extraordinary brief time of *only four days!* on Saturday the 19th of February, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and where we anchored in order that a leak might be stopped in our bow. Some boats immediately put off and soon were alongside with a welcome and very cheap supply of delicious oranges; they furnished, also, an abundance of remarkably fine large lemons, unshelled tamarinds, plantains, cocoa nuts, bananas, pumpkins, fresh eggs, goat cheese, and maize or India corn bread. I need not inform you that the crews were, with but few exceptions, slaves, who had been taken from the coast of Africa, but truth obliges me to state that, from the gaiety of their manner, and the plumpness of their persons, their condition did not seem in any way to be so wretched as I previously had supposed it was. "Still," as Sterne says, "still slavery, thou art a bitter draught, and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, yet art thou not the less bitter on that account!" On Sunday I landed with Mr. J——, Captain K——, and his lady, Captain R—— and Mr. George T—— (some of my fellow passengers), and paid a complimentary visit to the American Consul, he being *locum tenens*, or deputy for the British Envoy, then on leave of absence in London. Jonathan proved to be a shrewd fellow, but by no means burthened with gallantry, as he knew Mrs. K—— (a very delicate and amiable lady) must be, from the intense heat and fatigue, in pressing need of some refreshment, yet omitted to hand her from his sideboard a glass of wine,

oreven water. Oh ! Jonathan, you know very little of good breeding *Iguess*.—You surely never could have heard of Chesterfield.—You displayed the height of impropriety *I calculate!* On leaving this inhospitable fellow, we walked round the town of Port a Praio—a very filthy ill-built place—and the Portuguese inhabitants of which, appeared to be in far worse health and spirits than were their captives. But there is an intermediate race possessing some considerable claims to attention; this class, the juvenile members of it in particular, present features of much comeliness, and are apparently gifted with African hardihood in combination with the superior intelligence of that one of their parents, whose birth-place had been more congenial to the mind's expansion. After sufficiently tiring ourselves in a walk not exactly over a shaven grass plat or a level *pavé*, saluted at every turn with spectators of disgusting nudity, clothing still more offensive, and unutterably foetid exhalations from masses unpaintably obnoxious, nature hinted that eating and drinking were not at all times superfluous operations, and that the present time was one upon which they might be very usefully performed, provided the materials could be obtained:—We therefore exclaimed, “where shall we dine?” and were directed to the best house in the town (opposite the Consul's and the guard-house,) where we were civilly received by a very fat middle-aged and extremely languid woman of color, the widow of a former Russian Consul. Although, upon being asked for wine, she caused some good Madeira and a plate of fruit to be placed before us, she either could not, or, which is less likely, would not prepare a dinner for us. We therefore did what any other people in the same situation must have done; we did without that which could not be obtained, and after satisfying our good humoured hostess with 2s. per bottle for the amber tinted *vinha* we had enjoyed in her best parlour, we all shook hands with her, and returning to the landing place by the mountain pass, up which we had labored in the morning, reached our brig at sunset, as hungry as the lions which spared Daniel. But we were not to be prevented by so trifling a consideration as that of an empty stomach from repeating our visit to the shore, which we at first sight had been much interested in beholding, which, being studded here and there with huge masses of lava, bore incontestible evidence to a grandly awful volcano, and, within which, as we knew it to be highly productive of tropical luxuries, so we hoped to realize those exalted pleasures which arise from a contemplation in one view of vintage loveliness and steep-clad horror, the terrific cataract—the repose of verdure in some sweetly romantic glade—the eagle on his precipice—the wild dove in the lemon tree, and in fine, all that excite terror or awaken awe, with all the blandishments of nature's benevolence. At day-light therefore, on the following morn, we returned to the land, and, after refreshing ourselves in the market-place with some oranges and bananas, we ordered a dinner at “English Mary's Inn,” the house of a black woman, so called, and during the time our fricassee of ducks was being prepared, we walked out in different directions to gain as much various information as possible; and I shall proceed to pen the result of all our observations and inquiries without particularizing each or any individual's share of them. The object of each was that of all, viz., as before stated, to require information, and I flatter myself that you will approve of it, as that knowledge which is gained by personal research, must be viewed by you as certainly superior to what can be obtained through the less pure and more questionable medium of travellers who never left their home! Commencing therefore with a sea view of the Island, imagine a rugged precipitous and indurated line of fire-burnt colored rock, with here and there a cluster of dwarf palm trees vegetating in cliffs, which the sea birds have manured—imagine a wild and appalling surge dashing

with incessant foam and impetuosity upon the massive fragments of subterranean expulsion before alluded to, as standing giant like, and scowling on the strand—imagine that at the elevation of about one hundred and fifty feet, you see an irregular range of low, but somewhat neat and cheerful looking white and variously light colored cottages, with here and there a goat rambling on the heights, as if exulting in its perilous exaltation, and including two or three vessels riding at anchor; in the fore scene you have a distant picture, not grossly inaccurate, of St. Jago's as we beheld it. But a celebrated modern poet has with truth declared that, " 'tis distance lends enchantment to the view; " so indeed we found!—for the buildings, which were seen from our vessel, but appeared what I have described them, were afterwards, when we landed and went near them, found to be hovels of the very meanest degree, more resembling the out-buildings of a poor farmer in England, than the habitations of civilized and civilizing men in the 19th century. There, however, were a few, say five or six, recently erected structures, (including our fat widow's and English Mary's, together with the barracks and the guard-house,) which as compared with the many, were at least respectable, and indeed the widow's residence had windows *mirabile dictu*! I assure you. As respects society there, you must not suppose there can be much of a very superior character, for ignorance must degrade every mass in which bigotry is paramount; but I found from a conversation with the American churl before mentioned, that within the last few years, several proscribed from Lisbon had been banished to the Island for political offences, and that in general, they were gentlemen of high attainments, liberal opinions, and polished deportment. Life however, in such a place, must to an educated man, be, at best, but bearable, unless indeed the ties of patriotism endear to him as a native, so sultry, so cheerless, so unwholesome a locality. For to sum up the prominent object of the public square, or most tolerable range of habitations in the place, there you may see innumerable jackasses, groups of slaves, Portuguese housewives feeding their petgoats with Indian corn, swine with backbones nearly as sharp as the celebrated Doctor Walcott's no less celebrated razors, black soldiers strutting like baby-boys just breeched; a natural and somewhat romantic rampart on the cliff upon which, (with embrasures delapidated as if really the climate rendered industry impossible,) are eight or nine old honeycombed cannons, that in the event of being discharged, would assuredly be more fatal to the gunners than to the object at which they might be levelled—wretchedly, half-clothed, and sickly natives, negro children in a state of nature, and a generally disgusting contrast to almost every thing visible in the best part of the very worst country town in even Ireland! But if you are tired of the metropolis, you will be pleased with the country, to which I shall in my next communication introduce you: a country, romantic and beautiful, and which, like the placid sea and warm sunbeam, after a scowling cloud and a peril-crested storm, will be more than naturally charming through the contrast.

I know my dear parent, how superfluous it would be for my pen to trace any elaborate expression of the regard and truth with which I subscribe myself—Your ever grateful Son,

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Domestic Intelligence.

The whole of our Domestic Intelligence is extracted from the Journals of the Island, with trifling alterations.

On the 1st March, the Birth-day of our most gracious Queen Adelaide was commemorated in all due form; and a second commemoration appeared of a more lasting and useful description than the other, by a long list of tickets-of-leave in the *Gazette*. With respect to the first day, about noon, the usual military demonstration of joy upon these occasions, were manifested by the whole of the troops in garrison being marched into the paddock, where they were presently joined by His Excellency the Lieut. Governor, in full regimentals, accompanied by the Colonial Aid-de-Camp and Staff Adjutant. After the customary honors of salute had been paid, the troops fired a *feu de joie* with admirable precision, and performed several evolutions, in a style which sufficiently bespeaks the high state of discipline to which this fine corps has been brought, under its present Commanding Officer. Three successive volleys were fired in a manner that might have led to the supposition of the sound having proceeded from a single piece of artillery. At 12, a royal salute was fired at the battery, which was answered at once, by the guns of the *Imogene*. The appearance this vessel made was of the most splendid description; exhibiting from the highest points of the masts to the decks, a collection of flags and streamers, such as perhaps never previously graced the Derwent. Soon after four, the rattling of carriages through the streets announced that the second act of the grand gala was in preparation; and which presently afterwards commenced, by the assemblage of a numerous portion of the gentry and fashion of the place, when an elegant *repas* was served up, and the evening closed with a ball and other festivities. Several healths and appropriate toasts were drank in the course of the entertainment, and upon most occasions, the honor was duly felt and acknowledged. When "the bar" was drank however, a solemn silence prevailed. Mr. Kemp returned thanks on behalf of the mercantile interest, in

the very best speech that was delivered through the whole course of the evening. He expressed in very suitable language, the desire of that interest upon all occasions, to co-operate with, and support the Government in every measure calculated to improve the condition of the Colony—satisfied he said, that by thus doing, they best put it in the power of the Government to encourage and to support the mercantile interest itself. The day was uncommonly fine, and highly favorable to the occasion.

Mr. Justice Montagu on the 21st of March made his *rebut* upon the Bench; and we cannot but say, that in every respect he fully realizes the anticipations that his previous high character as Attorney-General, had been the means of creating for him.—He seemed as much at home, as if he had sat on the Bench from his cradle.

The Ball given by the officers of the *Imogene*, on board that fine vessel, was attended by all the beauty and fashion of the place; and the whole arrangement reflected infinite credit upon its conductor. Upwards of a hundred and eighty persons were present.

This month has been prolific in periodical literature; the *Chronicle* and the *Review*, have both issued from the Press, also, the first Number of the *Hobart Town Magazine*, which we beg to recommend to general notice. The more a taste for reading is encouraged, the better, undoubtedly is it for all classes of society. There has been, we understand, an unexpected difficulty in the way of the promised lithographic view, by reason of certain points connected with the working off fine pencil drawings, which are not experienced upon common occasions. Our talented artist, Mr. Bock, has furnished a very beautiful drawing, but whether or not it will appear this month, seems therefore, we understand, rather uncertain.

It is generally understood that previous to the departure of the Archdeacon, he will lay the foundation of a second church in this large and populous town; and a late number of the

Courier tells us, that its site is fixed upon, on the eminence to the left of the New Town Road. Few additions to our public buildings have for a long time been more desired than this; and we cannot but notice it is rather a remarkable coincidence, that after all that has been said and written in regard to a new church for the last four years, the expected immediate arrival of the Rev. Mr. Bedford, junior, and the intention forthwith to commence this second church, should be made known to the public in one and the same week—and yet, so it is.

Very considerable improvement has been made in the New Norfolk road, by opening a new line from the 18 to the 19 mile, avoiding two bad hills, besides much shortening the distance. It is to be opened, we understand, tomorrow. The road party are afterwards to make their way towards Hobart Town, widening and repairing as they proceed. We are glad too, to find, that the short, dangerous hills near Roseneath, are immediately to be cut down and altered. It is only justice to the party who are employed on this road to add, that the work they have performed during the last few months bears ample testimony of most praiseworthy diligence.

Government intend immediately to break up the Establishment at Macquarie Harbour, and to remove all the persons at present remaining there, to Port Arthur, under the new regulations for the Government of that settlement. The *Tamar*, having on board Captain Booth, of the 21st Fusiliers, has sailed for Port Arthur, and afterwards she is to proceed to Macquarie Harbour, returning thence to the former place with men and stores.

Many individuals cannot be persuaded, that there are any of the aboriginal tribes still spread over the eastern side of the Island, and it is almost useless to attempt to convince such individuals that the natives are yet occasionally manifesting warlike intentions. We have however a case in point in which incredulity on our part would be ridiculous, for not only has our informant vouched for the
of his assertion, but has gone
and given us ocular demon-
by shewing us a spear wound
by one of the aborigines. A

settler of the name of Stephen Broe, who resides on an adjoining estate to that of R. P. Stewart, Esq. of Barrowville near Launceston, was surprised at the sound of cattle rushing by his dwelling, when opening his door and looking out, he observed a young bull with a spear sticking out of his hind quarters making past him. Surprised, but at the same time well aware of the kind of enemies that were in the neighbourhood, he took up his musket and sallied out to the place from whence the animal appeared to come; there, he found a portion of a herd of cattle belonging to Mr. Gough of Launceston, and six or seven aborigines in the act of goading the cattle with their spears—they were thus employed, when they observed Stephen Broe making signs to them to be off. As soon as the natives observed him they menaced to spear him, quivering their spears in their hands and making horrible grimaces. On his approaching one of the natives ran towards him in the act of throwing his spear when Broe fired his piece and shot him through the breast—the man fell dead on the spot. No sooner was the musket fired and Broe in the act of reloading it than one of the blacks who had been hid behind a gum tree close by, rushed forward and sent his spear with such velocity, that after it had first glanced against the musket it passed through a cartridge box, a thick jacket, waistcoat and shirt, and entered Broe's side glancing just over the ribs, the point of the spear absolutely sticking out some inches at the back part of the jacket. With the spear thus sticking in him, Broe finished loading his piece; but the natives it appears having only two remaining spears, immediately took to flight. Broe says he has had no less than seventeen engagements at different times, with the natives, during a period of twenty six years he has been in the Colony.

April is the principal month for gathering potatoes, and an industrious farmer will also have land ready to sow his forward wheats and barley. This, or the next month, is the best season for sowing English grasses—perhaps of the two, the latter, when therefore, a few hints or remarks will be offered upon what has been recommended by expe-

rience, as the best method of laying down meadows of this description. Some persons who like to be forward, and not to throw away a chance, sow wheat upon their high lands, but instances of this sort are rare. It is a good time to sow tares for early spring forage; but they do best in this Colony, when mixed either with oats or barley. Sow and plant cabbages, to follow your other crops. Gather all seeds, and collect bulbous and other roots. Leeks may now be transplanted. Let the asparagus beds be put to rights by clearing them of all stalks, &c. and a light coat of good rotten manure will be found highly serviceable. Onions may be sown for an early crop, and may be succeeded by other sowings until September inclusive; but July is the month for the general crop. Trees of all sorts may be pruned; although, by deferring the business till May, more time will be allowed for the full settlement of the sap, and when therefore, it may perhaps be done more successfully. Many gardeners ruin their trees by too great an attachment to the wood with which they are crowded. The knife can scarcely be used too much with any trees, provided judgment be shewn; and a man who has not judgment, has no more business to take a pruning knife in his hand, than has a quack, with an amputation saw.

THE LAUNCESTON RACES.

On the 5th, 6th, and 7th March.

A match came off between Saladin and Haphazard, on the first day in favor of Saladin. Two heats were run—the first was not badly contested—but the second won with great ease. After the race, it was found that Haphazard was broken down; and we learn it is not likely he can ever run again. The extreme beauty of Saladin caused universal admiration.

FIRST DAY.

Match—100 Sovs.—Two mile heats.

(Only such horses as were placed are here mentioned.)

Mr. Hardwicke's b. c. Saladin	1	1
Mr. White's Haphazard	2	2

The Trial Stakes of two year olds.—Mile heats.

Mr. Whites's b. f. Shamrock	3	1	1
Mr. Rose's g. f. Cottager	1	2	2
Mr. Jordan's g. f. Poll Jones	2	3	dr.

Town Plate, for all ages—Two mile heats.

Mr. Gibson's ch. c. Dainty Davy	1	1
Mr. Davey's b. c. Hamiltonian	2	4
Mr. Scott's b. c. Young Peter	3	2
Mr. Beauvais b. c. Mazeppa	4	3

Match—20 Sovs.—One mile.

Mr. Waddle's g. c. Sleepy Davie	1
Mr. Janett's g. f. Miss Yabbittie	2

Match—20 Sovs.—One mile heats.

Mr. Stuart's Tom Thumb	2	1	1
Mr. M'Leod's Lightfoot	1	2	dr.

SECOND DAY.

Three Year Old Stakes—Two mile heats.

Mr. Jordan's b. g. Fearnought	1	1
Mr. Herbert's r. f. Gipsev Lass	2	dr.

Hack Sweepstakes—Gentlemen riders—One mile heats.—won by R. Dry.

The Publican's Purse, for Galloways, under 14 hands—Catch weights—Mile heats.

Mr. Waddle's blk. f. Miss Platoff	1	1
Mr. Rose's g. f. Cottager	3	2
Mr. Gibson's ch. f. Aberdeen	2	3

THIRD DAY.

Match 50 Sovs.—Two mile heats.

Mr. Hardwicke's b. c. Saladin	1	1
Mr. Gibon's c. h. Dainty Davey	2	2

Van Diemen's Land Establishment Purse of fifty pounds, for two years old.—Mile heats.

Mr. Rose's b. f. Matilda	2	1	1
Mr. White's b. f. Shamrock	1	2	3
Mr. Hodge's b. f. Judy	4	3	2

Match 20 Sovs.—Mile heats.

Mr. Campbell's Dandy	1	1
Mr. Bramsgrove's Donald	2	2

The Publican's Purse, 30 Sovs.—Two mile heats.

Mr. Lyon's Bucephalus	2	1	1
Mr. Waddle's br. g. Barefoot	1	2	3
Mr. Beauvais b. c. Mazeppa	4	3	2

Match 5 Sows.—Two mile heats.

Mr. Kelsoe's b. g.	1
Mr. Evans' Dick	2

Timor Pony Race.

Mr. Evans' Miller	1	1
Mr. Headlam's Bob	2	3

Sweepstakes 5 So s.—Two mile heats.

Mr. Waddle's Bagatelle	1
Mr. Dodery's Chester	2
Mr. Iv's' Billy	3
Mr. Porter's Jenny	4

As soon as the Horse Racing had terminated, a spectacle of no ordinary occurrence ensued—it was a Bullock Race. Two of these animals, backed for some £20, appeared on the course saddled, bridled, with jockeys all spruce and natty. One animal was polled, the other having a prodigious pair of horns on his head. The bullocks did not appear to like the mob, and *Polled*, as he was coming up to the starting post, wheeled round and cleared the ropes, threw his rider, and away he went. He was soon brought back, and a start was made; *Polled* began afresh, kicking and plunging, and again threw his rider—and it was some time before he could make a fair start. In the mean while, *Horned* made a fine race of it, till half round the course, when he also bolted, and threw his rider in a ditch. *Polled's* jockey taking advantage of this, made play, and came up just as *Horned* was being brought into the course—the running now was excellent, neck and neck, and so it continued till at the winning post, when *Horned* stretching out his long head, fairly won by half a neck; this race excited more fun and laughter than all the other races together.

The Ball.—It was not until very late, on Thursday afternoon, that final arrangements were made respecting the Ball; and, considering the various delays, it is assuredly most extraordinary, that so large an assemblage as upwards of ninety, highly respectable individuals, should have time to assemble before 10 o'clock. The Ball went off uncommonly well; and great praise is due to Mr. Rose, for the manner in which the refreshments were supplied on so short a notice.

NEW TOWN RACES.

On the 18th, 19th, and 20th March.

Early in the morning, Hobart Town exhibited signs and symptoms sufficiently strong of the excitement occasioned by the annual return of the New Town Races; and as the fore-noon approached, the principal streets became one continual scene of bustle and gaiety. By one common assent, as it were, business of all kinds seemed suspended; for even those who, dutifully obsequious to the higher powers, chose to strike out of the general stream, and to remain at home upon their usual occupations, soon found that although they might pipe, there were none to dance; in other words that, spite of all the labors to the contrary, John Bull, though in Van Diemen's Land, had no mind to be cheated of his holiday. Soon after 12 o'clock, the concourse upon the ground having been considerable, the Races commenced by a Trial Stakes, as follows:—

Trial Stakes, for two-years-old.—*Five heats.*

Mr. Lackey's Maid of the Mill	1	2	1
Mr. Austin's Fair Play	4	1	2

Town Plate, 100 Sows. for all ages.—*Heats twice round.*

Nine horses started, but it was very evident the Plate was either for Saladin or Tippoo Saib. They came in as follows:

Mr. Hardwick's Saladin	1	1
Mr. Gregson's Tippoo Saib	2	2
Mr. Kemp's Lucifer	3	3

This was an excellent race; Saladin and Tippoo Saib soon took the lead, and kept extremely well together; the other three followed at some little distance, making as it were quite a separate race. Saladin was the winner, apparently with ease. Tippoo followed close, but was himself pushed hard to do so. The first heat was run in six minutes and eight seconds; the course twice round is three miles and twenty-four chains. Childers, the swiftest horse ever known, ran the long course at New Market, four miles and 380 yards, in seven minutes and 30 seconds. According to the rate our own horses ran upon this occasion, they would have been 8 minutes and 12 seconds running the same distance.

SECOND DAY.

As usual with all Races, the second day was in every respect superior to Monday. The first race was the

Derwent St. Leger Stakes.—Three-years-old.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Kearney's Donald Caird	1	2	1
Mr. Lord's Why Not	3	1	2
Dr. Landale's Fearnought	2	3	dr.

The Publicans' Purse of 50 Sovs. for four years-old, and upwards.—Two mile heats.

Mr. Kemp's Lucifer	1	1	1
Mr. Kearney's Madge Wildfire	1	2	2
Mr. Baynton's Whalebone	4	3	3
Mr. Gregson's Laura	2	4	4
Mr. Clarke's Lord Brougham	5	dist.	

The Merchants' Purse of 50 Sovs. for all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Winner to be sold for 100 Sovs.—7 horses started.

Mr. Murdoch's Cardinal	1	1	
Mr. Lord's Albert	2	2	
Mr. Hardwick's Brown Dutchess	3	3	
Mr. Bradshaw's Greylegs	4	0	

THIRD DAY.

The racing this day was excellent; every thing run for was well contested, and the drawing of Liberty was the only event that threw a damper on the anticipated sport. The first race was the

Ben Hassain Produce Stakes, for two-years-old.—Feather weight.—One mile heats.

Mr. Kearney's Lady Hassain	4	1	1
Mr. Bethune's Zilla	2	2	2
Mr. M'Lachlan's Miss Hassain	3	3	3
Mr. Clarke's Vandyke	1	6	4
Mr. Lowe's Trio	5	4	dis.
Mr. Murdoch's Blue Bell	6	4	dis.

Vandyke was by far the strongest and speediest horse of this race, but the second time of starting he bolted, and the third time he turned round and ran back some distance before he could be brought to the course. The owner of Vandyke protested against the starting of the third heat, but it has since been decided against him.

A Silver Cup, of the value of 50 Sovs., given by the Officers of H. M. 63rd Regiment, for horses bred in the Colony.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Gentlemen riders.

This race was most extraordinarily well contested; four heats were run, and each horse did his very best; bets at starting, were offered two, and even three to one, Saladin against the field. There was more betting on this race, than on all the other races put together, the odds offered before and after the first heat being so very large. The horses for the silver cup came in thus:—

Cardinal, rider Mr. J. Murdoch	2	3	1	1
Donald Caird, do. Eddington	3	1	4	2
Saladin, do. Gregson	1	2	3	3
Lucifer, do. Pole	4	4	2	3
Brutus, do. Kermode	6	5	3	5

On Mr. Murdoch being presented with the Cup, a very general burst of feeling was apparent; the hurrahs we thought would never end; indeed, we were almost stunned with the noise of the music and the shouting. Mr. Baynton, soon after this, came with Liberty in front of the stand, and after stating the manner in which he had been treated, he publicly offered to run any horse on the course for 200 to 500 sovereigns, at any time the owner may think proper. We cannot help saying, we are sorry Liberty did not run during these races, as much was expected from him; and there is no doubt that he would have astonished some of the knowing hands, had not his owner been prevented running him, on account of disappointment as to rider.

As soon as the above race was over, two as nice looking ponies as ever came on a course, were started, both carrying feather weight. It was a match for 20 sovereigns aside, and the novelty of seeing such light weights excited very general interest.

Fi Fa	1
Jenny Deans	2

It was good running, but Fi Fa had the advantage in speed; he certainly was the nearest approaching feather weight, to any jockey we ever recollect seeing upon a course. Fi Fa was rode by the son of Mr. Rowlands, a mere child, who, when weighed at the

scales, was found to be just 3 stone with bridle and saddle. The colt rode extremely well, and flogged and spurred in grand style; there was a general buzz of applause on his arriving at the winning post; after which, he was handed about and caressed in a manner most gratifying to his friends. It was, indeed, a most interesting race.

Sweepstakes of 3 Sols. each, for the beaten Horses that run at the present Meeting, with 20 Sols. added. Post entry. Hests once round.

Mr. Kearney's Madge Wildfire	1	1
Mr. Murdoch's Capicum	2	2

On the whole, the Races went off remarkably well; few accidents occurred of any consideration, and those which did take place, were entirely owing to the folly of people obstinately standing on the course during the racing.—No one, except the course-clearers, should be permitted to remain on the inner side the ropes after the bell rings, and we hope next season this regulation will be strictly enforced. Next year we understand, it is intended that all dogs found trespassing on the private property of the race course will be shot, without any regard to their owners or value.

Accidents, &c.

An inquest was held at the Union Tavern before J. H. Moore, esq. coroner, on the body of a poor man named Richard Parry, who was employed with others at the New Wharf in blasting the rock. Being disappointed in the explosion not going off when he expected, after having twice charged it, and finding it difficult to extract, he at last became so impatient, though strongly cautioned by his fellow workmen, as to use part of the gudgeon of a wheelbarrow instead of the proper instrument, and in his eagerness he applied the pickaxe, which striking into the rock, produced a spark that ignited the gunpowder, while he was immediately over the spot. He was reduced to a shocking spectacle, both his hands being blown off, dreadfully maimed in many parts of his body, and a large piece of the rock having entered his breast, which was the immediate cause of his death. Four or five others, who were near him at the time, were seriously hurt, but are likely to recover.

Some evenings since, about 11 o'clock, a soldier of the 21st regt. covered with blood and wounds, especially about the head, applied for assistance at a house in the upper part of Harrington-street. He was taken in and every solace afforded him, and a detachment from the main guard speedily attended and carried him to the military hospital, where

he has remained nearly in a state of insensibility ever since. The affairs undergoing every possible investigation, for his recovery is yet doubtful.

An inquest was held at the Fox Inn, Glenarchy, before J. H. Moore, esq. coroner, on the body of a lad named Matthew Cellar, aged 17, an assigned servant to Mr. Mills, the coach proprietor, who being employed felling a tree, unfortunately allowed it to fall upon him, and he was killed on the spot.

The report as to the death of one of Mr. Tibb's servants by the sting of a snake, we find on enquiry to be incorrect, the man was stung whilst reaping, when he immediately blew out the wound with gunpowder, and then went and had it dressed by one of the medical gentry. It might be as well here to remark that, in case of being stung by these reptiles, if medical assistance cannot be obtained, the best plan is to cut out as much of the flesh as may be considered advisable, and then cauterize the wound by dropping in gunpowder and igniting it—no time should ever be wasted, as the venom rapidly spreads, and when the poison once gets circulated in the blood, death is almost certain to follow. A man of Mr. Archer's, we heard, died lately in consequence of a sting of a snake.

We are sorry to announce the untimely death of Mr. Robertson, Surgeon: and

Medical Practitioner, residing in the Macquarie district, and where he commanded very high respect, as well from his professional ability, as from the uniform correctness of his deportment. The last time he was seen, was on horseback on the 23d February, approaching a ford near the junction of the Clyde and the Derwent, but nothing having been heard of him afterwards for some days, his friends naturally became uneasy, and diligent search having been made, the body was found in a very decomposed state, leaving no doubt that he must have been accidentally drowned in attempting to cross the river. The horse was found in the bush not very far from the spot, with the saddle still on, but without the bridle. The melancholy circumstance has caused very general regret in the neighbourhood, Mr. Robertson's connexions having been highly extensive.

We have to record an awful example afforded to drunkards in the truly distressing end of the late poor Mr. George Laing, the butcher, who died in gaol insolvent and insane, and we regret extremely to add another instance of a still more tragical death from a similar cause, of a no less useful member of the community. Mr. James Wood, the mason and builder, with whom most of our country readers on this side of the Island are well acquainted. He had recently been employed in erecting a dwelling for Mr. Lancaster, at the Hunting Ground, and having received a payment, we believe of £40, as the work advanced, he came to town and indulged in dissipation, until reason completely deserted him. He however found his way back, but only in time to make another journey from home. After being absent about two days his friends went in search of him, and he was found almost in a state of nudity in the bush, with his feet cut and torn in a shocking manner by the rocks and stones he had run over. He was gradually restored, but was still so violent that his friends found it necessary to endeavour to secure him, and to tie his hands to prevent him from doing mischief. He surprised them, however, with a burst of maniac rage, and with a great knife which he happened to get hold of, before they could be aware, gave himself two tremendous cuts across the throat, by which his head

was nearly severed from his shoulders, and he was almost instantly a corpse.

On the evening of the first day of the Races, as His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, was returning from a ride on horseback, attended by his Orderly, a serious accident befel the latter, by his horse having been brought in contact with the New Norfolk coach, at the entrance to the town, and falling with him, his leg was broken in two places.

We are happy to learn that he is doing as well as can be expected, under the excellent treatment which he was certain under such circumstances to receive. The *Courier* having attributed the accident in a measure, to the great speed at which the Coach was driven, we are desirous to say that this is not correct; for the coach was travelling at a very slow rate, and the fault, if fault there be anywhere, rested entirely with the orderly having been mounted on a horse that was unmanageable in such a crowded place.

A young man, some short time since, imprudently laid hold of a Carpet Snake, which is considered highly venomous, and whilst carrying it by the tail, fell down and was bitten above the wrist. As the remedy applied proved efficacious, we give the particulars:—He was directed instantly to suck the wound into which Sal-Volatile was rubbed, and a dram, in a wine glass of water, taken internally every 10 minutes. As an additional precaution, the injured part was cut out by A. Collicie, Esq., Colonial Surgeon, about an hour after the accident.—*Perth Journal*.

On the morning of the 27th March, as a fine youth, twelve years of age, nephew of Lieutenant Langdon, R. N., commander of the *Thomas Laurie*, Frederick Walter Westcott, only son of Thomas Pottinger Westcott, Esq. of Granby Hall, Clifton, late Attorney-General of Newfoundland, was proceeding to the Cataract in a boat, when he accidentally fell overboard and was drowned. Every boat from the different ships in the harbour, with creepers and drags, repaired instantly to the spot, and some natives of the Sandwich Islands continued diving for several hours, but without success. The *Thomas Laurie's* long boat had an eighteen pounder placed in her, and fired over every few yards of that part of the river where he

sunk, and Mr. Flexman, a passenger by that vessel, with two medical gentlemen who kindly attended, continued the

whole day dragging for the body, without success. The body was not found till some days afterwards.—*Independent.*

Market Prices, Crops, &c.

Grain of all sorts was never more plentiful in Hobart Town than it is at this time. Wheat, however, fully maintains its price of 4s. 9d. and 5s. a bushel; English barley, 4s. 6d. per ditto, Cape ditto 3s. per ditto; oats, 3s. per ditto; maize, that portion of it at least which is occasionally disposed of, the greater part being in the course of re-shipment to Sydney, 4s. a bushel.—*March 1.*

Hay is very abundant in the market, and of excellent quality, and most of those who are obliged to keep horses in town, are availing themselves of the favorable opportunity to lay in a winter stock. It sells on the average at 70s. and 75s. per ton, delivered at the residence of the buyer; straw, 60s. per do.

Potatoes are in general an abundant crop, and of excellent quality, at about £6 a ton. Many farmers are adopting the plan of feeding their horses and pigs with them, which is a very good plan, especially if a steaming apparatus be employed, which renders them doubly nourishing. But a better and much simpler mode of cooking this useful root for live stock is by baking them in an oven. A very excellent oven can be built in a convenient place near the stock-yard, with a proper mixture of clay and sand, with a few stones to assist in giving it solidity. All that is then required after the oven is heated, is simply to shovel the potatoes from the cart or wheel-barrow into the oven, and to rake them out when baked, and cooled as they are wanted. The charring of the skin that is partially produced in the course of baking, not only makes this nourishing food more relished by the animal, but also renders it more wholesome and digestible, and if a little salt be added, the flesh of pigs or poultry fattened upon it will be found to be firm, of the purest white, and finest flavor.

Butchers' meat is now in fine season, and is gradually suffering a decline in price. The best lamb and mutton may

now be had in any of the shops at 4d. per lb.; beef, 5d. and 6d. per ditto; veal, 7d. per ditto; pork, 7d. to 8d.

Provisionally the weather has been singularly favorable this year to the settler, and the high price of harvest labour has been balanced by the protracted length of the harvest season, and the slowness with which the corn has ripened, which has enabled the settler to compass his reaping with fewer additional hands, and many with the regular servants of the farm.

The harvest on most farms is now over. The crop in general is excellent and abundant, but yet on this side of the island, from the smallness of the farms and the moderate extent of ground cropped with wheat, it certainly will not be more than wanted for the consumption of the inhabitants. Unless the Cornwall division therefore can export and supply Sydney, we on this side cannot, and the price must get up considerably.

The abundance of new wheat in the market has brought down the price to the level of 4s. 9d. per bushel, while last year's crop is readily sold for 5s. The fact among others that 400 bushels of maize were re-shipped on board the Mary and Elizabeth for Sydney, where it fetched 7s. a bushel (independent of the injurious nature of that food for horses and live stock generally, and the alarm that many have recently taken with regard to its poisonous quality) leads us to believe that the market will speedily be open at Sydney for good Derwent or Port Dalrymple wheat.—*March 8.*

Wheat, however, continues low at Sydney, the highest price quoted in the papers being from 3s. 9d. to 4s. a bushel. Great complaints are every where raised of the very severe drought which has prevailed so long.

The supply of wheat in Hobart Town, towards the end of the month, has been very abundant, notwithstanding which,

however, the price fully keeps its former level of 4s. 6d. to 4s. 9d. for new wheat, and 5s. for last year's; some fine samples have been sold as high as 5s. 3d. a bushel, for cash.—*March 31.*

Butchers' meat continues very plentiful, and of excellent quality, lamb and mutton at 4d. per lb.; beef, at from 4d. to 6d. There is a scarcity of pork in the market.

In the absence of our provincial markets, the recent attempt to establish which, seems entirely to have failed, the occasional sales by auction of stock in

the interior become of very considerable importance.

We are happy to see that an attempt is making at Richmond to revive these periodical markets, which we trust will meet with liberal support. The expense of fitting up pens and enclosures, which was a great drawback in the first instance, is now for the most part rendered unnecessary, by the extinction of the wild cattle system, and the quiet and tractable disposition of most of the stock belonging to settlers.

Latest English Prices of our Colonial Produce.

"London, Nov. 9, 1832.

"Sir,—The public sales of Colonial wool were very fully attended by buyers from our manufacturing districts, and the prices obtained for all of fair quality, and more particularly for those of lengthy staple, fit for combing, may be quoted at 1½d. to 2d. per lb. above the sales of September, and this advance is likely, we trust, to be maintained throughout the remainder of the season.

"Our oil market is in a sadly depressed state, and sperm, which has been gradually on the decline ever since our last report, has now actually fallen to £52 per ton, at which price half a ship's cargo was sold last week by private contract. Southern oil having to contend with the unusually large importations of this season from the Davis' Straits, just at the period of the year when it is of necessity thrown out of consumption from the coldness of the weather, has also experienced a great fall, and is not

worth more than £21 to £22 per ton, whilst bone is nominally down to £60 per ton, although there are at present no sellers at that price. Good seal skins continue in great demand; and a parcel of only middling quality, sold yesterday at 28s. to 37s. 1d. each. Hides have improved considerably in value, and may now be quoted as worth from 4d. to 5d. per lb. Horns are also in demand, and worth from 60s. to 70s. per hundred. The late large importations of bark all remain on hand, only £8 10s. per ton having been offered for the finest sample, and £7 for that of somewhat inferior quality.

"The present state of affairs, as regards Holland and this country, has a decidedly injurious effect upon our commerce; but it is still generally thought, that peace will be maintained, although appearances are much against it.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

BUCKLES, BAGSTER, & BUCKLES."

Important Indian News.

Serious disturbances had broken out in Bombay, on account of an interference with the religious prejudices of the Parsees, and others of the Hindoo castes.—The annual order for a general massacre of the dogs, which have become most

numerous and insufferable, was very rigidly enforced. This the natives have always considered an objectionable act of power, as they view the animals in a religious light. As two European constables, stimulated by the utmost pitch

of zeal by the reward of half a rupee for each dog, were killing one in the compound of a native, they were astonished by a desperate attack made upon them, and were severely wounded. On the following morning almost all the shops in the Island were closed, while parties of 200 or 300 people were engaged in forcing those to desist who attempted to go on with their usual occupations. Five companies of soldiers soon restored order, and tranquillity was finally secured.

We have to announce the failure of the great Calcutta house of Alexander and Co. The following is the notice which appeared on their gate on the 12th December:—

"Messrs. Alexander and Co. regret that they are compelled to suspend their payments, and they are actively employed in preparing a statement of their affairs to be submitted to their constituents, a meeting of whom is requested at their office, on Monday next, the 17th inst., at 11 o'clock in the forenoon."

Shipping Intelligence.

HOBART TOWN.

ARRIVALS.

Feb. 23rd.—The barque Guardian, 203 tons, Captain Sinclair, from England, via Sydney. Passengers, Lieut. Bayley, Mrs. Bayley and child, J. H. Thompson, Esq., F. Watkins, Esq.; Messrs. Elliott, Kelly, Snade, Mrs. Kerr and child, besides 28 privates, 4 women, and 4 children belonging to the 21st Fusiliers.

24th.—H. M. brig Tamar, from Macquarie Harbour, and Tasman's Peninsula, with logs and sawed timber.

28th.—The barque Freak, Captain Sinnot, from Calcutta 28th Nov., with rice, tea, &c. Passengers, John Fielder, esq., Mrs. Fielder and seven children, Charles M'Donald, of H. M. Service, Mrs. M'Donald, and A. Farquhar, Esq.

28th.—The barque Clorinda, from the Mauritius. Passenger, H. J. Princeps, Esq., and three servants—cargo, sugar and sundries.

March 1st.—The barque Protector, Captain Brigg, from England. Passengers, Mrs. Multen, Mr. and Mrs. Purcell.

2nd.—The ship Ellen, Captain Dixon from London 18th October, with merchandize. Passengers, Mr. Grant, Dr. and Mrs. Seccombe, Master and Miss Seccombe, Mr. Millward, Mrs. Millward, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Woolstenholme and 4 children, Mr. and Mrs.

Stubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Barnett and 4 children, Mr. and Mrs. M'Gregor, Mr. and Mrs. King, Mr. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Barfitt and 2 children, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson and 4 children, Mr. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Picking, Mr. Rawling a pensioner, besides 34 for Sydney.

5th.—The schooner Hetty, from Sydney, with a general cargo.

8th.—The ship William, 324 tons, Captain David Boag, from Liverpool 6th November, with a general cargo. Passengers, Mr. Foote, Mr. F. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. Kelsh, Mr. Bernard, Mr. Munt, Mr. Morgan, Miss Black, Mrs. and Miss Pollard, Mr. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Higgrett and 2 children, Messrs. Wilkinson, Wright, Sutherland, Campbell, Oakley, Brumby, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, Helen Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffcott and 2 children, Mr. Clark, and 31 for Sydney.

12th.—The barque Nereus, 125 tons, Captain Young, from Sydney 3rd inst., with a general cargo. Passengers, Mr. Dempster, surgeon, Bengal Army, Mrs. Dempster and 5 children, Mr. Hopkins, of the 27th Regiment, Bengal Army, Mr. G. Austin, 18th Regiment, Bengal Infantry, Mr. Levine, Mrs. Steadman and child, Louisa Gomus.

18th.—The barque Susanna, 232 tons, Captain John Walker, from the Cape of Good Hope 14th Jan., with a cargo of wine, dried fruits, &c.

19th.—The Government brig Isabella, from Port Arthur.

20th.—The barque Lavinia, with troops for Sydney.

25th.—The brig Trainere, from New Zealand, with timber.

27th.—The brig Clementine, 88 tons, Captain D. O. Okinden, from Sydney 17th instant, with a cargo of cedar, coal, beef and barley. Passenger, Mr. Jay.

30th.—The Enchantress, Captain Roxburgh, from London 4th Dec. Passengers, Lieut. Jacomb, Mrs. Jacomb, Mr. Harvey, 3 Misses Banfather, Mr. Wright, Mr. Hancock, Mrs. Hancock, Miss Stevens, Mr. Hutton, and Mr. Pearey.

31st.—The brig Mary and Elizabeth, Captain Nicholls, from Newcastle, New South Wales, with coals.

31st.—The schooner John Dunscomb, Captain M'Lean, from Launceston, with oats, wine and salt.

DEPARTURES.

Feb. 23rd.—The John Dunscomb, with merchandize, for Launceston.

25th.—The ship Frances Charlotte, Kain, 296 tons, in ballast for Sydney.

25th.—The brig Mary and Elizabeth, Captain Mitchell, for Sydney, in ballast.

27th.—The Princess Royal, Captain Grimwood, sailed this day, and not as stated in our first Number, on the 24th. She carried a valuable cargo of Colonial produce.

March 2nd.—The barque William IV., for the sperm fishery.

5th.—The barque Guardian, Captain Sinclair, in ballast for Batavia. No passengers.

8th.—The Circassian, Captain Douthwaite, in ballast for Ceylon.

9th.—The brig Helen Marr, Captain Benson, for Launceston, with part of the original cargo.

10th.—The barque Georgiana, Capt. Thomson, in ballast, for Batavia. No passengers.

12th.—The barque Merope, 312 tons, J. Pollock, for Swan River, with sundries. Passengers, Major Nairne, C. Whitmore, Esq., Master Carew, Henry Cockerell, Thomas Fogharty—11 lascars.

13th.—The Gulnare, in prosecution of her voyage to Sydney. Passengers from this Port, Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, C. Gore, Esq., Mr. Hewitt, Mr. Rush, Mr. Elliott, Messrs. M'Culloch, Flowers, and Moses.

15th.—The Government brig Tamar, for Tasman's Peninsula, with Captain Booth, Mr. G. A. Robinson, and a detachment of the 21st Fusiliers.—This vessel will afterwards proceed to Macquarie Harbour, to remove the remainder of the establishment there to Port Arthur.

20th.—The brig Mediterranean Packet, for Sydney, Capt. Pugh, with part of her original cargo. Passengers from this place, Mr. Macgara, and Mr. Joseph Ring.

20th.—The ship Ellen, Captain Dixon, with part of her original cargo and passengers for Sydney.

22nd.—The American brig Mars, Captain Read, in Ballast, for Batavia. Supercargo, Mr. Farewell.

23rd.—The ship William, Captain Boag, with part of her original cargo for Sydney.

23rd.—The barque Clorinda, with part of her original cargo for Sydney.

29th.—The Barque Protector, for Sydney.

31st.—H. M. S. Imogene, Captain Blackwood, for Sydney.

31st.—The Bee, for the Bay of Islands, New Zealand.

31st.—The brig Isabella, for Port Arthur.

LAUNCESTON.

ARRIVALS.

March 2nd.—The Richard Bell, from the Cape Good Hope.

6th.—The schooner John Dunscomb, Captain M'Lean, from London via Hobart Town. Passengers, Allan M'Lean, Hannah M'Lean, Malcolm M'Lean,

Joseph M'Lean, Mary M'Lean, Catherine M'Lean, Ann M'Lean.

11th.—Arrived the brig Chili, from London. Passengers, Mr. Edward Archer, Miss Sarah Archer, Mr. John Shields, Mrs. Shields and 3 children.

14th.—The brigantine Thistle, from Swan River. Passengers, Messrs. John Henty, H. Smythe, J. Wright, H. Camfield, and J. Chipper.

17th.—The Helen Marr, 255 tons, Captain Benson, with merchandize from London and Hobart Town.

24th.—The Lady Leith, from Sydney. Passengers, Messrs. Thomas Coutts and J. H. Lancey.

DEPARTURES.

March 4th.—The Tasmanian Lass,

Lawrie, for Sydney, with Colonial produce.

7th.—The schooner Eagle, Pratt, for Swan River and Mauritius. Passengers, Mr. Hugh Valance.

16th.—The Camilla, for Sydney.—Passengers, Duncan M'Pherson, Wm. Wetherall, and Sarah Wetherall.

17th.—The schooner John Duncombe, H. M'Lean, master, for Hobart Town.

Colonial Appointments.

James Gibson, Esq., Thomas Fenton, Esq. Peregrine Laiton Massinberd, Esq. George Ball, Esq., John Whiteford, Esq., and Captain Charles O'Hara Booth, Esq., have been appointed Magistrates.

James England, Esq., has been appointed to perform the duties of Commissioner of the Court of Requests, at New Norfolk, during the absence of Edward Dumaresq, Esq.

Mr. Adam Thomson, appointed to the office of Gaoler, at Launceston, vice Mr. Gough, resigned.—Mr. Thos. Newton, to be Chief District Constable for the

District of Launceston, vice Mr. Adam Thomson.

Mr. David Skirling, Chief District Constable of the Police District of Campbell Town, vice Mr. Simon Grove Sampson, resigned.

Mr. Ferguson, appointed pound-keeper at Great Swan Port.—Mr. Fletcher, appointed pound-keeper in Hobart Town.

Mr. J. H. Lancey, appointed Pilot at Port Dalrymple.

Auction Licenses have been granted to Mr. Henry Davis, and Mr. Frederick J. Houghton, both of Cornwall.

Marriages, Births, &c.

MARRIAGES.

On the 26th February, at St. John's Church, Launceston, by the Rev. Dr. Browne, the Rev. Rowland Richard Davies, A. B., Colonial Chaplain, to Maria, eldest daughter of William Lyttleton, Esq., (late 73d regt.) Police Magistrate, Launceston District.

On the 8th March, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Robert Hepburne, Esq., of Roys Hill, to Mr. John Amos, second son of Mr. Adam Amos, of Glengalla, Great Swan Port.

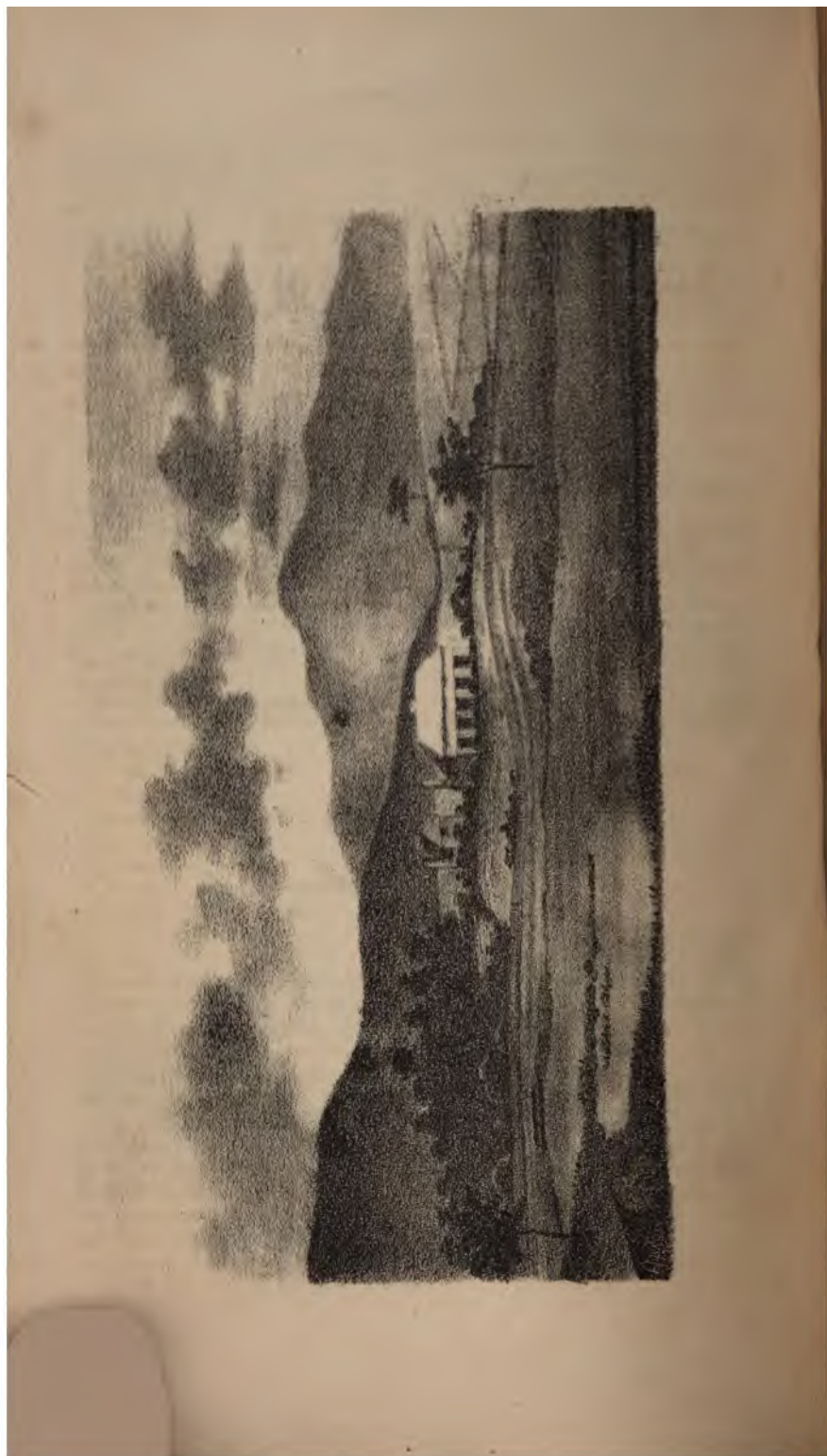
At St. David's Church, on Saturday, 9th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Bedford, John Boyes, Esq., to Sabina, third daughter of George Meredith, Esq., of Great Swan Port.

BIRTHS.

At Logan, Upper Clyde, on the 26th ultimo, Mrs. M'Dowall, of a son.

At her residence, Bathurst-street, Hobart Town, Mrs. Bateman, of a son.

In Murray-street, Hobart Town, the wife of Mr. Esh Lovell, of a son.



THE HOBART TOWN MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

MAY, 1833.

[No. 3.]

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

Amongst what may be termed the ulterior arrangements of a civilized Government, there is nothing of greater importance, than a formal attention to the morals and information of the lower orders of the community,—in other words—to the Education of the People. This is a subject which has met with much opposition at home, chiefly because it has not been well and correctly understood, and because its zealous advocates made it at once a political question, thus poisoning and polluting one of the purest sources of human happiness, and neutralizing most effectually a rich and fertile source of moral utility. Deeply impressed with the extensive benefits likely to be derived from the general and well-directed diffusion of useful knowledge, we have watched with anxious interest every attempt made to advance the Education of the People; and never were we so sadly disappointed in the result of any great undertaking, than in that which was produced by the labours of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in England.—Ostensibly established for the purpose of informing the working and lower classes—but, really, for that of binding together in an Institution devoted to Science, the numerous members of a powerful political party,—what has this gigantic Society even done in the way of imparting knowledge—*useful* knowledge to the multitude? Nothing—literally and truly nothing! It has published and put forth, with no trifling sounding of the trumpet, sundry sixpenny tracts on sundry stupendous sciences, much better adapted to the classic cloisters of a College, than the humble cottage of the labourer. We have treatises on Hydrostatics, Pneumatics, Dynamics, Optics, Mechanics (Animal and otherwise) with a great variety of other high-sounding subjects, but, as regards the people—that is, the multitude, as utterly useless as if they had never been written, and, perhaps, more so. To the proficient, or, perchance, the advanced student, these treatises are doubtless, useful and interesting, as comprising a well-arranged epitome of the sciences,

of which they individually treat ; but we defy the most apt and intelligent individual, who may be totally ignorant of the subject, to gain any accurate elementary knowledge from either of the Society's tracts ; they are far too elaborate and *recherche* for such a purpose, and as far as their publication is concerned, the labours of the Society have been rendered perfectly nugatory, and worse than nugatory ; for this lofty and ambitious striding at once into the highest ranks of science, gave the cautious and the timid good and ample cause to deprecate such a course of education, as extremely pernicious. They said, and they said truly—that the people, that is, the lower orders, would be much better and much happier, without bothering their brains about Hydrostatics, Pneumatics, and the like ;—that, trying to stuff their minds with “ book-learning,” would only make them arrogant, saucy, and above their business ; and that, too, without any corresponding, or commensurate advantage. It is this injudicious and most unwise display of fine learning, which has rendered the Education of the People a term of reproach and contumely amongst many, who,—if it were rightly understood, and correctly explained—would be the first to advocate and support it.

Nearly three centuries ago England's wisest philosophers told the world that “ Knowledge is power ;” and when Bacon promulgated this startling truth, he was perfectly sincere and perfectly convinced of the veracity as well as of the importance of his assertion. But what was the “ power” which was thus established by “ Knowledge ?” Not that power, which puffs up vain and foolish man with pride ;—nor that which imbues him with unworthy and untenable importance ; nor that which unfits him for the due and diligent performance of the duties of his own station in society—no matter what that station may be. No—this is not the power, which knowledge confers—and which it is so desirable it should confer : but it is the power of being useful,—the power of doing good,—the power of extending the capacities of one's own individual sphere, with the important view of enlarging the welfare and happiness of mankind : this is the salutary power established by knowledge,—a power incapable of abuse, and qualified only for the promotion of virtue and the subversion of vice—the great and triumphant end of Education.

But it may be asked, how is this important end to be attained ? This is the very point, to the consideration of which the present article will be devoted ; for Education is, chiefly, a practical art,—and can only be surely and successfully practised by individuals well versed and strongly experienced in its proceedings ; and the art has now reached so mature a perfection, that there will be little difficulty in pointing out its leading principles.

The establishment of Infant Schools, through the joint exertions of Lord Brougham, the late Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Owen, of Larnark, and other practical philanthropists, effected an important step towards the improvement of Education ; and the annals of these truly useful and meritorious institutions, present many interesting examples of the extension of morality amongst the

neglected—and often worse than neglected—offspring of the poor. It was the horribly depraved condition of the children of the lower orders in London, which, we believe, originally induced Lord Brougham to direct his powerful mind to the consideration of the best means of amending it—and, with the sagacity of a practical philosopher, he clearly saw that there was but one effectual method of accomplishing so desirable an end—that namely, of—“beginning at the beginning,” and attacking at once and boldly, the strong hold of the enemy. He saw, too, that there was only one plan of doing this,—and that this plan was EDUCATION.

With the able and hearty co-operation of a few humane and talented individuals, this great man, set about his good work, in good earnest, and soon brought into active operation, the acute suggestions of his masterly mind. By those—and they were many—who either would not, or could not understand the true scope and tendency of Education, nor rightly appreciate its numerous advantages, this humane and philosophical scheme was strenuously opposed, and the Education of the People was scornfully ridiculed under the taunting title of “The March of Intellect.” But this only stimulated to more energetic action the exertions of its promoters, and what has been the result? The rescuing of many hundred souls from sin and pollution, and the establishment of a regular and *now* eagerly acknowledged system of general Education, which is well qualified to confer the most inestimable blessings upon millions yet unborn.

What is Education? It has been defined as *the art of gradually improving our morals, physical and intellectual faculties*. And what an extensive field does this design present! Let us take it in either of its departments, and briefly follow up its details.

To any one, who is acquainted with the frightful extent of vice amongst the children of the lower orders in the populous districts of England, the urgent necessity of their moral improvement is sufficiently obvious. Living under the influence of the bad example of their parents, and neighbours;—often instigated and actually employed by those parents in the commission of petty offences,—the sure and straight stepping stones to the gallows or the hulks; they “move, and breathe, and have their being” in the very hot bed of sin and abomination. The awful condition of these poor wretches, immersed as they are in the most deplorable ignorance, presents a subject of melancholy reflection to the contemplative mind. When Brougham and his friends set about their good work of establishing Infant Schools, they took the trouble to institute very diligent enquiries into the moral and physical condition of the poor of several populous parishes in London. The result was truly fearful, and exhibited a deplorable example—human nature in its most abject and disgusting debasement. The promiscuous intercourse of the sexes was amongst the least abominable of their discoveries—while the systematic method in which crime, in all its dangerous varieties, was taught and promoted, afforded a strong proof that sin is closely allied to ignorance, and that, in these

places, at least, it was extensively fostered by it. How were the long-continued and fondly-cherished customs connected with this horrid mode of existence to be subverted? How was reformation to be effected? The individuals to be dealt with were—many of them, at least—hardened and daring villains, to whom any innovation on their accustomed licentious practices would be an excitement to savage execration and revenge. But the men who undertook this task of amelioration, were, of all others, the most fitly calculated for its perfect execution. They saw “quite through the deeds of men,” and knew that there was only one mode of effecting a truly salutary reformation,—and this was, by means of educating the children, and separating them from the polluting practices of their parents. This, however, was not their only object. They persuaded many of these abruptly assorted couples to sanctify their connexion by the holy and blessed rite of matrimony; and, having done this, they experienced less difficulty in obtaining the charge of their children. These, then, were taken from them, and placed at Infant Schools; where the rudiments of a respectable education were instilled into their minds, and the germs of a sterling morality implanted in their hearts;—to the most effectual exclusion of all their former vices, and the perfect introduction of a sound, safe, and salutary system of future virtue and becoming subordination.

The Infant Schools, thus instituted in England, are admirably managed and regulated. A small fee—(we believe one penny per week,) is paid with each child; and children are eligible for admission from the early age of eighteen or twenty months. This may appear, at first sight, preposterously premature; but it is really by no means so. In the large towns in England, the father and mother of a poor working family are especially hampered by their children; if they leave them—to go to their work,—they leave them with a certain risk of impending mischief. Any means, therefore, of relieving them of this anxiety is an advantage of some importance. The Infant School presented at once this advantage; and the industrious and well-disposed mechanic could repair to his work without any fear, while his wife could go to her char-ing, or her washing,—both being comfortably convinced, that their children were not only in an asylum of instruction, suited to their capacities and ages, but most effectually excluded from the contamination of evil companionship. And this is an evil of the greatest magnitude in London, and the other large towns of England. The reader, here, can scarcely form any notion of the immense extent of juvenile viciousness amongst the idle and ignorant offspring of the poor in the large and populous towns alluded to: it is, beyond comparison, frightful and oppressive. There is always in such places, a number of vigilant and active individuals, who are constantly “on the look out” for acquiescing accomplices: and if a child should have quarrelled with its parents—or an apprentice with his master—he will always find ample encouragement and most ready employment amongst these juvenile *mephistophales*.

What a splendid deed of good, therefore, was perfected, when the prevention of this evil was accomplished—and it *was* accomplished—easily, quietly, effectually accomplished by the mere establishment of “Infant Schools,”—an establishment, which will reflect everlasting renown upon its founders, and conduce more than many a more pompous blessing to the welfare of mankind.

The system of information is managed chiefly by means of picture lessons, and on the Lancasterian plan of mutual tuition. corporal punishment is excluded, and very properly so ; but a mild system of coercion is used, well adapted to the reformation of the infant mind. And really this is a most important part of the science of education. We recollect, when the subject of Infant Schools was discussed in the “Edinburgh Review” by the masterly pen of Brougham, that he recommended, in some cases, the use of fetters—not, we believe, of iron, but, still fetters,—while, in others, he decried coercion altogether, and advised the preceptor to take the child on his knee, and reason with it! Now, here we see at once, the vast difference between theory and practice, or between fancy and real experiment. Brougham, with all his multifarious acquirements, was not gifted with the art of managing children. He had never to contend with their wayward tempers, nor to correct their juvenile thoughts, at the expense of his own feelings and affections; he has never watched with fear and anxiety the gradual development of disposition, which render the parent’s solicitude so vigilant and interesting; nor has he had the means of knowing, from his own actual experience, rendered memorable by its interest—what are the best means of educating the tempers of children. The wisest of men has told us, that to spare the rod, is to harm the child; and doubtless, a paucity of correction is both unwise and injurious. From the inherent viciousness of our nature, we are all more prone to do evil than to do good; and, as regards the infant mind, if it be not vigilantly trained to virtue, it will fall swiftly into vice. But, much and most careful circumspection ought to be used in the correction of children,—adapting its degree to their individual tempers and dispositions. At a very early age, some children evince feelings far beyond their years;—their little hearts are alike softened by reflection, as sorrowed by unkindness,—and to use such children harshly, would tend to brutalize their dispositions. It is painful to a fond parent, we all know, to punish his child, in any manner; but the omission of necessary correction evinces a want of firmness and good sense, which will most inevitably produce its own punishment. We should like to know how many there are amongst the prisoner population of this Colony, who may truly attribute the cause of their exile either to the mistaken kindness and silly fondness of their parents, or to their utter neglect. We are very sure, that there are few, very few, indeed, who cannot trace their offences to the want of that *moral* instruction, without which education would only correct the mind—and not enlighten it.

We are so well convinced, that one cause—and that a principal one—of the prejudice, which has existed, and which, to a certain

extent, still exists, against education, has arisen from an idea, that a vigilant attention to morals, formed no part of the system, that we are above all things anxious to impress upon the reader's attention the simple fact of its priority in the plan.—Indeed, it is as a principal means of preventing vice, and extirpating evil, that we have ever regarded the education of the poor; and as the subject is now likely to receive the consideration of the local Authorities, we hope that this important portion of it, will be keenly attended to. Above all, let Religion, in its most extended sense, form the corner-stone of the Temple of Education; if this be neglected, then, indeed, will all its assumed advantages be but as the “sounding of brass, or the tinkling of a cymbal”—equally evanescent—insubstantial, and useless! “Go preach the Gospel to the poor!”—eloquently exclaimed one of England's ablest writers—“Go preach the Gospel to the Poor!” By its simplicity it will meet their comprehension; by its benevolence soften their affections; by its precepts it will direct their conduct; by the vastness of its motives ensure their obedience. The situation of the poor is perilous in the extreme: they are, indeed, both

“From within and from without
——— unarm'd to all temptation!”

Prudential reasonings will in general be powerless with them: for the incitements of this world are weak in proportion as we are wretched—

“The world's not my friend, nor the world's law,—
The world has got no law to make me rich.”

They, too, who live “from hand to mouth,” will most frequently become improvident. Possessing a stock of happiness, they eagerly seize the gratification of the moment, and *snatch the froth from the wave as it passes by them!* Nor is the desolate state of their families a restraining motive, unsoftened as they are by Education, and benumbed into selfishness by the torpedo-touch of extreme want. Domestic affections depend on association. We love an object, if, as often as we see and recollect, an agreeable sensation arises in our minds. But, alas! how should *he* glow with the charities of father and husband, who, gaining scarcely more than his own necessities demand, must have been accustomed to regard his wife and children—not as the soothers of finished labour, but as rivals for the insufficient meal! In a man so circumstanced, the tyranny of the *present*, can be overpowered only by the tenfold mightiness of the *future*. Religion will cheer his gloom with her promises, and by habituating his mind to anticipate an infinitely great Revolution hereafter, may prepare it even for the sudden reception of a less degree of amelioration in this world.”*

* *The Friend*; a series of Essays, by S. T. Coleridge, Esq.—Vol. II. p.p. 257—8.

LINES,

Written on the Anniversary of my Twenty-ninth Birthday.

Oh ! once, when life was new, the hours
Cast o'er my path, a few fresh flowers,
Like opening roses, faintly red,
But quickly all their color fled.

Once my heart, like the air, was light,
And my young glance was sunny bright ;
But soon that airy spirit faded,
And heavy clouds my young eyes shaded.

And now I wear, upon my brow
Furrows stamp'd, no matter how :
But such, as with a hand severe,
Grief often prints, e're age be near.

Still, though in premature decay,
The pulse of life ebbs slow away,
Like northern springs, where day is bright,
Though eve be long—'tis never night.

P. W.

MY FIRST ESSAY.(A ROMANCE.)

The storm was raging with a violence which had never been surpassed ; trees were torn from their roots by the fury of the wind ; and huge oaks, which had stood the stormy conflict for ages, perished by the avenging thunderbolt ; the lightning gleamed with terrific brightness, and enlightened with its broad flame—which spread from horizon to horizon every object, however minute. And then too the awful, the tremendous peals of thunder (the dread artillery of Heaven) were so close, and continued for so long, that heightened by the echoes of the surrounding mountains, it seemed one continued war. The rain fell in torrents, and the whole fury of the storm united, seemed to threaten annihilation to the world.

In one of the highest turrets of the Castle of Hogandorff lay the grey-haired Seneschal, Gondibert. The turret shook by each pealing gust of wind, and he in vain endeavoured to compose himself to sleep. As he tossed from side to side of his uneasy couch, the portraits of the grim warriors which hung around his apartment seemed by the reflection of the lightning to be stepping from their frames. For the greater part of that evening had he been listening with greedy ear to the terrific tales which were in remembrance of crimes and deeds which had been perpetrated in the Castle. Spectres were said to walk its galleries, and numberless were the instances

in which the domestics had been disturbed by noises and groans, sufficient to appal the soul of the stoutest among them. The Seneschal's memory recalled all these tales with terrific minuteness to his mind; and, as his heart shook within him, with anguished terror, he inwardly directed a prayer to the Virgin for protection.

The storm was now gradually decreasing, and a horrid calm ensued—between each peal of thunder, was silence, even more terrific than the loudest roaring of the tempest.

Sudden in one of these pauses, the Castle clock sullenly tolled the hour of midnight—immediately on the bell ceasing, a most tremendous peal of thunder shook the Castle to its foundation, and in the pause which ensued, the trembling Seneschal distinctly heard the stifled moans of some one in deep suffering—his hair stood erect, a cold sweat exuded itself from his body, and sitting up, he listened attentively for a renewal of the sounds—nought was heard for a few minutes but the hoarse murmurings of the distant tempest, which was now gradually dying away. All being again still, he was about to lay his tired body on the couch, when he heard the murmuring of voices, and a faint laugh, which sounded in his ears like the hoarse deep murmuring of a demon.

Though dismayed, the Seneschal was not deficient in courage, and he arose to discover from whence the noise proceeded. His taper had long since died away—he felt with trembling hand for his sword, which had been often tried, and had proved a faithful friend; with cautious steps he groped his way to the turret window, which he silently opened.

The clouds were driving before the wind, and the moon was faintly, very faintly shining through the misty vault of Heaven, by its pale reflection he was enabled indistinctly to observe four men, wrapped in cloaks, who seemed to have been engaged in some dark deed. One remark, and one only did he hear, which sounded to him like the knell of death—the foremost of the four exclaimed “Good sooth Hubert, many a night have we passed in scenes of blood, but none did I ever share in, like this.”

Gondibert's limbs shook—his blood turned cold—he essayed to move, but his limbs refused their office—he wished to call aloud, but his tongue clung to the roof of his mouth, and he stood at the window, gazing as fixedly on the murderers, as if he were a figure of stone. The ruffians seemed intent on concealing whoever had fallen beneath their murderous hands in a large sack, which could be discerned but with difficulty.

Gondibert thought within himself what course he should pursue—he determined upon leaving his room, ringing the alarm bell, which would arouse the peasants of the neighbouring village, but then even the villains might escape.

While engaged thus in thought, the moon suddenly shone forth with the utmost brilliancy, revealing every thing as clear as if it were the noon day's sun. Gondibert looked down on the mysterious group again, and beheld—oh, heavens! he started with agonizing passion—his hands trembled with rage—his frame was convulsed

—his eyes nearly started from their sockets—he stamped upon the floor—rushed from his room into the extensive gallery which led to the domestic's chambers, and called impetuously—help, help, Sebastian—Rufo—haste to the court-yard, for the infernal villains have robbed the hen-roost—have wrung the necks of all the fowls, and are now putting them in a bag.”

J. H. M.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

NAPOLEON AND FREDERICK.

FREDERICK.

How is it, Napoleon, that since your arrival in the shades, we have never conversed on those important events in which we were each engaged on earth. I have often met you, but you seemed to shun me.

NAPOLEON.

You are mistaken. I have never done so. But when I indulge in society, I prefer that of the ancients to the moderns. I have but just now parted from Cæsar.

FREDERICK.

Allow me to thank you in the name of the moderns for the compliment you pay them. Your preference of the Romans as your companions has not escaped my observation. May I ask to what circumstance it is owing?

NAPOLEON.

The similarity of our views. They aimed at universal conquest, and my endeavours to subjugate Europe could not have failed, if successful, to render me nearly as complete a master of the rest of the world.

FREDERICK.

You attribute to them motives, by which they were never actuated.—Their immense empire was the result of the courage and talent of numerous individuals, operating by slow degrees through the lapse of time; and their conquests were as often the consequence of a successful repulse of aggression, as of the encroachments of unprincipled ambition; those who commenced the fabric never dreamed of the extent to which it was destined to attain.

NAPOLEON.

Nevertheless, I must maintain, that the conquests which I made——

FREDERICK.

Pardon me if I say, that I am still to learn that you made any.

NAPOLEON.

How !

FREDERICK.

You were nearly as uniformly successful as any Commander in defeating those opposed to you, but the fruits of your victories vanished even in your own time, and when you embarked for Elba, not an inch of all those countries you overran, and fancied you possessed, remained to France.—I had a hard struggle for it I admit, but I permanently added Silesia to the kingdom of Prussia, and I did the same with great part of Poland without firing a shot.

NAPOLEON.

I see you can afford me no approbation as a statesman, and in truth, since I have had time to reflect on my former actions; and have heard them canvassed by men who, like you, were above concealing their opinions, I have begun to entertain some doubts of my abilities as one myself—but as a warrior, I think I may still fearlessly challenge your good opinion ; in that character in one point I may defy the records of time from the earliest period to equal me.

FREDERICK.

Indeed !

NAPOLEON.

No army of modern times, could withstand that which I led into Russia, and as for those of ancient, although there is one recorded, probably fabulously, as more numerous, yet the superiority of our modern *materiel*, particularly in artillery, could they have been opposed, must have ensured their being put “ *hors de combat*” in a quarter of an hour.

FREDERICK.

To speak “ *en guerrie*” no army ever took the field which could accomplish the same destruction in a given space of time as that to which you allude.

NAPOLEON.

That I think, you must allow.

FREDERICK.

It cannot be denied. Yet these immense masses are liable to objections, which, in a military point of view are as important as unavoidable ; not to mention the difficulty of supplying them with provisions, it is almost impossible to combine the operations of such multitudes, with the precision so indispensable in war, and if a reverse take place, to remedy error, or restore order, is beyond the power of man.

NAPOLEON.

You refer to my disastrous retreat, but surely the unexampled severity of the weather——

FREDERICK.

You must not tell me of that. If it had been as favourable as on

your entry, your destruction would have been inevitable, although not perhaps to the extent which actually occurred. You were repulsed in your attempt to retreat by the south through the provinces of the Ukraine, where, in an untouched country, your Commissariat could have found ample resources, and the Russians having succeeded in forcing you to retrograde through the devastated country in which all was consumed and destroyed in your advance, your batallions would have been thinned by famine nearly as much as by the weather.

NAPOLEON.

I might have drawn them into a general engagement, in which their total defeat might have enabled me to spread my columns over a greater extent of country, and so availed myself of means you do not seem disposed to allow.

FREDERICK.

They had too much wisdom to give you that chance. But you violated in that expedition one of the most important, although self-evident rules of strategy, in separating yourself from the base of your operations, for the trifling one you created in Poland was not worthy the name.

NAPOLEON.

I have sometimes regretted that I did not restore the independence of Poland, instead of cresting a Grand Duchy of Warsaw, but I was deterred by the dread of Austria and Prussia, who were incensed even by what I ventured to do, and who might have interposed between me and France with fatal effect.

FREDERICK.

Without referring to the events of your career for proof, I must own the chief defect in your military character has always appeared to me—that all your calculations were founded on the presumption of success, and that you were never prepared with the means to remedy the consequences of disaster.

NAPOLEON.

I certainly never coveted the fame which is to be acquired by the conduct of a retreat.

FREDERICK.

Yet none has been more permanent than what has been attained by skilful ones, the instances of which I need not remind you; and, if I may speak of my own experience, no victory I ever obtained cost me the exertion and risk of my endeavours to retire in tolerable order before Daun at Hochkirchen; but I must dismiss the subject of war, to tax you with a deed, which, as I am one of the irritable tribe of authors, you will find it very difficult to satisfy me on. I mean the execution of Palm, the Printer. I could more readily forgive you the death of ten thousand men in the field.

NAPOLEON.

And I could have borne such a loss with less uncasiness than I experienced from him. But he was more dangerous than you perhaps imagine, in his attempt to rouse the Germans to resistance, and it was necessary to strike a terror into his brethren of the Press, or I should have had that nest of hornets, which I always held in

the greatest detestation, about my ears.—Yet, surely, the remembrance of your cruelty to Trenk might restrain you from reproaching me with the punishment of a refractory Printer.

FREDERICK.

He intrigued with my sister, which would not have given me the least offence had he not boasted of it, and allowed the affair to become public.

NAPOLEON.

He was too young when it commenced to be discreet in so splendid a *bonne fortune*, but I peculiarly feel for him, for it was of such spirits as his, I formed my Legion of Honor.

FREDERICK.

Yes, he was capable of knocking his head against a bastion with perfect *sang froid*, and indeed had qualities of a higher order for war than mere courage; but I may be allowed to disregard such talents in him, when I never valued those of the same nature possessed by myself.

NAPOLEON.

How! was it not to those that you owed your cognomen of "The Great."

FREDERICK.

Those who bestowed it must answer you that question, for certainly I am unable, and I assure you I pride myself infinitely more in what I have done in my Cabinet with the pen, and in the Orchestra with my flute, than on all I ever accomplished in the field with my sword. The glory of the latter was shared with my generals, and in some degree with the meanest private in my army. That of the former was my sole property—ah! had you but heard me in a quartetto with the two Grauns, and Francis Benda.

NAPOLEON.

I fear I should not have had judgment sufficient to estimate your merits, for if nature had gifted me with an ear for music (of which I have many doubts) it was early spoiled by the roar of the artillery.

FREDERICK.

I pity you, and rejoice that so was not mine.—Yes—I repeat, the happiest moments of my life were spent among my musicians, and the only applause which was ever sweet to my ears, or which I truly valued, was that which was brought down by a well executed adagio in the concert-room.

NAPOLEON.

That was from your Courtiers—could it be depended on as sincere?

FREDERICK.

I think it might, when I consider the unbiassed opinion of an Englishman who chanced to hear my performance, to whom I had never even spoken, and which was given to the public in a foreign country.—You have read Doctor Burney's "State of Music in Germany."

NAPOLEON.

No, truly. The little reading I had time or indeed inclination to indulge in, was of a very different class.

FREDERICK.

Excuse me.—I had forgotten.—These are his words "His

embouchure was clear and even, his finger brilliant, and his taste pure and simple. I was much pleased, and even surprised, with the neatness of his execution in the *allegros*, as well as by his expression and feeling in the *adagios*; in short, his performance surpassed in many particulars anything I had ever heard among *dilettanti*, or even professors."

NAPOLEON.

These commendations bear the stamp of candour, and I think you may trust them more than those of your friend Voltaire.—Pray does he still retain the estimation in which you formerly held him?

FREDERICK.

No! I have long since changed my opinion of him as an Author, and I fully agree with Madam de Genlis, in considering him the most accomplished charlatan that literature has produced.

NAPOLEON.

And yet you once wrote to him, that he was a Philosopher, and that you were one yourself.

FREDERICK.

The philosophy of a King must be taken "*Cum grano salis*," and if you do that, I think I was a tolerable one. I passed the evening before the battle of Zorndorf in correcting some odes of Rousseau which required alteration, and when France, Austria, and Russia were leagued against me, and it seemed past the power of even fortune to extricate me from my difficulties, I had fully determined to imitate Cato and fall upon my sword; but I was too much hurried at the moment, to execute my design in a dignified manner, and I put it off to a more convenient opportunity.

NAPOLEON.

The considerations which influenced you were worthy of a wise man—but the circumstance of your work the "*Ante Michevel*" being scarcely dry from the Press at the moment when you were plundering the Bishop of Liege, agreeably to the most astute principles of that barefaced Italian, was a most unfortunate *countretemps* for one who defended the principles of truth and justice against those of policy and convenience.

FREDERICK.

Nevertheless, my reputation has survived it. The fact was, I wanted money to finish the Opera House at Berlin, and was also at that moment in treaty with the most celebrated *contralto* in Europe, without whom my company of vocalists would have been incomplete; and who, I was afraid, would have been taken from me by the offers of the French Court—but I outbid them.

NAPOLEON.

For which purposes you levied contribution on the unfortunate Churchman.

FREDERICK.

Yes, the affair cried haste, and I thought that quarter the most speedy for obtaining a prompt supply. I took but one hundred thousand crowns from him, for which I was very grateful, and never failed afterwards to remember the Bishop in my prayers.

NAPOLÉON.

I doubt if his christianity extended to returning the compliment. After the candid confession you have made, and considering that you were like myself, a wholesale dealer in destruction——

FREDERICK.

Yes!—but I dealt nearly as largely in renovation during the peace which took place before my death; I restored the dilapidated cities of my kingdom, caused agriculture to flourish, and population to encrease, and it was in fact a more prosperous and powerful country at my death, than when I received it at my father's decease. The very reputation which my exertions had secured to it, preserved it in tranquillity, and the first hostile gun that was fired on the soil of Prussia for thirty years was yours, at the battle of Jena.

NAPOLÉON.

History notwithstanding, has not yet done me justice, and however fully I may acknowledge the great differences of our respective careers——

FREDERICK.

I will comprise them for you in a very few words.—You did great things with great means, and I accomplished them with small.

NAPOLÉON.

Be it so.—Farewell.—I go to seek Germanicus.

FREDERICK.

Let me recommend you rather the company of two worthies, one of whom is Charles the Twelfth. You and he should have some kindred feelings, for you both received the *coup de grace*—in Russia. Did he ever relate to you the particulars of the siege of his house at Bender by the Turks—for some timely suggestion in the defence of which he made Rosenberg, his cook, a Colonel in the field of battle? He was indeed a truly great man!

NAPOLÉON.

Adieu!

FREDERICK.

The other, Jenghiz Khan.—He destroyed as many men, made as much noise in his time, and had nearly as refined a taste for music as yourself.

—M—

FIRST LOVE.

From the Italian of Metastasso.

Ah! gentle Zephyrus if e'er
You find the mistress of my heart,
Tell her thou art a sigh sincere,
But never say whose sigh thou art.
Ah! gentle rivulet if e'er
Thy murmuring waters near her glide,
Say thou art swelled by many a tear,
But not whose tears encreased thy tide!

—N—

DO YOU THINK OF ME.

Do you think of me at morn—
 When the sunshine hath arisen,
 And the mind is bursting forth
 From its slumber-bounded prison—
 When a world of life and joy,
 Is re-opening to the view,
 Do you think of me at morn?—
 For 'tis then I think of you.

Do you think of me at noon,
 With the happy ones around you,
 Rejoicing in your pride,
 At the love wherewith they've crown'd you:
 When enjoyment on the heart,
 Pencils many a varied hue,
 Do you think of me at noon?—
 For 'tis then I think of you.

Do you think of me at night—
 When the sparkling stars above you,
 Are beaming like the eyes,
 Of the friends who truly love you:—
 When a prayerful feeling falls
 On the spirit, like the dew;
 Do you think of me at night?
 For 'tis then I think of you.

ANGLO-TASMANICUS.

 FAIR SEX.

What is a woman? Ask the sensualist, and he will say, should he be well-humoured, she's *an angel*, or should he be a splenetic, she's *a devil*! What is a woman? Ask the amatory bridegroom, as he fondly leads from Hymen's hallowed shrine the lovely and blushing object of his first, fervid, and only love—his reply will identify her with perfection! What is a woman? Enquire of the parsimonious husband to whom gold is a deity, and a wife *but a convenience*: he will tell you she's a plague, infinitely less endurable, than any one of those by which Egypt was infested! But, after all, what is a woman? This a a question that deserves consideration.

Woman, as a sex, may be fairly nominated as the fascinating and irresistible medium, by which the all-wise and all-benevolent Father of the Universe, has ordained that his terrestrial "image" shall be multiplied!—as a sex, *therefore*, woman is unquestionably to be revered, for—*she serves her Maker*.

A sex, however, is divisible into very many grades:—it includes not only (in a human sense) *superlatively* good—*comparatively* good—and *positively* good; but, also, the opposite degrees of imperfection!—Whoever, consequently, talking of a woman *as an individual*, either inveighs against, or praises woman *as a species*, does an act of irrationality and injustice.

It is true, there are certain predominating graces, and equally predominating blemishes, common to the sex, in every rank, and *almost* under every circumstance; it is also true, that we owe to it our being, and every blessing which we realize on earth, or anticipate in Heaven—but! is it not likewise true that to women all our woe can be attributed? Alas! the fact is genuine.

Nevertheless, we are not to blame EVE's posterity, for her fatally illicit confidence in a fiend, who had the temerity to tempt even THE DIVINE EMANCIPIST!—we are not compelled to visit the sin, or to employ a more fashionable phrase, the foible of our first mother, on the latest generation of her numerous daughters, certainly not! we will, therefore, simply confine ourselves to the delineation of those all-prevailing daughters as they are; hoping, that when we may appear to praise them, they may rest assured we do so with sincerity; and trusting that wherein we may be compelled to censure, our chastising rod may be, *in fairness*, deemed to be wielded by the hand of affection.

To describe a woman, however, it is needless to represent her bosom as rivalling the snows of Greenland,—her lips as excelling the ruby,—her breath as superior in fragrance to the blossoms of Damascus,—her raven brows as arched like the "*covenantal bow*," or her eyes as more brilliant than the galaxy of stars that glitter in an arctic firmament; it is unnecessary to say that she is beautiful, attractive, and *over man's heart*, powerful!—That she is EACH, that she is ALL, the world can testify.

But, to define her character, she should be viewed as a virgin—as a bride—and as a mother:—in each of which interesting relations, not only to society, but to her lover, her husband, and her offspring, she most conspicuously, either renders herself honorable, or degraded—a blessing, or a malediction.

If, in her vestal state, a woman is ingenuous, in either approving or rejecting the addresses of the man who professes to love her *honorably*;—if, when matrimonially united, she makes her husband's heart the casket of her confidence, the *earthly heaven* of her happiness, and the highest *human* object of her pride;—and, lastly, if, when blessed by God with the LIVING SEAL of a sacred union, she rears her plastic offspring in the path that leads to the rosy bowers of celestial eternity,—then is a woman more than admiring eloquence can eulogise:—*almost* a deity whom man might worship.

But, if coquetry and designed licentiousness, pollute her maidenhood—if she degrades her bridal-couch with caresses, unhallowed by affection;—and if, when a mother, she slothfully *permits* her

babe to imbibe with its infantile nutriment, the rudiments of depravity—there is no imaginable character more righteously, or at the same time, more *unrighteously* amenable to scorn and execration.

Such then is women: *very good,—very bad*;—and I may also observe—*occasionally indifferent*!

T.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE KILWORTH MOUNTAINS.

In the summer of the year 181—I had passed several weeks on a visit to the metropolis of Ireland, in which I was not a little surprised by its beautiful public buildings, and annoyed by its slovenly squares, poverty stricken streets, and depressed population. I frequently explored with delight the beauties of its environs, equalled, it must be allowed, by few of those of the capitals of Europe, and particularly its enchanting bay, second only to that of Naples. The headlands which form it, are distant from each other about twelve or fourteen miles, and the extremity inland to which its waters reach, about eight or nine. On the southern side the shore is level for two or three miles, and the land then rises gradually until it ascends to an elevation, which may equal that of the loftiest hills, but can scarcely be termed mountainous. For the distance of ten miles, which is that of Dalkey Island and Sound, from the city, and the length which these highlands occupy, the scene is one of that cultivated beauty, which can only be found in the neighbourhood of a large capital like Dublin, the overflowings of whose former riches and prosperity created those innumerable residences, whose woods, plantations, gardens, corn fields, and meadows, form the charming scene I describe. In the rear the sierra (or saw, which is its Spanish signification, from its numerous peaked heads, resembling the teeth of a saw) of Bray Head rises its lofty pinnacles, and more to the interior, the single and insulated cone of the Sugar Loaf forms a back ground, which pleasingly contrasts by its rugged wildness with the amenity of the shores of the bay.—On the north, it presents a comparatively low aspect to the opposite side, and is equally improved by a succession of country seats and pleasure grounds, among which the Cascino, called *marino*, in the demesne of the Earl of Charlemount, which is a fac simile of one that particularly attracted his attention in Italy, and which is highly ornamented on the exterior with friezes, entablature, and statues, as also the front of the Charter School, the centre of which is a portico of the Doric order, standing within a few yards of the beach, gives the entire view a classical air, which,

to the eye of taste is not one of its smallest charms. Further on is the village of Clontarf, whose white dwellings add brilliancy to the delightful tint of blue with which an unclouded sky is reflected from the surface of the sea, and a few miles beyond, rises the extensive promontory of Howth, in shape and proportions entirely dissimilar from any of the other eminences which form the landscape. The point from which the whole of this magnificent view can be best beheld is the Light House, which is placed at the extremity of a pier, nearly four miles in length in the centre of the bay, which commands the entire of this almost matchless semicircle, or rather segment of an ellipsis, the only portion of which remains to be described is the city of Dublin, which occupies the most distant point, and rises with that grand and imposing effect, which the edifices, spires, and domes of a great city can alone produce.—Being a lover of the beauties of nature, which in my opinion are never so striking as when combined with those of art, I availed myself of every means, pedestrian, equestrian, and aquatic, to explore those I have attempted to faintly describe, and in one of my excursions had the agreeable surprise of meeting a friend, of whose intention of visiting Ireland I had not before been apprised. My original plan had not been to extend my stay beyond the period of a few weeks, but induced by the desire of my friend, I consented to accompany him on a visit to the lakes of Killarney. It was agreed we should perform the journey on horseback, on which, accompanied by but a single servant, we started on one of the few fine mornings which even in summer the variable and rainy climate of Ireland affords, at the early hour of four o'clock. Passing through the Phoenix Park, in which is situated the residence of the Lord Lieutenant, we were regarded with wondering eyes by herds of deer, who were not used to be so early disturbed by the matinal exercises of the citizens, and reached Naas before breakfast, where I encountered the first startling memento of the difference of the land in which I was a denizen, from that in which I fortunately had had my birth. As we approached the town, I observed from some distance the projection of what appeared to be a rod of iron (and which I at first took for a conductor) from the top of a large building, but on a nearer approach I was somewhat surprised to observe that the upper extremity instead of coming to a point, was considerably enlarged—that immediately below the protuberance was a cross, similar to the guard of a sword. The object was in full view from the lower part of the town, in which was situated the Inn where we breakfasted; and I can scarcely express my horror when I was told in a careless reply to my interested enquiry what the object might be—that it was the head, or rather what remained of the head of “one O'Connor*” who was active in the Rebellion of 1798.

* The fate of that individual, and of another of the name, who was engaged in the same cause, are a striking exemplification of the blanks and prizes in the lottery of

Conciliation of the Catholics, indemnity for the past, and security for the future, and an acknowledgment of the evils and wrongs under which the Irish had suffered for so many years previous to 1811, had been so long the chorus or rather cant of the satellites of Government, that I could not help considering the lingering and cold-blooded display of this appalling relic of mortality, a comment of most forcible mockery on its deceitfulness. New objects, however, speedily succeeding each other as we advanced, dispelled these sombre reflections as we passed through a champaign, and naturally fertile country, in which the want of the hedge rows of full grown timber, which I was accustomed to see in so many parts of England, the inferior breed of cattle, the general meanness of agricultural equipments, and the hovels of the peasantry, clearly evinced the want of capital in the tenant, and nearly as distinctly indicated the landlord an absentee. Passing through Carlow, Kilkenny, and Clonmell, we found ourselves towards the close of the fourth evening of our departure ascending the road which leads over the summit of the Kilworth Mountains, which border the counties of Cork and Tipperary. Heavy clouds had been collecting for the last few hours over our heads, the air had the sultry and stifling feel which precedes a thunder storm, no habitation seemed nigh, and to add to the number of our impending disasters, my horse displayed symptoms of lameness which rapidly increased. Night closed in as we attained the top of the mountain, and just as the vanishing of the first flash of lightning left us involved in gloom, we thought ourselves happy in descrying a glimmering of light at a distance. To this we made all the haste my disabled animal would allow, and the rain had begun to descend in torrents, when we tapped at the door of the mansion which contained our beacon, and begged for entrance and shelter for the night. This abode, as we afterwards more clearly discerned at our departure in the morning, had pretensions much above the common order. The pig had a separate apartment, exterior, and adjoining to, the dwelling of his friend and owner. The dunghill was a little on one side of the path to the entrance, to and from which it allowed free ingress and egress. The door was secured during the night by a wooden bar, instead of the usual mathematical process by which the application of the pitch fork forms, with the hearth and door, a right angled triangle, and the application of a few brushfulls of whitewash to the front (for to the entire would have been an extravagant and wasteful expenditure) gave the whole a tasteful, light, and airy appearance. We were promptly admitted, and received with that hospitality which is genuine in the Irish peasantry, and often a more respectable quality than in the gentry, who too frequently adulterate it with a mixture of prodigality and ostentation. Over the exertions of our host, his wife and son, to

ambition:—one is now a French peer, and lieutenant-general—married to the daughter of Condercet, and possessing an adequate fortune. The head of the other, bleached in the sun, rain, and winds of heaven, for twenty years!

give us the best reception which their humble means admitted, I however thought I could perceive an air of uneasiness for which I was at a loss to account, and which I am free to own when I recollected the lawless and disturbed state of the country, gave me some forebodings of rather a disagreeable nature. The rain and clouds had soon passed away, the moon was risen, a delightful night was about to succeed—our horses were well fed and littered in a shed behind the cabin, and we were just sitting down to a supper, at which in London we should have started with horror and astonishment, consisting of some cold slices of a late defunct companion of our neighbour of the swinish multitude, with some roast potatoes, and butter of excellent quality, when the noise of a horseman, approaching at a rapid rate, attracted our attention, and visibly added to the perplexity of our entertainers, who exchanged looks more pregnant with meaning than any I had yet observed. He stopped, dismounted, and knocked at the door, and while we were engaged in discussing a meal, to which exercise and the keen air of the mountains gave a zest, a conversation of nearly ten minutes duration took place, in a tone of voice too low to be overheard, between the stranger and our host, at the conclusion of which, the former entered. The first glance conveyed to my ideas the impression of a farmer of the better class, which, however, a further examination did not confirm. We arose to acknowledge his entrance, and he returned our bow with one, in which I could neither perceive either rusticity, or polish, but a plentiful, and, I thought, too apparent, share of indifference. He seated himself near the fire, and I had then a better opportunity to observe his person, with which I was much struck. His age, I would have estimated between thirty-five and forty years. His person, much above the common size, was more remarkable for strength, than agility, although, evidently, not deficient in the latter quality. His broad shoulders, depth of chest, powerful limbs, and general power of frame, clearly denoted a man, capable of enduring the greatest hardships, while his countenance presented the indication of qualities, which seemed, in some degree, contradictory. Rarely, indeed, have I seen any thing finer than his forehead, and eye; the former, expansive, smooth, and of a whiteness, which contrasted with the brown hue of the lower part of his face, and must have been so preserved by a hat of an uncommon wide brim, and a peculiar form, which reached much lower than the usual limit; the eye, of the purest blue and white, indicative of self-possession, clearness, and caution, and which on the slightest contraction of the brow, seemed to penetrate the thoughts of those whom it was fixed on. Here, however, my commendations must cease. The other features of his face were of a far inferior mould; the nose short, and in two lines, the lower rather inclined to the external, than internal curve, and the mouth coarse, the lips being thick, and not compressed. His dress was a frock coat, of green, leathers, and whole boots, spurred; in his hand a whip, of more than ordinary dimensions. He remained in

his position, without seeming to regard us, for some minutes, and as there was every appearance of his continuing so, I attempted to break the awkwardness of the silence, which had seized on the whole party, by addressing him some trivial remarks on the weather, to which he replied, with more attention than I had expected. Thus encouraged, I adverted to the disturbed state of the country in which we then were, which was commencing that partial resistance to tithes, which has since become so violent, that a sale of half a dozen cows, under distress, has only been effected by the aid of a regiment of Highlanders, and lancers, flanked by two pieces of artillery. This topic evidently fixed his attention, and interested his feelings, so that I was tempted to pursue it; and I mentioned a pamphlet, which had been lately published on the subject, by the bishop of Elphin.

"Aye," said he, carelessly, "I know him, the late Provost of Trinity College—Elrington."

"The publication," replied I, "is considered a most able one."

"Pity" said he, "it was not written by the bishop of Kildare, who sells milk, and rents a turnpike-road;* you, perhaps, remember its chief points."

"Yes; he commences with researches in ancient times, to show, that 'assessments on the land, to support the priesthood, was the practice in ancient times, even among the Pagans, and instances the case, as well as I remember, of a temple, in the neighbourhood of Syracuse, so maintained, when Sicily was one of the granaries of Rome.'

"To shew his learning—agreed; what has that to do with us?"

"Not much, I own; but to come closer to the point, he says that the tenant, when he agrees to rent the farm from the landlord, makes his calculation, according to the amount of tithe which he knows he shall have to pay, and makes his offer accordingly, and that, therefore, in fact, the tax comes out of the landlord's pocket, who makes no complaint, and not of the tenantry's, who resist it."

"The devil he does! He is a hypocrite, and knows better than to believe what he writes, to please those who have given him promotion. He is well aware that in the overflowing population of Ireland, the only consideration with the tenant when he occupies land is, that of the lowest pittance on which he can support life; after which, he offers what he thinks the land will afford; for if he don't, another will overbid him, and understarve himself to obtain possession. But granting that the tenant is as independent as the landlord and can turn himself to other occupations, if he does not obtain a lease, and, therefore, makes his offer on the independent basis which the bishop supposes—what then? Land will never, *in itself*,

* Fact. He was caricatured in his canonicals, standing at the toll-house door, and snatching off the cloak, with his crosier, from an old country woman who was attempting to force her way through, without paying toll on some eggs she was carrying to market.

yield produce, in which is the tithe. There must be two other indispensable adjuncts, which are supplied, solely, by the tenant, viz. capital, and labour. Thus, of the three parts, the tenant provides two—does he not then pay two-thirds of the tithe from the sweat of his brow, or the outlay of his generally miserable property?"

This was what is commonly called a poser. I made no direct reply, but as the boys say at school, thought it best to, 'skip, and go on,' and was about to quote some equally powerful position of the bishop's, when the stranger continued—

"To even waive what I have just mentioned, we are Catholics—our religion is different from that of those who exact the tithe, and we pay our own clergy. Is it just, then, that we should pay the priesthood also, which a foreign yoke has imposed upon us?"

If the former reply was a 'poser,' I felt that to use a pugilistic simile, this was putting the head of my argument, or rather of the bishop's into chancery, but the words 'foreign yoke,' struck on my ear with a discordant tone, that rather confused me, as by the deduction following, I was a foreigner, although in the British dominions. Disregarding, or seeming to disregard this, I shifted my ground, and adverted to the atrocities which were committed in the course of the resistance made to the levy which appeared so odious in his eyes.

"These I do not defend. When the angry passions of an ignorant and oppressed peasantry are put in action, think you, their rage is to be restrained, within the bounds of form, which the precedent and practice of centuries assign to the revenge of a duellist? Yet will I still say, the fate of *some* of those who have fallen, is the just punishment of Heaven on devouring avarice, and steel-hearted oppression."

"But to what end is this desultory warfare? Tithes are still levied in spite of opposition, and will continue to be so. Why, then, kick against the pricks?"

"That they shall continue to be so, is what I hope the future course of events will not confirm—but, in any case, one important point is gained: the population is kept in habits of resistance to the government, and will neither start at a musket, or blench at the sight of a halter; and the day may come, when they shall be incited to action, on a wider scale, and for a nobler purpose."

I was at first at a loss for his meaning, but the recollection of his words, a 'foreign yoke,' just then recurring to my recollection, instantly gave me a clue to his meaning. My English blood was stirred at the conviction, and I could not restrain myself from replying—

"You, then, are one of those fools, who believe a separation of the countries is practicable."

"Yes," said he, calmly, but with an evident effort to preserve his temper.

"Pray," said I, "what period may you look to, as the probable time of that happy event occurring? May we hope for it in a year or two?"

"A sneer," he replied, "is not equal to a sound argument;—it may not be in my time, and I may expect to live in the common course, some thirty or forty years—but"—he made a pause which I supplied—

"You live in hope?"

"I do!"

His calmness, which, as it afterwards appeared, was rather deceitful, begot a temperament similar in myself, and with more suavity than had graced the latter part of our colloquy, I acknowledged my conviction that he was a man of acuteness, and I had no doubt, of education, and asked him how, from his knowledge of history in general, or that of Great Britain, in particular, he could form such an anticipation?

"History in general," said he, I read to the following effect—"I there perceive the natural depravity of man developed, in proportion as he attains the means to *indulge*, and employ it. The Governors accordingly I find generally more corrupt than the governed, and the encroachments of the former gradually trespassing on the rights of the latter. This, however, has its limits: oppression begets resistance, and when that is successful, Revolutions take place; the political atmosphere is purified by the storm—a dreadful lesson is taught to tyrants—and government is administered on better principles. Every thing human, however, is continually changing, and, accordingly, that which is good must deteriorate. Former experience is forgotten—fresh degeneracy succeeds—the wheel revolves, and all is acted over again. In their external relations, I find one nation arranged against another by the designs of ambition, and for the purposes of conquest; and I see the leaders of armies, whom I consider no better than military ruffians, looked up to with awe, as great and glorious beings. The statesmen, too, I behold, practising shifts and evasions, which, on a smaller scale, and in persons less exalted, would be rewarded by a transference to the gallies. In its particular application, I see my native country totally unconnected with England for many centuries. I see it then, a conquest, and its government even up to the present day, administered on the worst principle of conquest, which is oppression, even when it is falsely termed an United Kingdom. The circle of destiny, I see, too, revolve, and having once been disunited, I believe it may be so again. Who shall predict the means which are yet to be evolved from the womb of time? France, or America, may throw a force on the shores of Ireland; or, a Revolution in England may afford the happy moment for its completion, without foreign assistance."

"You dream," I replied, "Ireland must succumb, and England remain predominant: none can resist her power!"

"YES!" cried he, "starting up with an energy and vehemence which electrified me. There is ONE, and that one is, MYSELF: I defy her force, and I laugh to scorn her edicts. If her government rules the day, I am master of the night! The moment that sees me deprived of means to contest her power, shall view me spurn and

quit my native soil; and here come twenty more with whom I would face the best score of her sons that ever drew the breath of life!"

I heard a horn sound at the moment—a band of horsemen rushed along the road, and drew suddenly up before the door. He quitted the house, mounted, and gave the order to proceed at full speed; and, before I recovered from my astonishment, the sound of their departure had died away in the distance, and all was again still and silent."

"I retired, but I need scarcely say it was not to rest:—my imagination was disturbed and excited by the scenes I have described; and I arose, unrefreshed in the morning, with my friend, and pursued our journey. The experience I gained afterwards, during my stay in Ireland, led me to lament the injustice inflicted on, and the sufferings borne by, a people, in whose character numerous faults, which are too much the consequences of their unfortunate position, are combined with some virtues, which cannot be denied. I no longer wondered that many of her inhabitants entertained the same opinions, as those so fearlessly advanced by the stranger I have mentioned; and from the result of these enquiries, which the curiosity and interest he inspired, led me to make, I had every reason to believe that he had shortly after embarked for America, and was certain that he was no other than that remarkable individual, who long struck terror into the southern Province of Ireland under the assumed name of CAPTAIN ROCK.

—W—

THE SERIOUS STUDENT.

The serious student is the child of solitude, clinging from his earliest youth to stillness and retirement. Solitude is the mother of his love, and study, the sister of his affection.

His life is always one of considerable hardship, frequently of peculiar wretchedness and misfortune. From youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, and from old age to the grave, he is still wandering on the desert; and although he may find many bright green spots and fresh flowers to refresh him, with cool fountains to quench his thirst, yet his journey lies, for the most part, over the barren and parched wilderness, "where no water is." View him on his first entrance at a public school, and weep for him: see him the by word of his fellows,—the sleeve-laugh of his tailor, the drudge of the senior boys, and the scorn of the junior. Oh! if you had seen him, as I have, mocked, hunted, ferreted out, like a wild beast, worried till his very heart ached within him, and the chords of feeling almost severed by the anguish of his mind—you

would have wept for him. The cares and anxieties of other men are severally dispelled by the healing hand of time, or the accomplishment of their desires. The lover gains his mistress, the merchant makes his fortune ; but the sorrows of the student never diminish, but rather increase. He is at College : well, he is happy now ;—there he may pursue his studies with comfort to himself. I grant you, in one sense, he is more unmolested, than formerly ; but he who knows what a College life is, will also know how to appreciate his comforts. Invited to parties, with whom he must associate, frequently for the sole purpose of amusing the idle and the dissolute ; always without any real good will or fellowship towards him, he is equally the object of derision, whether he accept or refuse them.

Shut out thus by conscience, as well as inclination, from the society of the gay and the profligate, he becomes every day more and more a student—every day more and more removed from the manners and customs of the world.

It must be thus with him. The serious Christian lover of books (for that is the character I am attempting to delineate) must be alone ; it is contrary to his nature to be otherwise : he can have no companionship—no fellowship with the world. Will the lamb lie down with the wolf, or the dove with the kite ? No !—if he have any friend,—any one to smile when he smiles, or weep when he weeps,—he must seek him from amongst his own peculiar band ;—it must be some one whose feet, like his, are sore with the sands of the wilderness, and whose brow is burning with the same bitter of anguish :—it must be a serious student.

The lover of books has no amusements, no joys, no pastimes in common with other men : the scene of his happiness extends little farther than his library. There, indeed, he is happy ; his books, his darling books, those sweet nurselings of his hopes and fears, shelf above shelf around him. Cicero, and Homer, and Virgil, with his tale of woman's love, and Horace, with his song, (far more suiting to the Student's ear,) of woman's scorn. He is happy here, for he is alone.

The serious Student is no misanthrope ; he is what he is by necessity, not by nature. He offered to love the world, and the world scoffed at him ; but his love does not turn to hate ; he does not curse the world,—he loves it still—loves it for the sake of HIM who made it. But the world is nothing to him—he is nothing to the world. He feels himself a lone and desolate being, finding bitterness where he looked for blessings, and mocking, where he hoped for a welcome. He is one of a scattered and despised people, and the very dissoluteness and loneliness of his situation throws a darkness over his thoughts and disposition, which thickens with his growth, and deepens with his years. Among the gay and beautiful he seems a wandering spirit, bringing grief and sadness along with him : he sees the eye of scorn and the lip of contempt, and the gall of his anguish grows more bitter, and his affliction becomes

more poignant, as he looks upon them. He feels the ban of excommunication upon him from the world, and for ever. But oh ! (and this is "the unkindest cut of all !") the flower, which he looked forward to during all his long and patient wanderings ;—the flower which he said should comfort him, when he was old, and breathe a twilight around his declining years—the flower which should weep by his death-bed, or wither on his grave, is plucked by a stranger, and he finds it not. Yes !—that loveliest flower, woman's heart, the last sweet blossom of Paradise, is lost to him. The fop may bask in her smile and revel in her sweetness,—the seducer and the adulterer may flutter like fallen angels round the roses of Eden, till their very senses ache with satiety,—but *he* must not approach.

Arise, son of loveliness, thou hast joys the world knows not of. There is that within thee, which passeth show. Of a truth men do not know the man of solitude, for they think he sorroweth, when he is glad ; and mourneth when he rejoiceth,—that he is melancholy when alone, forgetting that the serious Student is never less alone, that when alone : for he can sit in his green bower, with the red roses hanging over him, and feed upon his own thoughts, like the night-bird on her sweet song. The sky beneath which the serious Student walks, however gloomy his wanderings may be, is ever clear, ever lovely ; the storm of adversity does not ruffle,—the syren breeze of prosperity does not smooth it ;—the one can bring no darkness, the other no light : it is always the same—pure and beautiful as the spirits who inhabit it.

Shall we then call the serious Student unhappy, because his happiness differs from ours ? The tears he sheds are for those who weep—for those who mourn : he grieves for the world, not for himself ; for he is happy beyond any thing the world can imagine—happy in solitude and innocence. Let his gayest scoffer watch him, as he journeys on, with the smile of peace upon his face, regardless whether his path lies through the garden or the desert ; and let him follow till he smile for the last time on his death-bed, when he will be tempted to exclaim, with the writer of this brief sketch—"May my last end be like his !"

T.

TO MY PILLOW.

When sick of the world and forgotten by all,
 Who in pleasure and pain are remembered by me ;
 When the tear that by pride was forbidden to fall,
 Escapes, when unwitnessed, by any but thee.
 When others have buried their sorrows in slumber,
 And e'en misery sleeps on her pillow of stone ;
 When I am condemned the sad hours to number,
 And seem to inhabit the world alone,
 Then in thee false deluder ! I seek consolation,
 And sue for the balmy oblivion of sleep ;
 But thou givest it such horrors of fancy's creation,
 As make it a pleasure to wake and to weep.

—K—

ALBUM TRIFLES FOR FRANCISCA.

I.

When the songs we loved in childhood,
Are awakened once again ;
Though 'tis not our native mountains,
That are echoing back the strain ;
There's a gentle feeling waken'd,
With which we would not part,
And though tears are on the eyelids,
There is joy upon the heart !

When the well-remembered voices
Fall again upon the ear,
Of the wanderer, returning,
After many a lonely year :
All the sorrows of the spirit,
Like the morning mists, depart,
At affliction's rising sunbeams—
And there's joy upon the heart !

When the hopes that we have clung to,
Thro' a dreary time of toil,
Seem, no more to mock our wishes,
In reality to smile ;
We forget the pangs we've suffer'd,
From affliction's bitter smart ;
And though tears are on the eyelids,
There is joy upon the heart !

II.

Where is a home for us through the earth roving,
Sorrow encircling the pathway we tread ;
Where are the forms of the loved and loving,
Who from our memory never shall fade ?
In the grave—in the grave !

Where is a couch of rest, where we may slumber,
Disturb'd not by dreams of the strife of this world,
When the dark weight of griefs, our hearts that encumber,
Is in eternal forgetfulness furl'd ?
In the grave—in the grave !

III.

The past, with its enjoyments !—wheresoe'er my thoughts should be,
They are turning, ever turning, with intensity to ye !
The village church, the village green, where childhood's years were spent,
Are rising to my mind with forms of fairest beauty bent.

My spirits young companions—the delights of boyhood's hours,
When truth display'd her golden stores, and pleasure ope'd her flowers ;
The chasers of the honey bee, as she roam'd from spot to spot,
These, these, in spite of toil and time, can never be forgot.

The charms of youth's maturer time, those forms of grace and light,
The sunshine of whose glance dispel'd, the clouds of sorrow's night :
Whose voices were like music from some gentle fairy flute ;
Whose bosoms were all purity that the world could not pollute.

Not unremember'd are they, for they haunt each daily dream,
And round my couch, like angels, to protect me ever seem.
In waking or in slumbering—from the first unto the last,
One thought is ever hunting me, and that thought is—the past !

I'M TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW.

Oh! prithee, Mamma, do not make such a fuss,
 About prudence, and changing my station;
 There have many gone thro', such affairs before us,
 Nor suffer'd the least hesitation;
 Every sentence I utter—each gesture and look,
 From propriety's pages I'll borrow,
 That you ne'er shall have reason, to bring me to book,
 Tho' I'm to be married to-morrow!

You say I'm too young, but Mamma, that's a crime,
 Too light, for your grave reprobation;
 And if I live long enough, surely in-time,
 For complaint, you can have no occasion;
 Mamma, dear Mamma, I would not have you think,
 A moment, on sighing and sorrow,
 I'm so happy, I'm sure, I shall not sleep a wink—
 For I'm to be married to-morrow!

ANGLO-TASMANICUS.

ON GALLANTRY AND DUELLING.

With what inexplicable caprice mankind are prone to miscall actions, and misjudge their performers, can scarcely be rendered more manifest, than by adverting to the reception which is, **COMMONLY**, extended to the "man of honor:" *alias* the duellist: *alias* the cold-hearted systematic murderer! and to the "man of gallantry:" *alias* the destroyer of parental peace: *alias* the treacherous betrayer of virgin confidence and of generous affection! These "men," instead of being hunted down by the scorn and indignation of society as human monsters who deserve no toleration, are welcomed with "wreathed smiles"—(*Oh! shame, where is thy blush? Oh! woman, where is thy frown?*) are welcomed, I repeat, into the festive halls of beauty, rank, and professed morality, as an ornament to the banquet, and as, by their "honor" and "gallantry," shedders of *eclat* on the assemblage. Whilst the widow and the orphan offspring of the "honorable" ruffian's assassinated victim, are pining unpitied and desolate in destitution, and whilst the "gallant" deceiver's hapless prey, after seeing her grey-haired, broken-hearted mother, descend into the grave, which he, fiend-like, had dug for her, crouches shivering, hungry, and but half-apparelled, beneath the frozen winter's blast—on the cold stone portal of some upstart villain, who has purchased wealth at the cost of his integrity, one might rationally conclude, that every generous sentiment would unite with the most prudential apprehensions, to expel from the hallowed recess of a father's home, the monsters to whom I have alluded. But, no! The parent who vindictively transports his famishing labourer for

having snared a hare, is inconsistent enough, to entertain at table with his unsuspecting wife and uncontaminated daughters, the wretch whose practice is to seduce, and whose satanic pride is to boast that it is so;—forgetful, all the while, that the poacher's offence *might*, in truth, have resulted from necessity; but, that the “man of gallantry” *must* have been both ungrateful for hospitality, and a vilely dishonorable violator of faith reposed in his sincerity!—The “man of honor,” too, who will, with a demon's black insinuations, first undermine the innocence of his entertainer's wife, and then give him “the satisfaction of a gentleman” at twelve paces, with a hair trigger—(the consequences of which not seldom are, that the insulted husband is assassinated—the seduced wife stabs herself in remorse, and her defenceless daughters are cast upon a merciless world, to be tossed by every temptation, as a straw on the ocean is moved by every ripple,) the “man of honor” too, I say, is countenanced, by those who profess to love humanity, and hold vice in detestation—by those who make long prayers, and deprecate with all a Cromwell's cant, each dereliction from propriety! Most strange—most incomprehensible, that in England, the retreat of philosophy and the temple of christianity—in England, whose boast is to “call things by their proper names,” and whose Criminal Laws, if framed agreeably to her constitution, recognize no distinction between the opulent and indigent, the noble and ignoble, amongst offenders:—most strange indeed! that the worst of blood-stained murderers, instead of being elevated on a tree of ignominious death, and gibbeted until his bones become blanched by the rains of Heaven, should be sheltered and caressed as *gentlemen* forsooth! or “*men of honor*,” and that the snake of the fire-side—the domestic fiend—the deliberate seducer, instead of being an object of universal hatred and reproach, should be nourished in the bosom of society, as a “man of gallantry”—whilst his debased and grief-blanching victim, like a blighted lilly is drooping to the earth, abandoned by the destroyer, and prevented, by the barbarous prejudice of the world—which most ungenerously punishes seduction in the betrayed, not in the betrayer—from ever re-ascending by the climax of penitence and propriety, to at least within the outward pale of unstigmatized association! Yes, reader, it is strange, and it is pitiable, but *alas! it is also true*. Man, *lordly man*, expects when he falls, to be lifted; when he offends, and sorrows for offending, to be pardoned; but he too often acts as if he forgot that the author of his redemption had taught him to implore compassion in the degree that he displays it into his fellow-creatures. Poor *feeble woman*, on the contrary, if, beguiled by his perjured vows and fascinating flattery—his seeming truth and professed adoration—she drops *but once* from the elevation of her innocence, regains it NEVER! but is, from being degraded, alone, *in person*, (for I view her *principles* as yet, unpolluted) forced into that pity-moving but depraved connexion of unblushing harlots, who may be called the shameless ruin of their own sex, and the

shame of man :—a connexion into which I might almost assert that were even an angel of light to be cast, she would speedily resemble a spirit of darkness.

AMICUS.

A THOUGHT.

As from the faintest spark, a spacious City, may, in a few hours become enveloped by all the horrors of a conflagration ;—and, as a ball of snow, impelled by the playful school-boy from the summit of a hill, accumulates both power and bulk, no less than speed, with every descending evolution ;—so nations may be plunged, as France has been, into anarchy, through the progressive influence of speculative patriotism. To the philosophy of the Abbé Raynal, misapplied to the public affairs of a People, too mercurial to be long contented under any form of Government, may be fairly ascribed the momentum given to the Car of Parisian murder, in 1792 ;—poor good old man, he indeed “ furnished arms to the hand of licentiousness,” and by having done so, *proved the danger of broaching opinions and disseminating principles which the multitude do not understand*—opinions and principles which, by fostering their natural love of novelty, and apparently sanctioning their factious promptness to be discontented, are productive of evils the most sanguinary, and innovative ; when they are designed, *rather to repair and beautify the edifice of the State, than to raze it to the dust.*

T.

FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

I deem'd you loved me, for your eye
 Would fondly rest on me ;
 I deem'd you loved me, for your sigh
 Would breathe—your cheek would be
 Tinged with a crimson, if I came
 Across your path by chance ;
 And then what thoughts, without a name,
 Spoke in your hurried glance !
 I deem'd you loved me, for I knew
 How in my heart I shrined you—
 How in each gentle, tenderest clue
 Of fancy I entwined you ;
 I deem'd you loved, because I saw
 Your actions like my own—
 Your eye had my heart's timid awe,
 Your voice my trembling tone.
 I deem'd you loved—I ne'er had loved
 Until that feeling burst—
 Beautiful, glorious, tried and proved,
 The passionate, the first.
 I deemed you loved—I was deceived !
 My dream of bliss is past :
 Those only know like me bereaved,
 Such First Love is the Last !

WHEN THE WORLD WAS IN ITS YOUTH.

When the world was in its youth,
(Now 'tis old and grey,)
There were maidens, fair and true,
Who felt love, and *owned* it, too :
Where, oh ! where are they !

Is the world a wiser world ?
Is it brighter grown ?
Hath it kept its hopes of youth ?
Or its brave free-hearted truth,
Since those maids have flown !

No ! Then, if't no better be
Than 'twas in its youth,
Let's call back those maids to woo us ;
Haply they may bring unto us
Gentle, gentle Truth.

THE SIEGE OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

It is very commonly remarked, that the most enterprising and reckless boys at school, are the sons of clergymen. Our school-boy recollections of our late visitor, at Hobart Town, Lieut.-Colonel Snodgrass, C. B., H. P., truly exemplified this remark ; for a more lion-hearted little fellow, never entered a play-ground. We have seen him, many a time, at the head of the boys, in a snow-ball battle, standing the brunt of the enemy, regardless of a host, and encouraging the bigger boys to the charge. If, in the game of bat and ball, on the ice, he was the well-known ringleader, and always first in the chace ; or, if the ball was struck upon the land, Kenneth was the first, who dared to rush through the broken ice, upon the breach, and claim his right, with the ball in hand, to start the game afresh. When we draw back our memory, for nearly forty years, and compare the thin figure of the youth, the active spirit which animated him—communicating that spirit to others, wherever he went—and now observe him sobered down into the quiet autumn of life, we may truly observe with the poet—

———“ Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud, without our special wonder ? ”

The military career of this brave officer, commenced in the year 1803 ; and, after having been (we may say,) on the field of battle,

for nearly 10 years, where he invariably signalized himself, by his bravery, and courage ; we find him, in the year 1813, at the siege of St. Sebastian, engaged, in one of the most extraordinary acts of heroism, known, during the peninsular war.

St. Sebastian, occupies a neck of land, which juts into the sea, being washed on two sides by the waters of the Bay of Biscay, and, on the third, by the river Gurumea: this, though inconsiderable, cannot be forded, except at low tide ; it therefore adds not a little to the general strength of the place—but the strength of the place consists, far more in the great regularity and solidity of its fortifications, than in its natural situation. The scenery, around St. Sebastian, is, in the highest degree, interesting, and fine. The tents of the besiegers, were placed upon the lower range of hills, about two miles and a half distant from the town. They stood, for the most part, among the orchards, and in the valleys, and ravines, with which the place abounded.

There is no species of duty, in which a soldier is employed, so galling, or so disagreeable, as a siege. For ten days, the besieging army had been busily employed, in bringing up ammunition, and in dragging into battery, one of the most splendid trains of heavy ordnance, which a British general has ever had at his command. On the evening of the 26th August, 1813, matters were completed ; no fewer than sixty pieces or artillery were mounted against the town, whilst twenty mortars, of different calibre, prepared to scatter death among its defenders. On the morning of the 27th, a single shell was thrown from the heights, on the right of the town, as a signal for the batteries to open, and then a most tremendous cannonade began. The gunners kept up their fire during the whole of the 27th, the 28th, the 29th, and 30th. The ramparts gave way, not in numerous small fragments, such as might afford a safe, and easy footing, to those who were to ascend, but in huge masses, which, rolling down like crags from the face of a precipice, would serve to impede the advance of a column, almost as effectually, as if they had not fallen at all. Yet such was the path, by which our troops must proceed. The tide promised to answer about noon. Whilst in this suspense, a few daring spirits were at work, devising means for furthering the intended assault, and securing its success. Conspicuous among these, was Major Snodgrass, of the 52nd British regiment, but who commanded, on the present occasion, a battalion of Portuguese. Up to the present night, by examining the stream, as minutely as it could be examined by a telescope, from the distance, only one ford had been discovered. Major Snodgrass had conceived the idea, that there must be another ford, so far above the one already known, as to carry those, who should cross it, at once to the foot of a smaller breach. Though the moon was in her first quarter, and gave a very considerable light, he devoted the whole of the night of the 30th, to a personal trial of the river, and he found, as he expected it, fordable at low water, immediately opposite to the smaller breach. By this ford he accordingly crossed,

the water reaching somewhat above his waist : nor was he contented with having ascertained this fact : he clambered up the face of the breach at midnight, gained its summit, and looked down upon the town, contriving to elude the vigilance of the French sentinels—this fact is familiarly known to all, who served at the siege of St. Sebastian.

It is an extraordinary fact, that the morning of the 31st rose dark, and gloomy, as if the elements themselves had been aware of the approaching conflict, and were determined to add to its awfulness, by their disorder. A close, and oppressive heat, pervaded the atmosphere, whilst lowering, and sulphurous clouds, covered the face of the sky ;—these gradually collected into one black mass, directly over the devoted city, when the storm burst forth.

This was the first time that a town was stormed by day light, since the commencement of the war, and the storming party were enabled distinctly to perceive, the preparations which were making for their reception.

It would be difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader, any thing like a correct notion of the state of feeling, which takes possession of a man, waiting for the commencement of a battle.

Noon had barely passed, when the low state of the tide, giving evidence, that the river might be forded, the word was given to advance. Silent, as the grave, the column moved forward. In one instant the leading files had cleared the trenches, and the others poured on in quick succession, after them, when the work of death began. The enemy having reserved their fire, till the head of the column had gained the middle of the stream, then opened, with the most deadly effect. Grape, cannister, musketry, shells, grenades, and every species of missile, were hurled from the ramparts, beneath which, our gallant fellows dropped like corn before the reaper ; the opposite bank was gained, without a single shot having been returned by the assailants. Here, bayonet met bayonet, and sabre met sabre, in close and desperate strife, without the one party being able to advance, or the other, succeeding in driving them back. Thus raged the battle for nearly a quarter of an hour, when Major Snodgrass, at the head of the 13th Portuguese regiment, dashed across the river by his own ford, and assaulted the lesser breach ; but here the obstacles were almost insurmountable.

Perceiving that matters were almost desperate, General Graham had recourse to a desperate remedy, and ordered our own artillery to fire upon the breach. Nothing could be more surprising than this practice : though our men stood only about two feet below the breach, scarcely a single ball from the guns of our batteries, struck amongst them, whilst all told, with fearful exactness, among the enemy. This fire had been kept up only a few minutes, when an explosion took place, such as drowned every other noise, and apparently confounded, for an instant, the combatants on both sides. A shell from one of our mortars, had exploded near the train, which communicated with a quantity of gunpowder, placed

under the breach. This mine the French had intended to spring, as soon as our troops should have made good their footing, or establish themselves on the summit: but the accident anticipated them. It exploded, whilst three hundred grenadiers, the *élite* of the garrison, stood over it. The spectacle was most appalling. Both parties stood still to gaze upon the havoc. The state of stupefaction into which they were thrown, did not last long with the British troops; they sprang over the dilapidated parapet, and the rampart was their own! To reach the streets, they were obliged to leap about fifteen feet, or to make their way through the burning houses, which joined the wall: both courses were adopted, according as different parties were guided, in their pursuit of the flying enemy, and here, again, the battle was renewed. The French fought with desperate courage, but were driven from street to street.

Night had now set in, and long before midnight, St. Sebastian was one sheet of flaming fire.

A S.

A TALE OF BLOOD.

"Out damn'd spot!"

The seasons have revolved but a few years, since the now respectable, and always luxuriant, settlement, at Pitt Water, was tenanted by some of the most atrocious villains, who ever projected, or perpetrated, acts of fiend-like barbarity. Too indolent, to cultivate a soil of the richest character, when grain was productive of more than equivalent remuneration for industry, and outlay; too dissipated to forego an habitual indulgence in spirituous stimulants, and other, (at that period,) exceedingly expensive luxuries: and, too utterly unprincipled, to respect, as sacred, the possessions of their fellow-creatures, they—as may readily be supposed, unhesitatingly, took advantage of the defenceless state in which flocks and herds, despasturing in a new country, were unavoidably placed, and, like the Highland freebooters of *auld lang syne*, marauded, with reckless, and irresistible impunity. But, alas! robbery did not limit their aggressions: sin is the mother of fear, and fear, produces cruelty. The wretches alluded to, were murderers!

In the spring of 1824, arrived from England, as an emigrant, a Mr. S——, who, in proportion to his capital, which was understood to be somewhat considerable, received from the then Lieutenant

Governor, Colonel Sorell, a location-order, in the settlement I have mentioned. He soon afterwards proceeded thereto, and opened a store, to supply the inhabitants with articles of general merchandize. Unhappy man! better had it been for him, and, less painful to humanity, if the surge of the wild atlantic had enshrined him: better, far better, to have sunk, an innocent victim to an exasperated effort of the elements, whilst careering in "the bark, doomed never to return," than to meet the horrifying fate, he here encountered. Let all, who peruse the following narrative, shun the very slightest approach to even, merely, the toleration of crime!

Habit has been defined as second nature, and bad habit, I venture to assert, is first nature: man imbibes impurity with the milk of his mother's bosom, and, throughout life, however anxious to be pure, is warped, more or less by a tendency to degenerate. That comparatively good men are, therefore, oftentimes inconsistent—however to be lamented—cannot be surprising. These observations are induced to conceal, what, if opportunely developed, would not only have cleansed the Augean stable of Pittwater delinquency, but have preserved the informant's existence, from worse than the Indian's scalping knife, the Tasmanian-Aborigine's waddy, or the blood-thirsty hatchet of a cannibal New Zealander.

When Mr. S—— became established in his store, money being scarce, he, in common with every other Colonial trader, was obliged to dispose of his property on credit, or, to *close his day-book*: he chose the confiding alternative; and to that he *owed*, (writing as others write) his procrastinated dying agonies, and unsepulchred death. Among his many debtors, were men, whose hearts had ceased to pulsate honorably: men, who, though living in swinish opulence, had neither a persevering motive to achieve a rustic independence, nor, conscience, sufficiently alert, to detect, and forbid, unhallowed acts, for customary gratification.

At this period of historical remembrance, the wilderness, (vernacularly called the bush,) was impervious, except to enterprize: Mc'Adam had not produced an *Adam*-like paradiseal path, through vales, and over mountains—nature's obstacles to civilization, were totally unameliorated, and, consequently, the remote settler's valuable property, remained less subservient to his surveillance, and more exposed to predatory attacks, than it now is, or will ever be, again. Hence, it cannot be a matter of amazement, that dishonest men should have prowled like wolves, and devastated the defenceless flocks, and herds, of their neighbours. Hereby hangs our tale!

"What do you ask for this tobacco box?" "Two shillings!" "I want a bag of sugar, what am I to have it for?" "Four pence a pound!" "Well, have you any tea?" "Yes!" "The price?" "Ten pounds the chest!" "I'll take one—but" (calling a servant

outside!—Ben. bring in the casks. Fill this with rum, it holds 10 gallons—and this with brandy.”—“Why, really, sir, I wish to know your mode of payment; nevertheless, not by any means, or in any respect troubling you.”—“Payment! I am just the fellow that can pay, and if you had *gumputa*, six months should make your fortune!”—“But how is that? Let me hear you confidentially; I don’t bring *gumputa*, and some liquor—Mr. S—, do me the favour of explaining your *dudoo* in my little parlour.”

The trader hurried his customer into a little room, in which a cheerful fire of the oak logs was blazing; and the sociable preliminaries, of what is colloquially termed—a *troughish-varn*, being adjusted by reciprocal allusions of Bengal prison, *alias* oriental liquid fire, *alias* very bad rum—the would-be purchaser, and worse than evil, promoter of fortune, “proceeded,” as he said, “to business. Mr. S—,” he observed, “you’re a d—d good sort of a fellow, but a complete green-horn, in this here Colony—you are not awake, you’re a new *chum*, and will not have a wattle bird’s feathers to fly with, in twelve months, if you stand for trifles with us, Settlers.”—“What do you mean?” asked the storekeeper. “Why, I’ll tell you,” said the guest, “you think, that in this here place, trade can be carried on *upon the square*! Now, there’s your mistake: live, and let live, is my motto—and to live, here, you must do as others do; but you are squeamish, and ask too many questions. Recollect where you are!” The speaker, here, refilled his tumbler with grog, and quaffed it off, (evidently to his great satisfaction.) “I don’t care the worth of this here pipe,” said the callous scoundrel, (as he threw its brazil-tobacco’s white ash behind the iron dogs, that supported the crackling fire logs)—“I don’t care a curse for what Bobby the Parson may preach about piety. I knows what I know—money is, in this here place, the sole passport to respectability; and if you be advised by me, I’ll put you up to a trick, or two, by which the dollars and rupees, and dumps, shall tumble in, like herrings off Margate into a seine, or like — into a London hospital.” “I really don’t comprehend you,” said Mr. S—, “pray be explicit? If you can point out any plan, by which my circumstances can be honestly improved, and are disposed to do so, I am anxious to hear you—but Mr. R—, be good enough to understand, that I do not wish to acquire opulence by tricks.” “Ah! just like you,” exclaimed the fellow, “you are like all other timid men, anxious for independence, but like the greater portion of your brother new *chums*, afraid to struggle for it.” A pause of some moments ensued—fresh logs illumed the hearth—fresh glasses of grog stimulated the companions, and a freshly ignited pipe in the mouth of the invited, was reinvolving the apartment in a cloud of smoke, that served to conceal the externally developed character of his mind, when the host, (whose feelings had been gradually deranged by too copious, and not customary draughts) replied, to the already stated observations of his companion, “I’m afraid of nothing! I have

left a country, I long to see again—a wife, and two lovely babes, whom, rather than be absent from, I could die :—show me, therefore, how that longing can be gratified—that absence shortened—and I will be grateful.”

“Will you take sheep for my purchases?” “Yes!” “May a friend of mine, on my account, supply you at market price, with beef, for your establishment?” “Yes: I see no objection.” “Well, a bargain’s struck—tip me your daddle—good night! On the evening of Monday next, all that I’ve had from you” (for by this time the rum and brandy casks had been filled, and, together with the tobacco box, sugar, and tea, deposited in a “Clarence Plains curricie,”—“all that there property shall be paid for—good night *my covey*!” So saying, the customer untethered a bald-faced brood mare, from a gum stump, around which she had browsed, so far as a bullock-hide rope had permitted her, and carolling a line or two of

“ ’Tis my delight, on a moonlight night,
At the season of the year,”

he cantered away, to overtake his cart.

Mr. S— immediately after threw himself on a stringy-bark sofa, covered with an ordinary wool matrass, which was simply enveloped by a kangaroo rug. He strove to repose, but could not. He had indulged, by chance, in an extra glass, and the excessive stimulation thereby induced, accompanied by the peculiar discourse of the evening, had “murdered sleep.” He knew not that he was criminal, but he, at intervals, felt a most unwelcome sensation, of having been acting imprudently; and day-light lingeringly dawned upon his closeless eyes, without administering solace, for the by-gone conversational inadvertence.

“I have made,” said the unfortunate man, “a pledge, to do what my heart forbodes, has some fatal mystery connected with it. I know not why, but, strange, and indefinable apprehensions disturb me. Can they be the horrors, produced by drinking?—yes, yes, they must be so, and they will form, throughout life, an appalling monitor against intoxication.” But, alas, the victim settler’s inference was erroneous—what he felt was prophecy, soon, too soon, with shrieking agony, to be fulfilled!

On the following Sunday morning, beneath the deep and graceful foliage of a superb cherry tree, in a small ravine, near the Large Lagoon, sometimes the scene of at least, plunder, and suspected to have more than once afforded shelter to a murderer, just as darkness rolled away from the rising sun, and the bronze-winged wood pigeon began its matin offering of gratitude, to the God of nature, sat, or rather crouched, three men, in the wild costume of kangaroo hunters, while, around them, basking before the remains of a considerable fire, were five or six dogs, partaking of the mastiff, and the greyhound. “I tell you what my mind is,” said one of the

men to his companions, „we all owe that d——d new chum, S——, a b——y sight of blunt, and he threatens to sue me for payment of mine—now what hinders us from——

“Putting him aside! you mean,” exclaimed a gruff-voiced, surly looking fellow; whilst a wreath of blue smoke rapidly ascended from the embers, as if unwilling to remain in the precincts of such horrible depravity. “I’ll help,” cried the third fellow, “for if Abbótt should decide against me, I should be completely cleaned out—and the old woman, and her kids, be homeless! I say, again, I’ll help!” so saying, he pulled from his large furred knapsack a large clasp knife, and swearing on its gleaming blade, “*to never split!*” he passed it to his confederates, who performed the same prophanation of solemnity. T.

(To be concluded in our next.)

YOUNG AND OLD MAIDENS.

No young lady can retain her lovers long, if she uses them well; she who would have her adorer’s as faithful as a dog, must beat them like one. But when middle-aged ladies have exceeded forty, and middle-aged gentlemen have travelled beyond fifty, the case assumes a different complexion; the softer sex is then allowed, and indeed, necessitated, to throw off a little of that cruelty which is so decidedly killing at eighteen: accordingly, it may be observed, that women make their advances, as Time makes his. At twenty, when a swain approaches to pay his devoirs, they exclaim with an air of languid indifference, “Who is he?”—At thirty, with a prudent look toward the ways and means, the question is, “What is he?”—At forty, much anxiety manifests itself into—“Which is he?”—But at the *ultima thule* of fifty, the expecting fair proposes to spring upon any prey, and exclaims—“Where is he?”

S.

THE REAL HISTORY OF JEANIE DEANS.

It is no longer doubted or denied, that Helen Walker, of the parish of Irongray, in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, was the pro-

totype of the heroine who, under the fictitious name of Jeanie Deans, figures so conspicuously in the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian.' Her history, however humble, was, in some respects, eventful, and when stripped of all adventitious ornament, may be given very briefly, though few readers require to be informed that it has been expanded into an interesting and somewhat bulky novel, by the fertile genius of Sir Walter Scott. From whence her parents came is not known, but it is generally believed that they were what are called "incomers" into the parish of Irongray, and were in no way connected with the Walkers, of Clouden, a race, alike distinguished for respectability and longevity, and who have flourished, time out of mind, upon the fertile and pleasant banks of the Cairn. Her father appears to have been a labouring man; and at his death, his widow, who was then well stricken in years, became dependent for support on the industry of her daughters, Nelly and Tibby Walker. But this, the former was far from viewing in the light of a hardship—she who was so rich in sisterly, could not be deficient in filial affection; and I have been informed by Elizabeth Grierson, housekeeper to Mr. Stott, optician, of Dumfries, who, when a "lassie," knew Helen well, that though sometimes constrained to dine on dry bread and water, rather than pinch her poor old mother, she consoled herself with the idea, that a blessing flowed from her virtuous abstinence, and that "she was as clear in the complexion, and looked as like her meat and work, as the best of them." The respectable female just named, who has herself passed the boundary line of three-score-and-ten, resided in her youth at a place called Dalwhairn, in Irongray, where her father cultivated a small farm. Helen Walker, at this time,—that is at least "sixty years since,"—was much as the phrase goes, about her father's house; nursed her mother during her confinement, and even acted as the leading gossip at all the christenings; was respected as a conscientious auxiliary in harvest, and uniformly invited to share the good things of rural life, when the *mart* happened to be killed, or a *melder* of corn was brought from the mill. Her conversational powers were of a high order, considering her humble situation in life; her language most correct, ornate, and pointed; her deportment sedate, and dignified in the extreme. Many of the neighbours regarded her as "a little *pensy* body,"—that is, conceited, or proud: but, at the same time, they bore willing testimony to her exemplary conduct, and unwearied attendance on the duties of religion. Wet or dry she appeared regularly at the parish church, and even when at home, delighted in searching the Scriptures daily. On a small round table the "big ha' Bible" usually lay open, and though "household affairs would often call her hence," it was observed by her visitors, that when she lacked leisure to read continuously, she sometimes glanced at a single verse, and then appeared to ponder the subject deeply. A thunder-storm, which appals most females, had on her quite an opposite effect. While the elemental war continued, it was her custom to repair to the door of her cottage, the knitting-gear in her

hand, and well-coned Bible open before her ; and when questioned on the subject by her wondering neighbours, she replied, " That she was not afraid of thunder ; and that the Almighty, if such were his divine pleasure, could smite in the city as well as in the field." When out-door labour could not be procured, she supported herself by footing stockings—an operation, which bears the same relation to the hosier's craft that the cobbler's does to the shoemaker's. It has been reported, too, that she sometimes taught children to read ; but as no one about Clouden remembers this fact, I am inclined to regard it as somewhat apocryphal. Helen, though a woman of small stature, had been rather well-favoured in her youth. On one occasion she told Elizabeth Grierson, that she should not do as she had done, but " winnow the corn when the wind blew in the barn-door." By this, she meant, that she should not hold her head too high, by rejecting the offer of a husband, when it came in her way ; and when joked on the subject of matrimony herself, she confessed, though reluctantly, that she once had a sweetheart—a youth she esteemed, and by whom she imagined she was respected in turn ; that her lover, at a fair time, overtook her on horseback, and that when she asked if he would take her up, answered gaily " That I will, Helen, if ye can ride an inch behind the tail." The levity of this answer offended her greatly, and from that moment she cast the recreant from her heart, and never, as she confessed, loved again. I regret that I am unable to fix the exact date of the principal incident in Helen Walker's life. I believe, however, that it occurred a few years previous to the more lenient law *anent* child murder, which was passed in 1736. At this time her sister Tibby, who was considerably younger, and a comely girl, resided in the same cottage ; and it is not improbable that their father, a worthy man, was also alive. Isabella was courted by a youth of the name of Waugh, who had the character of being rather wild, fell a victim to his snares, and became *enceinte*, though she obstinately denied the fact to the last. The neighbours, however, suspected that a child had been born, and repeatedly urged her to confess her fault. But she was deaf to their entreaties, and denied all knowledge of a dead infant, which was found shortly after in the Cairn, at Clouden. The circumstance was soon bruited abroad, and by the directions of the Rev. Mr. Guthrie, of Irongray, the suspected person, and *corpus delicti*, were carried before the authorities for examination. The unnatural mother was committed to prison, and confined in what was called the " thief's hole," in the old jail of Dumfries—a grated room on the ground floor, whither her seducer sometimes repaired, and conversed with her through the grating. When the day of trial arrived, Helen was told that " a single word of her mouth would save her sister, and that she would have time to repent afterwards ;" but, trying as was the ordeal, harrassing the alternative, nothing could shake her noble fortitude, her endearing and virtuous resolution. Sleep for nights fled from her pillow ; most fervently she prayed for help and succour in the time of need ; often she wept,

till the tears refused to flow, and her heart seemed too large for her body ; but still, no argument, however subtle—no entreaties, however agonizing—could induce her to offend her Maker, by swerving from the truth. Her sister was tried, condemned, and sentenced to be executed at the termination of the usual period of six weeks. The result is well known, and is truly, as well as powerfully, set forth in the novel. Immediately after the conviction, Helen Walker borrowed a sum of money, procured one or more letters of recommendation, and without any other guide than the public road, began to wend her way to the city of London—a journey, which was then considered more formidable than a voyage to America is at the present day. Over her best attire she threw a plaid and hood, walked barefooted the whole way, and completed the distance in fourteen days. Though her feet were “ sorely blistered,” her whole frame exhausted, and her spirits sadly jaded, she found it impossible to rest until she had inquired her way to the residence of John, Duke of Argyle. As she arrived at the door, his grace was just about to step into his carriage ; and, as the moment was too critical to be lost, the heroic pilgrim presented her petition, fell upon her knees, and urged its prayer with a degree of earnestness, and natural eloquence, that more than realised the well-known saying of “ snatching a grace beyond the reach of art.” Here, again, the result is well known ; a pardon was procured, and despatched to Scotland ; and the pilgrim, after her purse had been replenished, returned home, gladdened and supported by the consoling thought that she had done her duty without violating her conscience. Touching this great chapter in her history, she was always remarkably shy and reserved ; but there is one person still alive, who has heard her say, that it was “ through the Almighty’s strength,” that she was enabled to meet the duke at the most critical moment—a moment, which, if lost, never might have been recalled in time to save her sister’s life. Tibby Walker, from the stain cast on her good name, retired to England, and afterwards became united to the man that had wronged her, and with whom, as is believed, she lived happily for the greater part of half a century. Her sister resumed her quiet rural employments, and, after a life of unsullied integrity, died in November or December, 1791, at the age of nearly fourscore. My respectable friend, Mr. Walker, found her residing as a cottier on the farm at Clouden, when he entered it, upwards of forty years ago, was exceedingly kind to her when she became frail, and even laid her head in the grave. Up to the period of her last illness, she corresponded regularly with her sister, and received every year from her a cheese and a “ pepper cake,” portions of which she took great pleasure in presenting to her friends and neighbours. The exact spot in which she was interred, was lately pointed out in Irongray churchyard, a romantic cemetery on the banks of the Cairn ; and though, as a country-woman said, there was nothing to distinguish it “ but a stane ta’en aff the dyke,” Sir Walter Scott has since erected a suitable monument to her memory, which, in connexion with the

novel, will transmit her fame to a distant posterity, and, in all probability, render the spot so classical, that it will be visited by thousands on thousands, in after generations.

A PEASANT GIRL'S LOVE.

The county assizes had commenced in my native town, when a new batch of Irish tithe arrangers were brought in prisoners by a strong party of police. They had attacked only the previous evening a gentleman's house, in our neighbourhood, for the purpose of rifling it of arms—had been repulsed by the police, who, aware of their intentions, lay in ambush for them, and lives were lost on both sides. I was idling on one of the bridges, when they passed by to the jail, bound with ropes and with belts and buckles to the common cars of the country, and the expression of their haggard cheeks and hopeless or scowling eyes, was sickening in the fair sun-light of that beautiful spring day. Some of them were wounded too, and brow, or hand, or clothing, gave vivid evidence of the fact.

But, although the general impression made by the whole of the wretched groups was painful, one face among them strongly interested me. It was that of a young man not more than nineteen or twenty; his features were comely, and, I would have it, full of goodness and gentleness. His clear blue eye, too, was neither sulky, nor savage, nor reckless, but seemed to express great awe of his situation, unless when, from some sudden mental recurrence to home—perhaps, it quailed, or became suffused with tears. I involuntarily followed the melancholy procession towards the jail, thinking of that young man. After all the prisoners had been ushered into their new abode, a popular anti-tithe attorney, whom I knew, accosted me. He was always ready to conduct, gratis, the defences of poor wretches similarly situated, and he told me his intention of going into the jail, that moment, to try and collect materials for saving the lives, at least, of some of the new comers. I expressed a wish to assist him in his new task: he readily consented, observing, that as the unfortunate men would certainly be put on their trials the next day, no offer of aid, in their favour, was to be disregarded; and so we entered the jail together.

It fell to my lot to visit the cell, among others, of the lad who had so much interested me. His assertions, supported, or, not contradicted by most of his band, seemed to argue that I had not formed a wrong opinion of his character—nay, better still, that there was a good chance of snatching him from the gallows, even though he must leave his native land for ever. He had been forced, he said, to accompany the others upon their fatal sortie—had never

been "out" before—and had not pulled a trigger or raised a hand against the police; and, as I have said, his more guilty associates supported, or else did not contravene his statement. So, confident that the police would also bear him out, at the really critical moment, I took notes of his defence for my friend the attorney, and passed on to other cells—but of the results of my continued investigation I will not now speak.

The sagacious attorney was right. By twelve o'clock next day four of the men, including my favourite client, were placed at the bar of their country: three others were too ill of their wounds to be at present produced. All was soon over—and over to my affliction and consternation. Instead of swearing that the young lad had been comparatively forbearing during the battle outside the gentleman's house, the police, one and all, from some strange mistake—for surely they thought they were in the right—distinctly deposed, that his was the hand that slew one of their force, and badly wounded another. In vain did he protest, with the energy of a young man pleading for dear, dear life, and all its array of happy promise, against their evidence;—in vain did his fellow-prisoners support him: he and they were found guilty in common; but his fate was the terrific one—of him the example was to be made; and while the other men were only sentenced to transportation for life, he was doomed to be hanged by the neck within forty-eight hours, and his body given for dissection.

As the Judge uttered the last words of his sentence, a shriek, I shall never forget—it wings through my head now, and makes my nerves quiver and cringe—a woman's shriek—and a young woman's too, pierced up to the roof of the court-house, and then I heard a heavy fall. The young culprit had been trembling and swaying from side to side, during his sentence; at the soul-thrilling sound he started into upright and perfect energy; his hands, which had grasped the bar of the dock, were clapped together with a loud noise; the blood mounted to his very forehead; his lips parted widely, and, having almost shouted out—"Moya! it's she! I knew she'd be here!" he suddenly made a spring to clear the back of the dock. Obviously, no impulse to escape, dictated the action; he wanted to raise Moya—his betrothed Moya—from the floor of the court-house, and clasp her in his arms—and that was all. And, doubtless, in his vigorous and thrice-nerved strength, he must have succeeded in his wild attempt, but that the sleeve of one arm, and the hand of the other became impaled on the sharp iron spikes which surmounted the formidable barrier before him. Thus cruelly impeded, however, he was easily secured, and instantly led down, through a trap door in the bottom of the dock, to his "condemned cell," continuing, till his voice was lost in the depths beneath us, to call out, "Moya, cuishla-ma-chree, Moya!"

I hastened, with many others, into the body of the court, and there learned from her father and mother, and other friends, the connexion between her and the sentenced lad. They were to have been married at Easter. This did not lessen my interest in him,

My attorney joined me, and we spoke of all possible efforts to obtain a commutation of his sentence, after Moya's parents had forced her out of the court-house, on the way to their home, rejecting all her entreaties to be led into the jail, and—married.

We thought of hearing what the wounded policeman might say. But he was fourteen miles distant, on the spot where the affray had occurred, and, even though his evidence might be favourable, we knew we must be prepared to forward it to Dublin, as the Judge would leave our town for the metropolis that day. We set to work, however, mounted two good horses, and within three hours learned from the lips of the wounded man that the Rockite who had fired at him was an elderly and ill-favoured fellow. It was our next business to convey our new evidence into the town; we did so, in a carriage, borrowed from the person whose house had been attacked. He was confronted with all the prisoners; we cautioned him to say nothing that might give a false hope to the object of our interest: but, after leaving the cell, he persisted in exculpating him from having either killed his comrade or wounded himself, and, moreover, pointed out the real culprit among those who had not yet been put upon their trial.

This was a good beginning. An affidavit was soon prepared, which the policeman signed. A few minutes afterwards the attorney, helped in his expenses for the road by some friends, myself among the number, started for Dublin as fast as four horses could gallop with him. Ten hours, out of the forty-eight allowed to the condemned to prepare for death, had already elapsed. Our good attorney must do the best he could within thirty-seven hours—it was fearful not to leave an hour to spare—to calculate time when it would just be merging into eternity. But we had good hopes. If horses did not fail on the road, going and returning, and if the Judge, and, after him, the Lord Lieutenant, could be rapidly approached, it was a thing to be done. That *if*, however!—I scarce slept a wink through the night. Next morning early I called on the clergyman whose sad duty it was to visit the poor lad in his condemned cell; he and I had been schoolfellows; and he was a young man of most amiable character. He told me “his poor penitent” was not unfit to die, nor did he dread the fate before him, notwithstanding his utter anguish of heart at so sudden and terrible a parting from his young mistress. I communicated the hopes we had, and asked the clergyman's opinion as to the propriety of alleviating the lad's agony by a slight impartation of them. My reverend young friend would not hear of such a thing: his conscience did not permit him. It was his duty, he said, his sacred duty, to allow nothing to distract the mind and heart of the penitent from resignation to his lot: and should he give him a hope of life, and then see that hope dashed, he would have helped to kill a human soul, not to save one. I gave up the point, and endeavoured to seek occupations and amusements to turn my thoughts from the one subject which absorbed and fevered them. But in vain: and when the second night came, I had less sleep than on the first.

Early on the second morning I took a walk into the country, along the Dublin road, vaguely hoping to meet even so early, our zealous attorney, returning to us, with a white handkerchief streaming from the window of his post-chaise : that idea had got into my head like a picture, and would recur every moment. I met him not. I lingered on the road. I heard our town clock pealing twelve—the boy had but an hour to live. I looked towards the county jail, whither he had been removed for execution—the black flag was waving over its drop-door. Glancing once more along the Dublin road, I ran as fast as I could towards the jail.—Arrived at the iron gate of its outer yard, I was scarce conscious of the multitude who sat on a height, confronting it, all hushed and silent, or of the strong guard of soldiers at the gate, till one of them refused me way. I bribed the serjeant to convey my name to the governor of the prison, and was admitted, first, into the outer yard, then by the guard-room door, and along a collonade of pillars, connected with iron-work, at either hand, into the inner courts of the jail. The guard-room was under the execution-room, and both formed a building in themselves, separated from the main pile ; the colonnade of which I have spoken, leading from one to the other. What had sent me where I now found myself, was an impulse to beseech the Sheriff (whom I knew, and who was necessarily in the jail to accompany the condemned to the door of the execution-room) for some short postponement of the fatal moment. He came out to me, in one of the courts at either side of the collonade ; we spoke in whispers, as the good and kind-hearted governor and I had done—though there was not a creature to overhear us, in the deserted and sunny spaces all around. I knew the sheriff would at his peril make any change in the hour ; but I told him our case, and his eyes brightened with zeal and benevolence, while he put his watch back three quarters of an hour, and asseverated, with my uncle Toby's oath, I believe, that he would swear it was right, and that all their clocks were wrong, and “let them hang himself for his mistake.” Our point arranged, we sunk into silence. It was impossible to go on talking, even in our conscious whispers : one o'clock soon struck ! The governor, pale and agitated, appeared, making a sad signal to the sheriff. We beckoned him over to us, and he was shown the infallible watch, and retired again, without a word. My friend and I continued standing side by side, in resumed silence. And all was silence around us too, save some few most melancholy, most appalling sounds : one caused by the step of a sentinel under the window of the condemned cell, at an unseen side of the prison : another by the audible murmurings of the condemned and his priest, heard through that window—both growing more fervent in prayer since the jail clock had pealed one ; and a third was made by some person, also unseen, striking a single stroke with a wooden mallet, about every half minute, upon a large muffled bell, at the top of the prison. Yes, I can recall two other sounds which irritated me greatly : the chirping of sparrows in the sun—and I thought that their usually

pert note was now strangely sad—and the tick, tick, of the sheriff's watch, which I heard distinctly in his fob. The minutes flew. I felt pained in the throat—burning with thirst—and losing my presence of mind. The governor appeared again. My friend entered the prison with him. I remained alone, confused and agonized. In a few minutes, the governor came out, bareheaded, and tears on his cheeks. The young clergyman and his younger penitent followed; the former had passed an arm through one of the manacled ones of the latter, and the hands of both were clasped, and pointed upward, and they both were praying, audibly. My old schoolfellow wept like a child. My poor client had passed the threshold into the colonnade, with a firm step—his knees kept peculiarly stiff as he paced along, and his cheeks and forehead were scarlet, while his eye widened and beamed, and was fixed on the steps going up to the execution-room, straight on before him.—He did not yet see me, gazing at him. As the sheriff appeared behind him and his priest, also bareheaded, I rapidly snatched my hat from my head. The action attracted his attention—our glances met—and oh! how the flush instantly forsook his forehead and his cheeks—and how his eyes closed—while cold perspiration burst out on his brow, and he started, stopped, and faltered!—Did he recognize me as the person who had spoken kindly to him in his cell, before his trial, and perhaps, with all my precaution, given him a vague hope? or, was it that the unexpected appearance of a human creature, staring at him in utter commiseration, in that otherwise lonely court-yard, had touched the chord of human associations, and called him back to earth, out of his enthusiastic vision of heaven?—I know not. I cannot even guess:—*who* can? As he faltered, the young priest passed his arm round his body, and gently urged him to his knees, and knelt with him, kissing his cheeks, his lips, pressing his hands, and in tender whispers manning him again for facing shame, and death, and eternity. The governor, the sheriff, and I, instinctively assumed the attitude of prayer at the same moment.—But I hate to give a character of clap-trap to a real, though wonderful occurrence, by continuing too circumstantially Moya's "own boy" never even mounted the steps of the execution-room. We were first startled, while we all knelt, by—as it afterwards proved—her shrieks at the outer gates: she had escaped from the restraint of her family, and had come to the jail, insisting on being married to him "wid the rope itself round his neck, to live a widow for him for ever"—and next there was a glorious shout from the multitude on the rural heights before the prison, and my one ceaseless idea of our attorney, with a white handkerchief streaming through the window of his post-chaise *was* realized, though every one saw it but I. And Moya, self-transported for life, went out to Van Diemen's Land, some weeks afterwards, a happy and contented wife, her family having yielded to her wishes at the instance of more advocates than herself, and put some money in her purse also.—*By the Author of the "O'Hara Tales."*

Domestic Intelligence.

The whole of our Domestic Intelligence is extracted from the Journals of the Island with trifling alterations.

The Annual Races at Oatlands, commenced on the 4th April. The first race of the day was the Trial Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 15 sovs. added from the Race Fund. Colts, 8st. Fillies, 7st. 12lb. One mile heats. Three horses started.

Mr. Austin's Fair Play.

Mr. Lackey's Maid of the Mill.

Mr. Rose's Matilda.

The first heat was won easily by the Maid of the Mill—the second heat was well contested between Fair Play and the Maid of the Mill, the latter winning by half a length. Matilda was withdrawn.

The next race was the Oatlands Plate of 50 sovs. for all ages. 3 sovs. entrance. Heats, three miles.

This race was beautifully contested, and no less than eleven horses started, viz. :—

Mr. Baynton's Liberty.

Mr. Murdoch's Cardinal.

Mr. Scott's Brutus.

Mr. Kermod's Peter.

Dr. Landale's Bucephalus.

Mr. Gibson's Dainty Davy.

Mr. Campbell's Lucifer.

Mr. Gregson's Tippoo.

Mr. Kearney's Wildfire.

Mr. Kearney's Donald Caird.

Mr. Hardwicke's Mazeppa.

The start was an excellent one, and for half the distance it was well contested : but here, that very superior horse Liberty took the lead, and kept it all the way to the distance post, although carrying 9lb. more than his weight, and was winning when a person of the name of James Hoyle rode across the course, and coming in contact with Liberty and Cardinal, drove Liberty over Cardinal—the latter horse and rider were thrown, and Liberty came down, but recovered himself immediately, the rider however kept his seat. Tippoo, at this critical juncture, coming up, made play, and passing Liberty ere he could recover the effect of the shock, finally won by a length.

For the second heat only five horses started, the others having been drawn or not placed—Liberty, Tippoo Saib, Brutus, Young Peter, and Donald Cairn. A good start—Liberty again taking the lead, and keeping it the whole of the way, until by a push near the distance,

Tippoo and Donald Caird passed him, Tippoo winning by a length.

On the rider of Liberty dismounting, he found him lame, supposed to be caused from the great concussion in the fall with Cardinal, and to which cause may be attributed his defeat.

The last race of the day was for the Ladies' Purse of 30 sovs. Heats, two miles. Gentlemen riders. Two sovs. entrance for horses that never won a Plate or Stakes.

Five horses started—but the race lay between Mr. Vincent's Sly Go, and Mr. Jhn Lord's Albert, won easily by the latter.

The sport of the day, upon the whole, was excellent, and had it not been marred by the accidents named, all would have gone off well.

We regret to add another accident of a serious nature, which befel that superior rider Thomas Herbert, while riding Mazeppa—in pulling his horse near the distance post, to avoid coming in contact with another, he struck his head against one of the posts and fell from his horse, breaking his arm in two places, and was taken off the course insensible.

Hunters' sweepstakes of 2 Sovs. each, with 10 Sovs. added. Gentlemen riders. Twice round the Course, with 8 leaps, hurdles 4 feet high. Weights same as Ladies' purse. Four horses started.

Mr. Porter's Barefoot	1	1
Mr. Bisdee's Viscount	2	2
Mr. Tytler's Capsicum	3	3
Mr. Campbell's Lucifer	4	4

The first heat was all in favour of Barefoot ; the second caused some hard running, Lucifer fast winning, when in attempting a leap, he threw his rider and bolted off the course into the bush.

A bye match afterwards took place, twice round the course, between Lucifer and Barefoot. It was most admirably contested, Lucifer winning by a length.

Sweepstakes of 3 Sovs. each, for beaten horses that ran at the present Meeting ; 10 Sovs. added from the Race Fund. Weights, same as Ladies' purse. Post entry. Mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Heats, 2 miles.

Mr. Murdoch's Cardinal	1	1
Mr. Hardwick's Mazeppa	2	2
Madge Wildfire	withdrawn.	

It was a hard contested race, and some very severe running took place in the second heat, Cardinal winning by a length.

Several bye matches of no general interest, took place. Upon the whole, the races were very well attended, and bid fair to vie with those of New Town.

We have much pleasure in learning, that endeavours are being made, to present by subscription, that indefatigable and meritorious individual, Mr. G. A. Robinson, with a piece of plate, or some other tribute of a similar description, of the general estimation in which he is held in regard to his exertions on the Aborigine question. We wish the party every success, for we are of opinion that the Colony is infinitely more indebted to the zeal, ability, and unwearied exertion of Mr. Robinson, for the present quiet state in regard to the Aborigines, than to any other cause whatever.

Mr. Deane's Exhibition Rooms, continue to present great attractions, and on Tuesdays and Fridays, there is generally a musical performance, that is frequently well attended. On some occasions, nearly a hundred persons have been present. Lately, these *Soirees*, (for we do not know a better term to give them) have been the means of introducing to the public, a female singer of very high pretensions—her sweetness of voice, accuracy, and chasteness of style being universally admired by all who have heard her.—A little more confidence at times, would be an improvement, but this we have no doubt will be acquired, as she becomes more accustomed to a public exhibition; and we fully expect that by the time Mr. Deane's new Concert room is completed, she will be pronounced by every one, a very great acquisition. Her manners are particularly quiet and unobtruding.

It is understood that a little *embarrass*, which the nomination of the Rev. Mr. Bedford, jun., to the New Norfolk Church, had unexpectedly occasioned, has been the cause of several clerical arrangements being made—one effect of which, among others, will be that the inhabitants of New Town, will in future receive the benefit of the performance of Divine Service every Sunday at the Orphan School.

A notification in the *Gazette*, of the 19th April, seems to imply, that the

Government are in earnest in their intention, of forthwith establishing a Market. Better late than never, we admit, but own, we scarcely understand how the extraordinary indifference hitherto shewn to this important subject, is to be reconciled with that regard to the public welfare, which is the bounden duty of all Governments.

A new jetty is forthwith to be built at the Old Wharf, for the particular use or accommodation of the steam boats, plying to and from Kangaroo Point. It is not however by any means to be considered private property.

We learn that the audience at Perth were so numerous, and the accommodations so inadequate, when the Archdeacon preached there, that a great number of persons (ladies, we think, included,) were obliged to range themselves outside the miserable tenement which serves for "a place of worship" at that township. The Government being the factotum in all ecclesiastical matters in this part of the globe, the cry of improvement is naturally directed towards the ear of authority.—*Launceston Advertiser*.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor upon leaving town on the 11th April, proceeded in the first instance to New Norfolk, and after remaining there a short while, went on to Dunrobin, the seat of W. A. Bethune, esq., under whose hospitable roof he passed the night. The next morning, at an early hour, the party started for the newly discovered tract of country to the westward, in the direction of Macquarie Harbour, and with the extent and capabilities of which, we understand His Excellency repeatedly expressed himself much pleased. There has been a small party for some time employed in making a bush or bridle road. The three following nights, after leaving Dunrobin, His Excellency and suite passed in the bush; but our readers must not imagine that by this, is meant the reposing under a honeysuckle or cherry tree, "the clouds a canopy, the earth a pillow," for when great men *bivouache* in this manner, there are such things provided as tents, and other conveniences that are carried from place to place with little trouble by men and horses provided on purpose. It appears, that after leaving Mr. Jamieson's farm, the party proceeded in a north-west direction, about eighteen miles; then crossed the Dee,

keeping the same course, till within about three miles of the Derwent; they then proceeded in a westerly direction to the Derwent. The general aspect of the country was very inviting, (during their stay, the snow fell heavily), partaking of a flat, rather than a mountainous one, and intersected by several rivers. The soil is generally of a superior description, and highly adapted for agricultural purposes. There are several very extensive marshes, one of which is situated contiguous to the source of the Dee, bounded by a chain of mountains north-north-west from the Derwent to the Dee, and extending about twenty miles, being almost a complete level. There is a township immediately to be formed on the banks of the Derwent, which will be surrounded by land of a first-rate description, and embracing a surface of about eight thousand acres. On the other side of the Derwent there is an inexhaustible tract of land, excellently adapted for sheep. The timber, generally speaking, is fine, and of large growth, consisting of mimosa, sassafras, myrtle, peppermint, and other kinds common to the Colony. After leaving the New Country, the party journeyed toward Bothwell, which they reached on Monday; and the day following they proceeded to Oatlands, whence we learn, they went direct to Launceston.

Our readers may recollect that about a twelvemonth ago, the Government sold the schooner *Adelaide* by public auction, one of the conditions of sale being, that she should proceed to the Island of Desolation, with the view of bringing away the five men belonging to a ship that had been wrecked there, and who had been left by a small vessel recently arrived in the Derwent, under circumstances which, at the time, created an extraordinary interest. The *Adelaide* has returned to port, having reached her destination in safety; and the following particulars with respect to her voyage, and which have been furnished by the master himself, we have no doubt will be read with interest. After reaching Timor, and in the course of the passage having fallen in with a great number of wrecks upon the dangerous reefs in Torres Straits, they proceeded to the Island of Desolation, where the *Adelaide* came to anchor on the 25th January. Here, however, they could not find the five men, to rescue whom the voyage

had been chiefly undertaken, being gone it was hoped on board some vessel that had touched in the mean time. The hut where they had been left still existed, and the remains of a barrel of biscuit, in good condition, were found in it. Whilst they continued fishing, however, in order not to return with an empty vessel, it fortunately happened for the satisfaction of all parties, that the Captain of the vessel who had rescued them, and who had returned to London with his cargo, had again come out in another ship before the *Adelaide* sailed for Hobart Town, and confirmed their conjecture by the following certificate, which is copied *verbatim*:—"I do hereby certify, that I took five men off the Island of Desolation, 5th March, 1832, in the ship *Ocean*, who informed me they belonged to the brig *Betsey* and *Sophia*, which was cast away upon the said Island, 16th March, 1831; I took the same men to St. Helena, and delivered them to the Governor.

ALEXANDER DISTANT,
Master of the bark *Sarah Barry*,
of London.

Desolation, Feb. 22, 1833."

At the sale of Mr. Lindley's property, at New Norfolk, on the 20th April, by Messrs. Collicott and Macmichael, so thin was the attendance of buyers, that the whole of the premises, including an excellent brick-house and two acres of ground, in one of the best situations in that thriving township, realized the sum of £670 only. A few months ago, when the same property was offered for sale by auction by Mr. Stracey, £900 were bid for it, and refused. Captain Bunter is the buyer at £670, and it is thought one of the greatest bargains even these bad times have afforded. Had it not been a Sheriff's sale, it is probable it would have been bought in, as it did not realize enough to pay the mortgages upon it.

Coals are now becoming common with most families: and when used jointly with wood, are not only a great saving upon the score of economy, but also make very agreeable cheerful fires, reminding people of days past and gone at home. The usual price is 35s. per ton.

We regret to learn by the *Singapore Chronicle* received by the *Elizabeth*, that the ship *Hydery*, recently from this port, has been lost. The following are

the particulars:—The *Donna Carmelita* and the *Renown*, both of which vessels arrived from Manda during the week, have conveyed to this port the officers and crew of the British ship *Hydery*, Captain M'Donald, which, we regret to learn, was wrecked on the 21st October last, in the Suragao Passage, off Magindanao. We understand this disaster occurred during a calm, when the vessel was carried by a violent current on a reef, without the least possibility of avoiding it, though no exertions were spared to avert the danger. No lives, however, have been lost. The Captain, we hear, remains at Manilla, for the purpose of endeavouring to dispose of the wreck, &c. for the benefit of the underwriters.

A notice in the *Gazette* announces the change of the Colonial Secretary's Office from the premises now occupied, to the house lately inhabited by Captain Wilson, in Campbell-street.

We learn that the Home Government, by recently arrived despatches, has sanctioned the immediate erection of a new gaol, a new dock-yard, and a new Government house, when the present building will be converted into public offices.

Gardening, &c.

AGRICULTURE.

May.—This is the best month for laying down English grasses; for which the land ought to be well prepared, as the soil cannot be rendered too fine, or be too much pulverized. No large clods should be permitted to remain, nor weeds have place on the surface. Land that has had wheat, and then turnips or potatoes, is in the best state for grasses; and although there is a good deal of fancy in the sorts of grass that are chosen, and much also depends upon soil and situation, one of the best, as well as the most easily obtained mixtures, is at the rate of eight pounds of clover-seed to two bushels of rye-grass seed, and a bushel and a half of barley per acre. By the use of barley, and sowing thus early, the whole crop has time to attain height and vigour, that render it secure against the heat of the sun, as the spring advances. But others prefer what is unquestionably a better mixture, if it can be depended upon as true, (which, however, in this Colony is no easy matter,) consisting of sweet-scented vernal, bent grass, rye,

and clover. After the crop is up, and above ground, the use of the roller will be found to assist it much; and as soon as it shall have been cut, a light coat of manure, followed by sheep-folding through the ensuing winter, will go far towards ensuring a fine crop of hay for the second year. It may be remarked, however, that no land, unless very highly manured, and fed by sheep, then afterwards well bushed and harrowed, will bear the scythe every following year, as is commonly attempted. Some may tell us that they do it, and that they have yet good mows. All we reply is, they would have much better, and derive more profit under a different system.

In this month, both Cape barley and wheat should be sown for the forward crops.

It appears that Mr. Joseph Moir is the contractor for the stalls in the new market. It is expected to be completed, and opened, for the accommodation of the public, in six months time.

We have sincere pleasure in stating that the operation some time ago performed on our much respected Chief Police Magistrate, has lately taken so favorable a turn, that his entire restoration to health and sight, may be now confidently expected.

A part of Mr. Horne's beautiful property at the Battery Point, was sold by auction on the 29th ult. and if we may judge from this sale, the signs of the times are indeed delusive; the average price at which the land sold, was £182 per acre. The neighbourhood and the contiguity to the centre of the town, induce us to think the price by no means extravagant, indeed, in the course of another twelvemonth, this must be the West end of Hobart Town.

In Van Diemen's Land we have ten Newspapers, and the population amounts in round numbers to 30,000 souls. At the Cape of Good Hope, the population is upwards of 120,000, but two newspapers suffice for that Colony.

GARDENING.

There is little to do in the garden this month, compared with any others, and yet a good gardener will always find ample employment. A few peas and beans for the first spring crops may be sown, and as soon as the peas are

above the ground let the tree rods be placed over them; this precaution will save them from the ill effects of frost, and bring them to table a month earlier, than otherwise; sow onions, salads, &c. for a succession. Trees may be removed this month, but June is preferable. Some gardeners near the sea side, plant a few potatoes, towards the end of the month, but they require a great deal of nursing, and scarcely repay the trouble they occasion.

The following may be useful to our agriculturists. It is taken from the *Farmer's Magazine*:—"Choose an open spot in the garden, where neither sparrows nor poultry may assail. Sow a few grains, properly prepared, of the sort to be improved, in one spot. At a few inches round put in six or eight grains of the sort whose properties are wished to be transferred. When they are all in flower, bind the ears of the outside plants to each of the ears of the centre plants with a string, so that they bear against

each other, and receive the dust from each others flowers while the bloom continues. It is hardly necessary to add, that the whole must be kept apart, and next year sowed and ripened together; because it cannot be known till then, whether any change has been effected, or which it is that may have received the new impression. But when cleaned and examined, the improved grains may be separated, kept and sowed by themselves, to raise a new stock."

It is not generally known, that train oil, rubbed on the boughs or stems of fruit trees, infested with the American blight, is a certain cure—the sceptical have only to try the experiment to be fully convinced of the efficacy of the recipe. The oil should be rubbed well on the boughs where the blight is seen, and a flannel is recommended as being most efficacious in the rubbing process—the more offensive the oil, the better for the purpose.

Accidents, &c.

On Sunday evening, the 7th ult., the premises of Mr. E. Wellard, in Argyle-street, were entered by thieves, while the family were attending divine service at their usual place of worship, but happily the intruders were disturbed, and they decamped without removing any thing valuable. It is to be hoped, this will operate as another caution to persons leaving their houses, without placing in charge, some proper person, as there is evidently a gang of robbers abroad at nights, ready to commit any mischief for which opportunity is afforded.

A fire broke out on the 11th ult., about midnight, in the dwelling-house of a poor woman, named Lee, residing near Mr. Gray's, the poulterer, in Collins-street. The fire originated as many others have unfortunately done, by the woman incautiously taking a book to bed with her to read, and having fallen asleep, the blaze of the candle came in contact with the curtains of the bed, by which nearly every article the poor creature had was consumed. She is the mother of three children, the whole of whom with herself happily escaped, but they are at this moment in a state of utter destitution; and we beg to recommend them to the benevolent notice of charitably disposed individuals, as objects of the greatest commiseration.

We regret to state the occurrence of a fire, which took place at Glenore, the residence of William Bryan, Esq., J. P., on Thursday night last, by which a quantity of stacked grain, and a large barn, containing about two thousand bushels of threshed wheat, were entirely consumed. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.—*Independent*, 14th April.

The bushrangers (supposed to be Britton's party) keep the settlers on the *qui vive*, who live in their beat. They paid a visit to a public-house (Lucas's) on the main road, within a few miles of this town, last Thursday, where they drank liquor, and paid for it, with money which they took from a man named Harris, a bailiff, who was at the house at the time they anonounced themselves—first stabbing him with a bayonet.—*Id.*

On Monday, the 1st. ult., an inquest was held before Joseph Moore, Esq., Coroner, at Haskell's public-house, Macquarie-street, on the body of Richard Hames, who was unfortunately killed at Sandy Bay, the previous Saturday. A verdict was returned of—*Accidental Death*. The unfortunate deceased, was a most industrious man, and leaves a large family; he had a farm at the Tea-tree brush, upon which he resided for several years, and which is now occupied

by a tenant of his, but in order to better provide for his family, he had for some years been in the employ of Gamaliel Butler, Esq., as a working overseer, and in that capacity, went with a cart and horse to Sandy Bay, for the purpose of loading hay, for Hobart Town; it appeared he placed the horse on some grass, by the road side, close to the fence by which the hay stood, and very imprudently took off the bridle to let the horse feed, when the animal started forward, the unfortunate man from intense anxiety to protect the property of his employer from injury, holding the horse by the nostrils; in this way, he passed up a rise of the hill, near Mr. Fisher's farm, but descending on the other side, he was thrown down under the horse, and received a violent blow on the head, which killed him on the spot.

On the 29th ult., an inquest was held before J. H. Moore, Esq., coroner, on the body of Mrs. Roberts, who died in consequence of a premature labour, occasioned by a fall, and a verdict was accordingly returned.

A sad accident befel Mr. Cox's carriage, on its way to Launceston, by which the Attorney-General, and other Gentlemen who were proceeding by it, were severely injured. We find by the *Independent*, that the accident solely arose from the carelessness and shameful conduct on the part of some bullock drivers of Mr. E. Bryant, and who were afterwards punished by one month's sentence to the road gang. It seems

they not only pertinaciously took the wrong side of the road, but absolutely turned their bullocks right across it, as the carriage approached. It is admitted by every one, that not the smallest blame can be attributed to Mr. Cox, whose skill and steadiness in driving are acknowledged universally.

Burglary is becoming of common occurrence in this town, which calls for increased vigilance on the part of the police, as well as on that of heads of families themselves. During the latter part of the month of April, two or three instances have occurred, but more especially a robbery at Mr. R. L. Murray's, in Davey-street, under circumstances particularly daring. By removing a pane of glass from the window of one of the lower rooms fronting the street, used by Mr. Murray as a private office, the robbers obtained admittance, and handed out of the window every thing which they considered to contain money, or rather portable valuable property, breaking open and destroying all before them; but whether they were disturbed in their proceedings, or from whatever other cause, all they took with them was but of comparative inconsiderable value to them, leaving the ground in front of the house, strewn with the wreck they had made. Two men servants slept in an adjoining room, and Mr. Murray, immediately over the room the robbers entered, yet, they were not heard. However, the supposed parties have been discovered, and several are already in custody.

Market Prices, Crops, &c.

The contracts for wheat, have been taken from 6s. 5d. to 8s. 3d. per 100 lbs., making an average, presuming the quantities of each were equal, of 4s. 4d. the bushel of 60 lbs.—3rd ult.

Colonial produce continues to be regularly supplied in the town, but prices remain from week to week much the same. There have been some considerable cattle and other sales near town lately, which have been well attended by buyers, and at which, the animals offered for sale have exhibited much better condition than is usual at this season of the year. Sheep have generally averaged from 8s. to 10s.; heifers and steers, about £3 each; working bullocks, £10 to £15 per pair; wheat may now be quoted from 4s. 6d. to 5s.; English

barley, 4s. to 4s. 6d.; Cape do., 3s.; oats, 3s.; potatoes, £5 to £6 per ton. The price of the latter article at Sydney, will probably prevent any reduction in value for some time to come.—12th ult.

Since the Government wheat tenders have been taken, the price of grain seems by common consent, to have become nearly stationary, and may be quoted as under:—wheat 4s. 6d. to 5s., with occasionally a small advance for very superior samples; oats, 3s. to 3s. 6d.; English barley, 4s. 9d. to 5s.; Cape do., 3s. to 3s. 6d.; potatoes, £5 per ton; hay, £3 10s. to £4 10s.—19th ult.

The weather has been unusually windy and boisterous during the last week, accompanied at times by heavy

showers. It is far from unseasonable however, and the effects are advantageously felt by the farmer, both in the impetus vegetation has received, and in the facility afforded to ploughing and other similar operations. The turnip crops have wonderfully improved lately.—ditto.

Wheat is rather lower this week, but all other sorts of grain fully maintain their prices. At present the prices may be quoted as follows :—wheat, 4s. to 4s. 6d., or even 4s. 9d. for very superior samples; English barley 4s. 6d. to 5s.; Cape do., 3s.; oats, 3s. to 3s. 4d.; hay, £3 10s. to £5, for fine clover quality; potatoes £5 per ton.—26th ult.

Notwithstanding every endeavour to maintain the price of grain, on the part of holders, wheat is decidedly heavy of sale, and if any large quantity were brought upon the market, it would be impossible to dispose of it, except at a considerable reduction from the asking prices. As it is, we have heard of several sales, under 4s. a bushel; the average quotations however may be given 4s. to 4s. 6d.; Cape barley and oats, 3s.; English do. 4s. to 5s.; hay, £3 15s. to £4, or £4 10s for fine meadow clover. Potatoes may be bought at £4, for the common sorts, to £5, or even £5 10s, for the best winter keeping description.—30th ult.

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVALS.

April 1.—The brig *Mary Elizabeth*, from Sydney.

4th.—The schooner *Prince of Denmark*, from Sydney.

7th.—The ship *Surry*, from England. Captain Kemp, 461 tons per register, left the Downs on the 4th December, with government stores, 204 male prisoners, and detachments of the 17th, 21st, and 63d regiments, commanded by Lieutenant Dyer, 41st regiment, now in India, and Ensign Chatter, of the 63rd. Surgeon, Dr. Wise; the passengers were the Rev. William Bedford, junior, Mrs. Bedford, and a female servant.

9th.—The schooner *Defiance*, from Sydney.

9th.—The barque *Adventure*, from Liverpool. As she had a great number of passengers on board, her protracted voyage of seven months is greatly to be deplored. The following have arrived by her—Mr. Furlong, Mr. and Mrs. Bow, Mrs. Austin and 2 children, besides 104 in the steerage, including women and children.

13th.—The brig *Isabella*, from Port Arthur.

19th.—The brig *Alice*, 222 tons, Captain John Hepburn, from Liverpool 12th December, with a general cargo; brings only one passenger, namely, Mr. Abel Stott, for Sydney.

24th.—The barque *Henry Porcher*, from London, having, altogether, nearly one hundred passengers. The lengthened voyage arose partly from the stay she was compelled to make at Rio, where she put in for the purpose of obtaining refreshments, partly from her having

been a long time becalmed, near the equator. The following are her passengers:—Mr. Harrington, Mr. Cooper, Miss Hearing, Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, and four children, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, and three children, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, and three children, Mr. and Mrs. Styles, and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Boulter, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Ollings, Mr. Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, and two children, Messrs. Blonchard, Pilgrem, Pinro, Burgess, Knight, Mr. Dean, and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler; also, for Sydney, Mr. Atkins, Mr. Taylor, Miss Witton, Mr. and Mrs. Garty, and three children, and 27 others—in all, 81 passengers.

24th.—The schooner, *Adelaide*, from the fishery.

April 26th.—The barque *Elizabeth*, from Canton 19th January, and Singapore 7th February, with a cargo of tea, Miss Elizabeth Bird, is the only passenger; a Miss Hallpike, another cabin passenger, having died during the voyage. We regret to add, that Captain Phillips, her late commander, died at Canton, after a lingering illness, much and deservedly lamented by all who knew him.

26th.—The barque *Macclesfield*, from Liverpool 9th January, with a general cargo. Passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, and 4 children, Mr. and Mrs. Coghill, Miss Kent, Surgeon Gough, Mr. Livingstone, and 27 others.

27th.—The barque *George Hibbert*, from London 4th December, with a general cargo. Passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Bilton, and 5 children, and servant,

Miss M'Rae, Miss Rickett, Miss Mackton, Mr. M'Allister, Mr. and Mrs. Hackshall, Mr. and Mrs. Gall, Mr. and Mrs. Sams, Messrs. Carland, Gardiner, Clark, Watchurst, Day, Borden, Steel, and Mr. and Mrs. Milwood.

28th.—The barque Betsey, from Leith, 14th November. Passengers, Miss C. M. Scales, Mr. J. Scales, Miss Law, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Murray, Mr. Paton, Messrs. Bishop, Christie, Aird, Misses Niven, Muir, Eadie; also, for Sydney, Messrs. M'Nab, Mair, Crigh-ton, Deegar, and Frazer.

DEPARTURES.

April 12th.—The schooner Clementine, for Sydney.

12th.—The brig Mary and Elizabeth, for Sydney.

12th.—The barque Nereus, for Sydney.

14th.—The barque Rifleman, for London, with the undermentioned cargo: thirty-five bales of wool, shipped by Mr. Bilton; 10 do., Messrs. Kerr, Alexander, & Co.; 18 do., Mr. J. G. Jennings; 7 do., Mr. Adey; 25 do., Captain Bunster; 8 do., Mr. Goggs; 7 do., Messrs. Collicott & Macmichael; 125 do., Messrs. Hewitt & Co.; 24 do., Mr. Steele; 6 do., Mr. Gellibrand; 17 do., Mr. Minthorn; 37 do., Mr. H. Hopkins; 353 casks black oil, and 43 do., sperm oil, Messrs. Hewitt & Co.; 231 casks black oil, Mr. Minthorn; 15 do., Messrs. Betts & Co.; 371 bun-

dles whalebone, Messrs. Hewitt & Co. 3 do., and one puncheon seal skins, Mr. Minthorn; 5 casks kangaroo skins, Mr. Bilton; 1 case books, Mr. Wood, with sundry cases curiosities, &c. Passengers, Dr. Porteus, R. N., Mr. and Mrs. Tennant, Mr. Hemmings, Mr. Fawcett, and Mr. Charlcroft.

17th.—The ship Enchantress, for Sydney.

19th.—The barque Susanna, for Launceston.

19th.—The schooner John Dunscombe, for Launceston.

28th.—The brig Tranmere, for New Zealand, with a general cargo, consisting of tobacco and spirits. Passengers, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Tully.

28th.—The brig Isabella, for Port Arthur.

28th.—The barque Adventure, Capt. Young, for Sydney.

28th.—The ship Surry, for Sydney. Passengers, Miss Walton, Mr. Atkins, Lieutenant Dyer, 4 privates, and 4 prisoners from this place.

The following vessels may immediately be expected from England, several of them having been known to have sailed: The Mary, Captain Turcan, the Brazil Packet, Captain Crow, the Hibernia, Princess Elizabeth, Eliza, and the prison ship Lotus. The Platina, Indiana, and John Clare, were advertised in the London papers of December.

Marriages, Births, &c.

MARRIAGES.

At Stewarton, on the 11th March, by the Rev. John Mackersey, Mr. Thomas Turnbull, residing at Woodside, in the district of Norfolk Plains, to Miss Anne Stewart, second daughter of Mr. George Stewart, of Stonewarton, in the district of Campbell town.

On Saturday the 30th of March, by special license, by the Rev. Wm. Bedford, Mr. William Cuthbert, master of the brig Bee, to Miss Martha Kilpatrick, daughter of Edward Kilpatrick, Esq., of Springfield, in the county of Armagh, Ireland.

BIRTHS.

At Formosa, on the 20th March, Mrs. J. Garrett, of a daughter.

At Denniston, on the 1st April, Mrs. Wood, of a daughter.

At Rendlesham, Macquarie River, on the 8th April, Mrs. Bailey, of a son.

DEATHS.

At Windsor, New South Wales, on the 27th January last, Mr. David Thompson, son of George Thompson, Esq., of Charlies Hope.

On the 30th March, at the Derwent Hotel, where he had arrived a few days before, in order to be near the best medical aid at Hobart Town, Mr. George Eagle, junior, of the Macquarie River, of a consumption, aged 26.



THE
HOBART TOWN MAGAZINE.

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JUNE, 1833.

[No. 4.

NEVILLE.

The following, the Plot and Fourth Act of a Tragedy, called "Neville," which was sent in a complete state, some years since by a friend to the celebrated actor Kean, who returned for answer that he was on the eve of departure for America, and could not then attend to it, we think not unworthy the notice of our readers. The fair copy retained by the writer, was destroyed by accident, and the rough draft of the Fourth Act being found amongst some old papers, it has been offered to us for publication. The Plot, though simple, we think interesting; the interest, well sustained and accumulated in the last Act, and the unities of time and place correctly observed. In the last Scene of the Fourth Act, the author has displayed such an originality of conception, and so complete a knowledge of stage effect, that we cannot think the lost parts of the Tragedy, had we been able to present them to our readers, would have been found less deserving of their approbation.

The Count Trionfi, an Italian nobleman, residing at his villa near Naples, has long been under the guidance of his Confessor, a Jesuit, named Ignatio, and induced by this influence and the splendid reputation of his reputed nephew, Agostino Coviello, who had risen to high rank in the Austrian service, had determined to bestow on him his only daughter, Francesca Trionfi, in marriage. Agostino arrives from the army at the opening of the Drama, for this purpose, and immediately after, Neville and Seymour, two young Englishmen, travelling in Italy;—the former, the son of a bosom friend of the Count, who had known the elder Neville during a long residence in his earlier days in England. The Confessor, preparatory to the expected final establishment and completion of his hopes of Agostino's fortune, entrusts to him the secret of his being his son, and the fate of his mother, a Nun, who having violated her vows, he assisted to fly, but who was wrested from him, by the faithlessness of a Monk whom he had trusted; the former disappearing

without Ignatio having been able to ascertain her fate, and the latter falling by the hand of an assassin, hired by Ignatio to revenge his treachery. In an excursion in the bay, an accident occurs, in which Neville rescues Francesca from drowning, and an esteem which had been mutually conceived during a former slight acquaintance in Florence, becomes a passion, which is pressed upon the Count by Neville, the Countess, and Francesca with such force, that he consents to their marriage, and the abandonment of his intentions with respect to Agostino Coviello. The plot has reached to this stage at the conclusion of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE—"THE GARDENS OF THE VILLA."

Enter *Ignatio* and the *Count* meeting.

Trionfi.—Father Ignatio, I have met you here,
To tell you of a change in my late views,
Which may seem fickle, but was unforeseen,
And worse than both, may cause you much regret.

Ignatio.—My lord, whate'er it is, think not of me
As an impediment—I shall rejoice
To find, that I must make a sacrifice ;—
If it prove only, in the merest trifle,
An aid to your designs.

Trionfi.—I do believe you : Yet your loss is great—
So great, that it being unavoidable,
Alone should make you suffer the privation.

Ignatio.—My lord ! I court it in your service.

Trionfi.—I need not tell you for how long a time,
Your nephew's marriage to my dear Francesca,
Was the completion of my chiefest wishes ;
Her heart, I counted, was yet unimpressed,
No flattering sighs, I thought, had soothed her ear ;
But the first flower, that blooms of early youth,
Is love—which opens in its earliest spring,—
The duties, and the virtues, linger later,
Oft till it dies : they are of summer's growth,
Sometimes, alas ! as late as even the autumn.

Ignatio.—This is pure folly, but it portends no good. (*Aside.*)

Trionfi.—When she resided, not long since in Florence,
I found Francesca knew a noble Briton—
Whom foreign travel led to that fair city :
There a familiarity commenced,
That in young bosoms oft gives birth to passion ;
With them, however, it was latent still
At her departure, and return to Naples.
Months passed away—not so her fond remembrance ;
And two days since, its unexpected cause
Arrived unlooked for, at Marino.

Ignatio.—Would the earth first had swallowed him. (Aside.)
Neville! or Seymour!

Trionfi.—Neville!—the son of my most valued friend.

Ignatio.—A strange coincidence, and let me hope—
As happy as 'tis strange.

Trionfi.—Scarcely six hours had passed, since he arrived,
When that distracting accident occurred—
Francesca's life vibrated in Fate's balance,
And 'twas his arm made her scale descend.

Ignatio.—There was a time, when our great precursors,
For this had granted him the Civic crown.

Trionfi.—His just reward. Ere this, they both had felt
More than esteem. But with the magic touch
Of passion's wand, it is transformed to love:
Eternal constancy is on their lips—
Youth's fervid fancies glow within their hearts;
The burst of feeling cannot be suppressed
To which I yield, for I can not resist it.

Ignatio.—Think not, my lord, that I have any thought—
Save my regard for you, when I advise
You seek some other reason for compliance;
Those hasty unions, like the break of day,
Which sometimes glitters with too early sunshine,
May be succeeded by a clouded noon.

Trionfi.—It happens, doubtless, but who can foresee it,
Nor do I dread such a recurrence here.
Neville's repute gives honourable hopes;
His father was my friend, my daughter loves him;
Had he not saved her I were childless now;
The Countess, too, implores me to consent—
What better omens could high Heaven afford.

Ignatio.—Why none! I only caution some delay,
Let time confirm the force of their first love—
And then their union follow.

Trionfi.—I wished it thus—but I could not be heard—
So rapid is the course of the events,
Which chase each other in these few last hours;
And so quick, too, shall the remaining be,
That on to-morrow morning it is fixed,
To celebrate the nuptials.

Ignatio.—Confusion! on to-morrow? Is it possible. (Aside.)

Trionfi.—You are desired to join their willing hands.

Ignatio.—I shall be ready: but they
Outstrip all consideration.

Trionfi.—There's a cause even for this;
Late on last night a courier arrived,
Who came almost on wings of wind from Britain,
To Neville he conveyed some hasty lines,
Which cautioned him, that on his speed alone—

Rested his chance of ever seeing more,
 My oldest friend, his sire, who now reclines,
 Upon that couch from which he ne'er will rise ;
 So, when the last words of your rites are o'er,
 He plies the spur for England.

Ignatio.—Destruction follow him with quicker pace, (Aside.)

This all indeed is pushed with breathless haste,
 Intent and act are almost simultaneous ;
 But let me pray its issue may be blest—
 I shall be ready to perform my office.

Trionfi.—I have not yet adverted to the point,
 That most involves your interest—your silence
 On the reverse of Agostino's hopes,
 Is more than delicate, and well fulfils
 My estimation of your sterling worth.

Ignatio.—My lord ! I pray you to be silent,
 We're still your debtors for your first designs,
 Their disappointment is the work of destiny.

Trionfi.—Upon it I shall only say thus much,
 I found Francesca was immoveable ;
 His numerous merits had not touched her heart,
 Which was long time before pre-occupied ;
 What then remains—I still am his firm friend,
 And shall approve it with more force than ever ;
 The structure of his fortunes hitherto,
 Has gained no more than my assisting hand ;
 Henceforward I'm sole architect.—Tell him
 That I engross the edifice myself,
 Nor shall I rest, until it be upraised,
 To the last pinnacle of his high wishes :
 Give him this pledge,—assure him my esteem
 And friendship shall become his more than ever. (Exit)

Ignatio, solus.

So ends the dream of long expectant years,
 The breath of youthful vows sweeps all my plans
 As clear away, as could the tempest's rage.
 To-morrow, too ! No time for an attempt,
 To break their purpose by some deep laid wiles,
 They've baffled the old serpent—the young lion
 Is still a danger in their joyous path :
 I know not how to quell him—much I fear
 No toils of mine can hold him—here he comes !

Enter *Agostino*.

Agostino.—There seems some change of the accustomed smiles,
 That cheered the past fair greetings of our hosts ;
 Just now I saw the Countess, at a distance,
 Approaching towards me. When I met her view,
 I thought she wished, and straight she sought to shun me.

Anon, I met her daughter—she, too, stopt,
As if my absence would have given her pleasure;
And when I bowed, in making my salute,
Her glance was more than half averted from me—
What does this mean?

Ignatio.—I scarce can tell, but I have my suspicions.

Agostino.—These Britons, too, monopolize the Count—
He treats them as they were his guardian angels,
When go they hence? I hope they'll soon depart.

Ignatio.—Soon and too late,—they go to-morrow.

Agostino.—Why that is well—would they had never come.

Ignatio.—What cause have you to deprecate their presence?

Agostino.—There's one who is too much with this Francesca,
She seems to be too partial even to both;
Coquetting has my hatred: most of all
In her, who one day I shall call my own.

Ignatio.—One day—one only, for to-morrow's sun,
Shall see her wedded to another.

Agostino.—What! to another! Francesca! You rave.

Ignatio.—You will rave, rather when I do impart,
The Count's last resolution. This moment
He is departed; after leaving me
Commissioned to inform you of his will,
Which is, that on to-morrow morn,
Francesca shall become the wife of Neville.

Agostino.—Death and destruction, what is it I hear!

Ignatio.—It is too true! but to relieve the force
Of such a fall from your late towering hopes;
He charges me to say, his future care,
Shall be, henceforward, to build up your fortune,
Which shall be carried to a speedy heighth,
That only shall fall short, of what he first,
Solely designed in favor of yourself.

Agostino.—I can't believe such shameful fickleness,
The vane that turns with the weak wind is surer—
It cannot be.

Ignatio.—It is not wise in you to talk thus of it;
Your better choice is to believe the truth,
And learn to bear it with unruffled front.

Agostino.—Can he intend thus to destroy my hopes?
What reason can he give for his desertion?
Is there a cause—or even a pretence?

Ignatio.—One is, Francesca's fixed aversion.

Agostino.—What matters that? Let his commands compel her,
Men are obedient when they're sent to death—
Women should be so—when ordained to marry.

Ignatio.—The soldier's law suits not domestic life—
Another cause, that their detested union
So rapidly approaches, is the power,

Which Neville has acquired o'er the Count,
Since that cursed accident befel Francesca.

Agostino.—Her lover's deed were mighty in her rescue.—
What more!

Ignatio.—They were once intimate in Florence, where
Friendship—love—folly—caused their first attachment,
Which was unknown, until this late event
Revealed its hidden force.

Agostino.—A breach of duty never lacks excuse—
I scorn to hear another. Dares the Count
To treat me thus, and think I shall endure it?
Perhaps he fancies I am not his equal,
But let him know, an Emperor has given
His thanks to me upon the field of battle;
And that an Emperor's heir has thought me fit
To share his confidence, and even his friendship.

Ignatio.—Restrain your pride!—it is excessive.

Agostino.—No! It shall have its sway, and for this minion,
Who snatches rank and riches from me:—
By Heaven! when I extend my arm towards him,
Which shall be speedily, he'll find my grasp,
Strict in its pressure as the Boa's folds,
When wreathed around its victim.

Ignatio.—Thou'rt worse than mad. Think on thy danger,
Whate'er the issue that attends this frenzy;
If thou should'st fail, thy life is sacrificed,
And thy success infallibly secures
A fearful retribution from the Count.

Agostino.—No matter! I shall take a sweet revenge:
Farewell, Sir! We perchance may meet no more,
When this affair is ended: I depart
On the instant for the army. Thus
We bid adieu for a long period.

Ignatio.—If thou persist it may be so for ever.
Oh! Agostino, how I dread thy loss;
Forbear! Forbear! If thou regard'st my love.

Agostino.—By all my hopes, there, one of us shall die,
Fate has enrolled it in his fixed decree;
Whose name shall fill it, still remains in doubt,
And this good arm has done greater deeds,
Than filling the dark blank with that of Neville.

Ignatio.—Once more, let me implore you to desist,
Wilt thou throw all my prayers to the wind;
Am I thy father! shall I not be heard?

Agostino.—Again I swear, his sword shall be his safety,
Or failing, that my blade shall reach his heart,
Till I defy him; an internal fire,
Scorches by bosom, and burns up my lips,

Th' offence he's given to me, has been mortal,
And he must pay the forfeit of his blood!

Ignatio, solus.

This maniac will rush on certain ruin,
Unless my care prevent him. He is fixed;
No mortal influence can shake his purpose:
One chance there still remains—I must strait hence,
And once more visit that curs'd den of death,
Where lurk those fiends, whose traffic is in murder.
Rash, desperate man! What dangers dost thou cause me,
But I must save thee—tho' I lose myself!

Enter Neville, Countess, and Francesca.

Countess.—We give our total sum of happiness,
Into your keeping. 'Tis our last venture,
Like to the merchant, who risks all his wealth,
Upon one voyage, we shall see you part;
He views his gallant vessel, catch the breeze,
Which steadily impels her on her course;
Till in the distant horizon at last,
She sinks a speck, that cheats his anxious eyes,
While fears of shoals and tempests fill his mind,
And hope anticipates her safe return.

Neville.—The helm, on which our lovely freight depends
For safety, never shall escape my hand,
Unceasing watchfulness shall be her guard,
And love, ensure success to all my cares.

Frances.—I trust to it—to fortune—and to you,
Fearless, confiding all to an affection,
Which I believe is faithful, as my own,—
When may we hope for your return from England?

Neville.—That must depend upon my father's fate,
Even while we speak, he may no longer live;
Whate'er my haste, it will no more than serve,
To reach that chamber, where life lingering droops
On death's dark confines, and to there receive,
The latest sighs of his expiring breath.

Countess.—I ne'er have known him, but my grief's sincere,
He was Trionfi's friend, and is your father,
No claims could e'er be stronger on my feelings.

Frances.—Deep sorrow for your loss, has dimmed these eyes,
I weep his sufferings, and deplore his end,
Would that, ere yet he bids the world adieu,
You may persuade him, to approve our love—
To wish us happy, and to bless our union.

Neville.—Dearest of women, dry these precious tears,
That damp those cheeks, like dew-drops on the rose,
Or liquid pearls, that flow from angels' eyes,
They fall upon this grateful heart, and there,
Leave an impression, ne'er to be effaced.

Countess.—He goes to happiness, and quits a world
Of guilt and woe; where the most fortunate,
Cast back a look of dull indifference,
Worn out with this, their mortal pilgrimage;
It should console us, when we think his lot
Is cast, where pain and sorrow are unknown,
From thence, he may look down, with smiles benign,
And pity us, while we lament for him.

Frances.—My fervent intercession, shall ascend,
Petitioning high Heaven, in his favor.

Neville.—What could be so effectual above,
A mortal's supplication, may be lost,
But seraphs shall regard a sister's prayer.
Oh! had I power to hasten time's dull flight,
Through the slow night, I'd urge him fast along,
To hasten on to-morrow, when I may press thee,
And say—"Francesca, thou art mine for ever!"

Countess.—When she becomes so, do not let us urge
Our claims in vain—remember you have promised,
To pass a portion of your time with us.

Neville.—England's my native land—my happiness
First had existence in fair Italy;
Alternate then, I shall divide my life,
Between the country that has given me birth,
And that which renders the uncertain gift,
A precious prize, amongst unnumbered blanks.

Frances.—Thou art my prize, fortune can give no more,
If that thy countrymen are like to thee,
Nature has been a niggard of her bounty
To all her other children, and from them
Like to a stepmother, withholds the gifts,
She lavishes upon her favorite sons.

Neville.—Love sees with magnifying eyes—
'Tis not for me to praise my brother Britons,
Their actions fill the page of history.
What distant country, has not heard their fame—
What quarter of the globe, owns not their conquests—
What shore, has not shrunk frighted from the thunder,
Her matchless fleets have rolled from Pole to Pole,
Their's too, is Liberty. Their greatest boast,
To give their aid, to those who strike for freedom;
The moderns behold their deeds with envy,
If they were ever equalled, 'twas by Romans.

Frances.—I glory in the thought, these were our ancestors,
Famous in ancient times, as Britons now.

Countess.—Come! night steals on apace—it grows too late,
The Count already waits us in the villa. (Exeunt.)

SCENE—*A deserted place in the neighbourhood of the Villa—Ruins in the Rear of the Stage and on one side—The Stage is darkened.*

Enter *Ignatio*, masked and cloaked.

The night is gloomy, as my fell intents,
No prying eye could mark my cautious steps—
No ear could note their feline silence;
All is unmoved, and still as death's repose,
In this dread mart of murder,—where the fiends
Who trade in blood, await a guilty call:
What sounds were those? But let me be myself—
Why should I tremble?
Again? yes! it was so.—Here comes a wretch,
Who for ten ducats, would destroy his father—
Deprive his son of life, or sell himself,
For ever, to the devil. (Retires up the Stage.)

Enter *1st Assassin*, who crosses the Stage, and Exit.

(*Ignatio* comes forward.)

I must not dally thus, with my design,
This is no time to trifle.

Re-enter *1st Assassin*.

1st Assassin.—A fine night, Signior?

Ignatio.—Yes! for some purposes—for your's and mine!

Assassin.—True Signior! by St. Gennaro, I wouldn't ask a better,
it's so dark—that—

Ignatio.—Black deeds are safely perpetrated,
Beneath its shrouding cloak.

Assassin.—So I was going to say—but as you and I don't know
each other well, it's better you should speak first.

Ignatio.—I understand you—

Assassin.—The hour is late Signior; what brings you abroad at
this time.

Ignatio.—To seek an arm like thine.

Assassin.—Well then you're lucky; for you've found what you
wanted, in anything in a fair way, it's at your command.

Ignatio.—Plain words are the best suited to our meeting,
You deal in blood.

Assassin.—That's putting the matter home; I know those that
do; for myself, I never raised my hand against a man in my
life, on my own account.

Ignatio.—On mine then, you are willing.

Assassin.—That's another affair—there you take the blame, and
I ———

Ignatio.—The price of murder!

Assassin.—Signior! good words do no harm. Let's have no more of this; I'm ready to follow my trade, and I guess you want to employ me?

Ignatio.—'Tis so!—I need your services.

Assassin.—Signior—it's not right for a man to praise himself—but I've as sure a hand ———

Ignatio.—No doubt!—no doubt! as certain as the grave.

Assassin.—Why, that's saying too much for myself, I don't like anything but what's true; it's as good as you'll meet, make the worst of it.

Ignatio.—I want a speedy one, as well as certain.

Assassin.—I'll match you there too—I got my directions as it might be at this time—I had two matters to attend to—one in Naples, and the other at Baice. Both were to be done in the next three days.—I marked my men—did their business, and had all settled before forty-eight hours.

Ignatio.—(Aside.)—If half this villain says, be true,
He is the prince of ruffians.

Assassin.—You see I don't sleep on my orders; my employer is not long in suspense; he has good value for his money; I may be depended on; I never deceive anybody.

Ignatio.—Yes!—You're above it. You bravos
Are all men of honor.

Assassin.—Honor! no! that's for your great people. I only pretend to be honest.

Ignatio.—(Aside.)—The devil can quote Scripture,
And this cut-throat, talks of his truth and honesty.

Assassin.—Well Signior, what's the business! Try me, and I'll give you satisfaction; I'll engage you'll come to me again.

Ignatio.—You know the Count Trionfi's Villa.

Assassin.—As well as I know the church of St. Sebastian, where I haven't missed a Sunday or Holyday these ten years.

Ignatio.—There are at present there, two foreigners,
One I would have despatched.

Assassin.—Foreigners! from whence?

Ignatio.—From Britain.

Assassin.—What! an Englishman!—I don't like meddling with him at all; two Italians would be safer.

Ignatio.—Are not all men alike to you?

Assassin.—Alike! Why an Englishman came across me once before, in the way of business, and by St. Gennaro, it was near costing me my life; such a determined villian I never met; he's left marks that I shall always carry; it was the worst accident ever happened to me, fishing for a tunny, and catching a shark, by St. Marco.

Ignatio.—You can take aid, a second or a third?

Assassin.—Why that ought to be pretty secure, besides, my pocket was never so empty as at this minute; I can't starve; come, it shall be done, if you offer me anything reasonable.

Ignatio.—Take this! it holds some eighty scudi.

Assassin.—What! no more but eighty!—Why Signior, I believe you've no conscience. Twice that would be too little; consider yourself what such a thing is worth; a man must live, Signior?

Ignatio.—No doubt he must, and also he must die!

Assassin.—Your man shall certainly; if you only offer fair.

Ignatio.—What must you have?

Assassin.—Why considering that he is an Englishman—that the matter is of consequence, and that a friend or two must help me, I think at double the money, you'll have a bargain.

Ignatio.—(Aside.)—I must away, at any rate from this cursed Golgotha. Agreed! but you have all the money I have brought—how shall I pay you more!

Assassin.—We'll trust to your honor for the remainder, as you trust us for doing what we promise; when it's done, you can come here some night at this hour; you'll be sure of finding me, and then you can get out of debt.

Ignatio.—It shall be done.

Assassin.—You said there was two at the Count's, and we are to look after one—what's his name?

Ignatio.—Neville!—Seymour the other,—Neville is your man.

Assassin.—Neville!

Ignatio.—The same.

Assassin.—Neville! Neville! I must mind that; I took a wrong person once, by mistaking the name, and by St. Pietro, I never forgave myself since.

Ignatio.—You must about it at the earliest dawn,
And do't, if possible, before the ensuing night.

Assassin.—Depend upon me. (Whistles.)

Enter 2d and 3rd Assassin.

Ignatio.—What does this mean; what men are these?

1st Assassin.—Friends, Signior! I want to tell them our agreement; stop for a moment; I'll be with you soon. (Retires up [the Stage, and whispers to them.]

Ignatio.—Scarce can I bear the fever of my soul,
Its torture's almost equal to the damned,
Since I have been in those confines of hell,
What brings those wretches here? (They come forward.)

1st Assassin.—Now Pietro?

[2d and 3rd Assassin seize him by the arms, and 1st opens a dark lantern, snatches off his mask and throws the light upon his face.] (A pause while they examine him.)

1st Assassin.—We'll know you again. (They release him, [and retire up the Stage.]

Ignatio.—Detested fiends! they have destroyed me,
My untouched fame, is in those villain's power—
My life is even in jeopardy. I'm lost!
Undone for ever! (Exit.)

Re-enter *Assassins*.

1st *Assassin*.—Quick, follow him, watch, and house him ere you part.

END OF FOURTH ACT.

The Fifth Act commences with a Scene in the Garden of the Villa, between Seymour and Neville, in which the latter recites a dream, which is ominous of speedy destruction. Agostino finds them, and after many taunts, provokes Neville to draw, and in the fight is killed; Neville, almost distracted, is about to fly, but is persuaded by Seymour to place the body in an adjoining grove, and as it is within a few minutes of the hour for celebrating the marriage ceremony, to repair to the chapel of the villa, and on the instant of its conclusion, to fly, and at some future period to return to Italy: or, if that could not be done with security, have Francesca rejoin him in England. On their exit, Ignatio enters the same part of the Garden, seeking Agostino, and is joined by one of the Assassins, who was a concealed spectator of his son's fight with, and death by Neville, while lying in wait to obtain an opportunity of speaking with Ignatio, and extorting money from him, in consequence of their discovery of his residence, after following him to the villa, on his return from their haunt, the night previous. He also informs Ignatio, that the Assassin whom he had employed to destroy the Monk by whom the mother of Agostino was betrayed, had been apprehended for subsequent crimes, and had confessed the deed performed for Ignatio, in consequence of which, the Sbirri were in pursuit, and might be expected momentarily to arrive. Driven to desperation by the death of his son, and fear of the penalty of his crimes being enforced by the Law, he deliberates on suicide, in the following soliloquy:—

Ignatio, solus.

So then, my latest hour seems arrived—
 My evil genius, hovers lowering o'er me,
 Poised on his sable wings, and points the hour,
 When fate shall seize me, as his destined prey—
 No choice is left me—I must quickly die,—
 But where?—How?—When?
 Shall I become the rabble's gaze, and go
 To suffer death unpitied—even scorned—
 No! rather let this hand let forth my soul,
 To seek its refuge in an unknown world—
 Risking the punishment, whate'er it be—
 What shall it not be?
 Spirit, when uncombined, ne'er suffers—matter must—
 And so the great Artificer of things
 May sink this vital spark, to the low state,
 Of the last being, in creation's scale—

Making it animate, a loathsome reptile—
 A trailing serpent—even a grovelling worm—
 Yet the degrading, may it not be so?
 Does not fallen man, sunk as he is, to earth,
 Shew, even in ruin, some glorious faculties,
 The ruins of a once nobler—higher state;
 And if he's lower'd, to this life's sad level,
 Who shall tell where the dark descent may end?
 In the next step, indeed, the deeds unknown,
 All other beings freed, from the dread force
 Of those devouring passions, which rule him,
 Slowly await the sure approach of death,
 And so avoid the worse than mortal struggle,
 Of him, whose desperate hand destroys himself:
 Yet, it is said, the scorpion strikes his sting
 In his own breast, and bravely finds relief,
 When his tormentor stirs his rage too far.
 So, too, the vagrant swallow, fiercely views
 With stern resolves, the cage in which he's pent—
 Loathing his prison, he still spurns its bounds,
 And losing LIBERTY—embraces DEATH!
 Thus all may shun too great a weight of evil,
 In their own lot of Life.—If they shall dare
 What may oppress them, in that next succeeds.
 But if eternal vengeance, still pursue
 The offence, thro' the vast changes of creation,
 Where shall it end—if any end there be?
 This maze perplexes me, the more I tread
 Its trackless labyrinth;—I'm more perplexed:
 The time may come, it shall be clearer—
 Who's there?

The entrance of a Domestic from the Count, here interrupts him, to inform him that his presence is awaited, to perform the marriage ceremony, whom he dismisses with a promise to immediately follow him, and determines to inflict a terrible vengeance on the author of his misfortunes, whom he considers to be the Count and his family, and also Neville. The former, by their failure to complete their pledge to Agostino, and the latter by his death. He departs to join them in the Chapel, which is the last scene.—He takes poison immediately previous to his entrance, and after some ambiguous conversation which passes between the personages of the scene, none of whom are aware of the knowledge of each other, of the fatal turn which events have taken—he has only strength remaining to advance to the foot of the Altar, where he stabs Francesca, and falls before he can repeat his blow on Neville, who rushes out in a state of insanity.

A TASMANIAN SONG.

The moon in the Heavens is beaming,
 The kangaroo hunter's prepared,
 His uprisen hounds' eyes are gleaming,
 With courage that may not be scared:
 Away! then away to the bush,
 On! forward my Felix! away;—
 Hark! listen! there's yonder a rush!
 The gallant dog's started his prey.

My Carlo! partake of the conquest,
 Speed is Felix's—power's your own:
 Off, off, clasp the fugitives brown breast—
 That breast you may pick to the bone!
 Away! then away to the bush,
 On Carlo! my brave one, away;
 In yonder wild coppice a rush,
 Tells your comrade has started his prey.

* 3

ON CRITICISM.

“ And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part,
 Some act by the delicate mind,
 Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
 Already to sorrow resign'd !”

It has long occurred to me as being egregiously anomalous, that my countrymen, who, in most instances, are so celebrated for being tenacious of their rights and liberty, should, for years, in their literary character, have unresistingly submitted to the illiberality, in some instances, the caprice, in others, and the mercenary incitements in more, of certain self-appointed tribunals, who arrogate to themselves the office of Reviewers. A class of men, who, free from any external obligation to decide according to conscience, promulge whatever sentence they may chuse, on whatever book may encounter their investigation. And alas! the amiable bard, whose pathetic language forms my motto, too often and most bitterly experienced from their splenetic censures, the melancholy truth that it illustrates.

Not profound erudition, nor purity of taste; not the faunical flashes of poetical energy; nor the beneficent employment of them all, to diffuse universal gladness, proved, at any one period of his meek,

sequestered life, adequate to shield him from the licentious followers of sardonic ZOLAUS. Month after month, calumny entwined her adder-like form around his heart;—month after month, those utterly unprincipled wretches, to delight whose VAMPYRE appetites, the wise and the virtuous seem doomed to suffer, were unceasingly employed in outraging his tenderness, and depreciating his attributes; although, as his slanderers were generally despised, and scarcely recognized by the very few respectable “Censors of the Press” who at that period were existing, their enmity was protected by their insignificance, whilst excited solely by transcendent excellence, which, with confessedly sufficient reason, they despaired of ever attaining.

But, unfortunately, Cowper’s recluse philosophy was incompetent to balm the wounds their envenomed arrows had inflicted; nor was it less unavailing as a defence from them. He did not, could not like the “knarled” monarch of the mountain, breast his form against the tempest, and outbrave its fury; neither could he turn like the hunted panther (when driven from her cubs) and rush vindictively on his pursuers;—no! but as a delicate flower is laid prostrate by the vernal frost, so was the bud of his happiness untimely nipped by the chilling sarcasms of anonymous defamers: of scholists, who basely won their bread by pandering to traduction—one of the vilest propensities that stain mankind: of fools, who had forgotten, (if ever, indeed, they had been taught) that

“Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.”

and that, therefore, to criticise with dogmatic flippancy, or unmerited acerbity, was not to perform the office of a censor, but to inhumanly abuse it.

Nevertheless, if Cowper could not, from his constitutional benignity, and christian forbearance, wield the caustic pen of a Byron, to agonize his assailants, yet he could nobly command resolution, to rally steadfastly around the standard of morality, which his muse had originally erected:—resolution, that presents a disputeless claim on our esteem, and gratitude, by its liberality: for, his was one of those exquisitely impassioned hearts, in which the social elements so far predominate, as to neutralize happiness, unless it can be communicated. Alas! that man should injure such! But history is reading to me—and she weeps, and angels weep, and callous indeed must be the Briton, who cannot weep, as the immortal shades of a Collins, a Chatterton, a Savage, and a Kirk White, pass in the vision of pensive remembrance!

The author, who never knew distress, except through the hallowed medium of sympathy, whose every fond literary scheme has been blissfully realized, and whose every critic has in junctures the most critical, been proved a Damon or a Pythias, may conclude with emotions of grateful, and rapturous enjoyment, that every genius

who merits a meccenas, will assuredly obtain one. Indeed, were he not to form that conclusion, his conduct would compulsively be blemished by both incongruity, and dishonour :—by the first, because, as he never experienced the hope-corroding pangs inflicted by desertion ; as he never was compelled to drink in privacy the wormwood of public reprehension, and contumely ; and, lastly, as he never craved a boon of patronage that was denied, he could not possibly possess any, even the least feasible of reasons, for deducing an inference, anti-prejudicial to the generosity, justice, and discrimination of society ; and by the latter, because such an inference would certainly demonstrate, that his bosom was too dewless and too bleak a soil, for the amaranth of manly gratitude to flourish in.

Yet, after all, for *one* writer of erudite attainments, talents, and genius, who is duly fostered by the critical press, and introduced by its commendation to those who have power to protect him, *thousands* are wantonly repelled in their sweetly fanciful career to fame, by the identical engine that was, or ought to have been, originally organised to level their difficulties. Every critic by profession, appears to be profoundly conversant with his huge and appalling potency ; but, how many of Britannia's literary judges in their practice, condescend to forget the still more appalling responsibility, unalienable from that power ! Yes, how many, instead of delicately pruning some trivial excrescence from a valuable shrub, insanely uproot the shrub itself, and scatter its young blossoms on the stormy breeze of subjugation ! That the lash must occasionally be used, is indisputable ; but, need it be prostituted ! That condemnation is applicable to all who err, is an established truth : but, shall no palliatives be allowed ? shall nothing be excused where much deserves approbation ? Because a weed springs amidst violets, shall they partake of the disgrace of its unceremonious expulsion from the border ? O ! that critics would feel, as in obvious justice they should, that their dignity can be sustained without oppression, and that they may gain from esteem, an infinitely purer homage, than ever can expand from the abject and slavish principle of fear !

The wisest of our fellow-creatures, I believe, have coincided in one concession : viz., that as there is no human production perfect, so is there none altogether worthless ; but the modern dictors of literature reverse this just and conciliating maxim. In their apparent belief (for men's faith can alone be estimated by their conduct) it is their duty, not to assist the efforts of nascent ability, as it soars up the climax of progression ; but, with Argus-like eyes, to watch its motions, (as the hungry lioness watches for her prey) and should it fail immediately attaining the summit, to exultingly kick the machine from under it, and with a gorgon's baneful hiss forbid, or render impossible, its re-ascension. I speak now of criticism in, *perhaps*, its least despicable, although, *certainly*, not least reprehensible form. I speak of it in, if not its abstract—at least, its general character, as operated on by spleen, or caprice.

But say, reader, what terms are equivalently reproachful to delineate the infamous, the unpardonable abandonment of manly honor, by which the censor's influence is polluted, when grossly misemployed, by the hireling dependent of some purse-proud and avaricious bibliopoliſt, to crush the meritorious productions of a rival preſſ ? Is it not aſſaſſin-like ? Is it not an act of conſummate baſeneſſ, concentrating all that is cowardly and all that is cruel, with all that is diſhoneſt ? The wretch who can ſo prostitute his pen, would, if hungry, ſtab his ſiſter for a ſovereign ! Yes, he who can wantonly aſſail the merits and deſtroy the anticipations of unfriended genius, ſolely for lucre, deſerves to be inhumed where the ſun ſhall never ſhine, and writhing agony never ſhall expire.

Nevertheless, ſo long as the critical preſſ ſhall continue to be, as it now is, conducted anonymously, will the public in general, be ſcandalouſly duped, and authors in particular, be barbarouſly injured through "Reviews," concocted by caprice, by ſpleen, and by ſelfiſhneſſ. Juſt criticism, I admit, is invaluable ; and, unqueſtionably, it ought to be encouraged ; but, in order to obtain it, no perſons ſhould be allowed to act as literary cenſors, except ſuch as ſhould be appointed by the Universities, of approved *learning, taſte, liberality, and honor* ! whoſe NAMES ſhould be as public as their OBSERVATIONS ; and whoſe moral CHARACTER would ſubſtantiate their TESTIMONY.

T.

MY MOTHER'S EYE.

Oh ! how look'd that eye ?—was it bright, or forlorn,
When I waked up to life,—when the light of the morn
With pure ſtreaks of azure, firſt gleam'd to my view,
And earth's gentle ether ſtole ſoftly the dew,
That clung to my eye-lids, ſo tender and young !
When the keen pang of giving exiſtence (had flown)
To a being born deſtined to die ;
The firſt look ſhe gave me, and call'd me "her own !"
Did pleaſure illumine that eye ?
There's not a planet, that beams in the ſky,
Surpaſſing in luſtre, the beam of that eye,

Oh ! how look'd that eye ?—tell !—tell me how ſweet,
When earth firſt upheld me, on tottering feet ?
And waking to action, who led me along,
And charm my young ſenſes, with baby-boy-ſong ;
And when the croſs infant would cry,
Who'd fold to her boſom with tendereſſ gleaming,
(And charm the young mourner to ſleep,)
As mild as the eye of humanity ſtreaming,
Directed by virtue to weep ?
In that eye might be traced the impulſe of a ſoul,
Purely bright as the night ſtar that points to the pole,

My Mother's Eye.

Oh! how look'd that eye! when nature unstrung,
 And gave the first accents, that flowed from my tongue?
 Or rising from childhood,—to mischief, a tool;
 Girt warmly by passion; o'erbearing to rule;
 Or when a slight ray might arise
 Of reason, that flashes in spite of the gloom,
 The folly and darkness of years,
 Enchanting the sight, like the apple-tree's bloom,
 As the young day of summer appears?
 Oh! ye, who have viewed many tints of the sky!
 Spring summer, or winter,—such, such was that eye!

When years come upon me, and call'd me to strife,
 And fate seal'd my doom—"thine a wanderer's life!"
 I embark'd on the ocean, of tempest, and billow,
 Of water all boundless—all wave,—and a pillow
 To thousands whose spirits are gone—
 How look'd then that eye, as it bade me adieu,
 Which trembled awhile on her tongue?
 The breast of a mother had dim'd it with dew,
 As nature it's feelings unstrung—
 Like the hues of the rainbow, arched over the sky,
 Sun, rain, cloud together,—such, such was that eye!

And now when the voyage—when the tumult is o'er;
 And the winds are all hush'd, and sunk is the roar
 Of wave's riven, and hurl'd, as I roam,
 A pilgrim unwearied,—still turning to home;
 Home! home, the delight of my soul!
 The beacon,—the hope,—the star of my life!
 Whose gleam, whose delight is to sweeten
 Existence, and cheer me, and clear me of strife;—
 And welcome this face weather beaten;—
 A pet dearer to me than earth, ocean, or sky,
 Is a ray!—is a gleam!—is a smile from an eye!

A smile that still greets me, whene'er I return,
 More sweet than the tints, (the loved life of the morn)—
 Of earliest hours, when the night is far driven
 From earth, from the sea, and the bosom of heaven
 Unveils all its sweets to the eye;
 It is pure as a seraph's,—it gleams from a heart
 Still joying to charm, and to cherish
 A part of itself, altho' riven a part,
 And hurl'd on an ocean to perish,
 If frown'd on by mercy, whose seat is on high,
 And boundless, and bright, as the gleam of an eye;

An eye I delight in,—whose soft, gentle motion,
 Is lov'ly as pearls in the depths of the ocean;
 Whose tints are enrich'd by the waters so blue,
 Which seems to delight in, and smile on them too—
 An eye that is bright as the lightning whose flash
 Illumines the arch of the sky,
 And sweet as the billow whose rise, and whose dash,
 Greet softly the sailor-boy's eye;—
 That eye is to me like the light-house that burns,
 And greets the worn sailor, as home he returns.

Now years have come over,—oh ! say what now cheers
That eye I delight in ?—and say, shall the tears
Of sorrow e'er mix, now unable to bear
The dew-drops that spring from an ocean of care ?
No more ! the eye that has smiled on, and blest
An offspring, (a mother's delight)
Shall now be illumined, upheld, and caress'd
By affection, whose ray, and whose light
She tutored to life—and its radiance shall die,
When the heart shall be cold, and death closes the eye.

Should sorrow come over 'twill brighten again ;
Or sickness oppress, there is ease from the pain ;
It will rally, and freshen, pure, blooming, and bright,
At sight of the eyes it ingrafted with sight !—
Tho' a tear should come over, and dim it awhile,
Like clouds that o'ershadow the main,
There are eyes to behold it, and lure it to smile,
And charm it to brightness again—
Beam on thou bright orb ! till remote in the sky,
You smile upon angels !—a star !—not an eye !

P.——.

A TALE OF BLOOD.

(Continued from Page 156.)

“ Out damn'd spot !”

The orb of day had sunk below the darkly azure waves of Pitt-water, and the vesper star was *gem like*, glittering in the firmament ; the birds had winged their weary flight to the leafy bowers by bounteous nature created for their resting-place ; the flocks had sought their “ bedding-hills,” and the laboured oxen were ruminating in their pens, or quietly browsing on their dewy pastures. Nought was to be heard save, at intervals, the raven's croak, or the bounding career of the kangaroo, as it rushed through the underwood ; or, of the peculiar and disagreeable scream, articulated by the opossum, as it sprang among the branches of the broad-leafed gum, or the fragrant peppermint. Mr. S—— had just concluded an affectionate letter to his amiable wife, (cheerfully assuring her, that he was in a fair way of realizing a fortune, and of being thereby enabled to soon embrace her and his dear children,) when *Carlo*, a favourite spaniel, which he had brought from England, sprang from its couchant position upon the hearth-rug at his feet, and, with pricked up ears,

vigilantly gleaming eyes, attracted Mr. S——'s attention to a faint sound of distant footsteps. There was nothing, however, in the circumstance to even constructively alarm. The letter was, therefore, being sealed, when a tap at the front door, accompanied by the spaniel's loud barking, induced the question of "Who's there." "I'm R——! don't you know me?" was the quick reply. "I'm R——, d—n it! man, don't keep a fellow out here all night."

Mr. S—— immediately let him in, and, as he did so, felt an inexplicable horror as the man roughly grasped his hand, and exclaimed, "Now, what d'ye think of payment? I told you that by to-morrow I'd square the yards with you; and, by the holy poker, I'm never worse than my word! But I've had titish work for it; so hand us over something comfortable."

A bottle of rum was placed on the table, with a tumbler, and Mr. S—— was leaving the room with a jug for some water; "Stop where you are," said the fellow, hastily, "no water for me;" and pouring out the tumbler-full of raw, overproof spirits, he gulped it off with apparent indifference. "You're a strange being!" thought his host, but he said nothing, and resumed his chair, expecting, with somewhat of impatience, his companion to explain the object of his nocturnal visit, and the particulars of his promised arrangement.

"How much do I owe you?" he at length belched out; "how d'we stand, I say?"—and so saying, to the utterly inexpressible astonishment of the trader, he drank off a second tumbler full. Mr. S—— immediately opened a writing-desk, and producing his ledger, after adding up the items, and giving credit for some seed-oats, and other articles of produce, struck a balance in his own favour of £28 17s. 3d. "And was it for such a flea-bite as this, Mr. S——, that you were shy of me?" boisterously exclaimed the wate-hater—"Eh! by *Saint Peter's Pass*, you don't deserve no custom; and, was it not because I'm a d—mnation good-natured chap, I'd cut your concern altogether?" but (seizing as he spoke, his bewildered entertainer by the shoulder)—"I've a very great liking for you, because as how you're not like many of the swells, above cracking a joke with *me* settlers, or "*standing a drain*," when we buy a blue jacket, and find you a long coat. "No offence, I hope!" and emptying the bottle to "Mr. S——'s good luck," he replaced it with such violence as to shake off the tumbler, which was near the edge, and broke upon the floor. A pause of some minutes ensued, and the trader's temper was becoming ruffled, when his guest, as if suddenly recollecting that his call was for more purposes than to swallow rum, and learn how his account stood, proceeded as follows—"Well, all's right, if you and *me* can settle as to the meat: what do you give for prime storeable beef?" "Six-pence, per lb. by the carcase," was the answer. "Enough! I'm satisfied. In less than an hour two reg'lar prime ones, all ready for the salting trough, shall be at your service! and what's more, if you'll be a constant buyer, I can afford to deal for two or three

every month, at 4d., payable by half cash, half property." The dealer's ear alertly drank in the latter information; and, instantly accepting the offer it implied,—in the pride of heart which anticipated affluence too often awakens, he replenished the bottle, and joined his deluder in frequent pledges of unmeaning cordiality. By this time his guest was, in appearance, intoxicated, and lolling in his chair, as if asleep, when, without speaking, he abruptly arose, opened the door, and applying a sportsman's whistle to his mouth, blew a preconcerted signal, which was soon recognized by some individual on a neighbouring hill, where a vivid blaze suddenly appeared for about a minute, and then became extinguished. "True as steel," cried R——, "I know my men before I put any thing in their power; I was sure Mc—— would be watchful; so let us shut the door till he comes: Baldie won't detain him on the road, and (hiccuping) then we'll soon get the business over." He again was seated, and again (as a matter in keeping with his usual habits) drinking; when the stars, that had hitherto been conspicuously splendid, were seen no longer, and a slight flash of lightning, accompanied by the awful rolling of approaching thunder, betokened that the night was not to pass as it had begun. "Poor fellow," he at length shudderingly muttered, "he'll be, I fear, as wet before he comes, as but last night about the same hour, I would have given all the world to be." "Indeed! how's that?" inquired the host. "How's that," he repeated, with a ghastly countenance, "I dream't I was in hell—that my heart was on fire—and that I drank all the rivers dry, but could not put it out. I dreamt too, that I saw"—"Saw what?" (in most painful agitation, asked Mr. S——,) "why do you so tremble! why fix your eyes upon that wall? what dreamt you that you saw?" "I see him now! There—there—thank God, he vanishes!" "Who, or what mean you, I intreat you to mention!" "I mean, (convulsingly roared out the wretch, as he fell, an apparent corpse upon the ground, "I mean—THE DEVIL!"

In a few minutes, however, he, with the aid of his alarmed host, was again seated; and not long after being so, cried, "Hark! there's *Baldie*!" Scarcely had he spoken, before the heavily laden animal, led by Mc——, was in the court-yard. "Sit down, Mc," said Mr.——, after helping him and his master to lift into the house the sides of an exceedingly heavy bullock, which, enveloped in two large sheets, had been slung across the well-trained, and sturdy mare, "sit down, and refresh yourself, before you return for the other beast:—you must want a glass." The servant quietly did as he was told, took a dram in moderation, lit his bush pipe, and leaping on *Baldie*, was away without ceremony.

Mc—— was scarcely out of hearing, when his master, taking off his jacket, and turning up his shirt-sleeves, desired Mr. S—— to "bring a saw, and a tomahawk," and taking from a leathern case a hideous looking butcher's knife, began with activity, as well as skill, to reduce the meat into pickling pieces. "Shall we weigh them by the steelyards, or, as it is so cursedly tedious a job, shall

we lump the whole of them at 600 weight ?—as you will—but I know they are much nearer 700,” said R——.” “I’ll take them to save trouble at 600,” replied the purchaser, “and as you cut, I’ll clap them into brine, until I can have time to get them regularly salted.”

Long, however, before the first beast was thus disposed of, *Baldie* had arrived with the second, which, being offered and taken at the same weight, was subjected to the same operation.

And now, the *first* deed of darkness at the store being consummated, unknown to any upon earth but the three whom I have mentioned, they cleansed every implement that had been used ; the sheets were washed by Mc—— ; the innocent carrier beast was well fed ; every splinter of bone, or morsel of flesh removed carefully from the chopping block, and the remainder of a night, which by this time had become exceedingly tempestuous, exhausted in bacchanalian dissipation by R——, in dreadful doubts by Mr. S——, and in gloomily silent cogitations by Mc——, who, now and again, glanced reproachingly at his master, as though he could have said, but would not, “If I am guilty you have made me so—but you fed me when I was hungry ; cloathed me when I was almost naked ; gave me drink when I thirsted ; nourished me when I was sick ; and come what come will, Mc—— never will betray you !” I shall merely at present say of this man, whose features were handsome, and whose mien was evidently superior to his circumstances, that, like the Corsair of Byron, he’d been

“————— Warped to wrong ;
Betray’d too early and beguiled too long !”

At length came morning’s twilight, and with it preparations for the departure of himself on foot, and his master on *Baldie*.

“As my servants have been purposely sent away (said Mr. S——,) one to Hobart Town ; a second up the country ; and the third to collect accounts, I can’t give you much of a breakfast ; but a fried steak after a night’s carousing, will not prove burthensome, so Mc, my fine fellow, oblige me by doing the needful in that way ; while I prow into the hen house, and cull a few lettuces in my little garden, which, next season, I intend to convert into a second paradise.”

Mc—— went to work with the beef ; Mr. S—— collected about a dozen eggs and a sallad, and in half an hour a repast was on the board, so savoury and attractive, that previous hunger, if such had existed, must have proved an additional zest to luxury.

“Upon second thoughts Mr. S——, I think Mc shall remain behind me ; he can cure the meat, and your men will have NO DOWN !” “Thank you, Mr. R——,” answered the devoted dupe, “I meant to have craved as a favor what you are kind enough to suggest : yes, I particularly wish the affair to be kept quite snug ; and as *you* do, I can trust to Mc——.” The thing was thus settled : the warm-

hearted and grateful adherent of a most hospitable, but lawless protector, yielded with readiness to his wish ; and after a parting glass had been swallowed by *Baldie's* owner, the latter in a few minutes was enshrouded by the woodland, on his homeward route.

Mr. S——, proceeded to assist in the process of curing his animal-payment, and whilst so assisting was miserable ! His partner in the toil smoked incessantly, but said nothing.

There was a weight on both coadjutors ; but why ?—had not R—— justly stood indebted to the storekeeper ? and, was not, therefore, the receipt of satisfaction justifiable ? He had been so indebted, and satisfaction was therefore just ! Such conscience-lulling questions occurred to the subsequent martyr of conspiracy ; and a darkly-meaning change of countenance had shown itself in Mc——, when on his being invited to take an enlivening glass at noon, he expressively said—no !—but your generous proffer, Sir, shall not prove valueless :—it binds me to your interest so far as previous bonds have left me freedom—beware ! not of my master, for, though rough in manner, and excessive in indulgence, he'd rather guard and perish for, than injure you—beware ! there live those who wish you dead ! Again I say, beware !” and with this mysterious caution Mc—— having done the work he had been left to accomplish, left precipitately, with a bow of solemn humility, and a tear trickling down his sunburnt visage, and was beyond re-call, ere the astonished, and almost distracted trader could command composure to articulate,

II.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

THE CASTLE OF JUTELLA,

Iros Amantium.—OVID.

Youth is given to folly : love is its chiefest in the eyes of the wise, and jealousy they justly consider a species of madness, Yet, the little god will still delude his votaries, by the flowers with which he strews their path, and the fairy visions by which he enchants their eyes ; and fleeting though they are, as those rays which illumine the earliest footsteps of Aurora, he has failed to experience the nearest approach to happiness which this earth affords, who has not been dazzled, delighted, and deceived by them.

The castle of Jutella, the seat of the noble Spanish family of that name, is situated on an eminence, which overhangs the banks of

the Duero, and presents on the side of the river, an appearance of rugged grandeur, which well contrasts with the beauty of the prospect that is discerned from the summit. From thence the front of the castle overlooks one of the most extensive, and well-cultivated plains of the Peninsula, bounded in the extreme distance by mountains, of a diversified and picturesque outline, while the grounds immediately belonging to the residence itself, sink in gentle declivities to the level of the plain, and are enriched by vineyards, plantations, and meadows. To the right, at no great distance, was a monastery of considerable extent, whose lofty chimnies, which incessantly poured forth smoke from an early hour in the morning, seemed to indicate the office of cook to the holy brotherhood, to be no sinecure, and that they considered the best preparation for the good things of the next world to be a careful study of those of this, and in a word, that they mortified the flesh, in a manner, the most perfectly consistent with the experience of sages—while their continual visits to a convent; at about the same distance on the left of the castle, evinced their fraternal and tender solicitude for the eternal welfare of those pious virgins, who inhabited it.

In the spring of the year 181—, the castle was the abode of Don Juan, who wanted but a few weeks of becoming its master and his noble fortune, by arriving at the period which the law assigns as that of discretion, in contradiction of the immemorial experience; which serves to prove it one of headstrong and inconsiderate folly. His mother, the Donna Isadora, his cousin Ines, and lastly, the Major Douglas of the — regiment, who visited the castle, on leave of absence from the English army, then advancing against the French, under Marmont, and who was a Scotchman, remarkable for his freedom from those national prejudices, which some attribute to his countrymen, of which we need instance no better proof, than that he considered Wellington fully equal to Sir John Moore—the *Quarterly* little below the *Edinburgh*, in literary criticism, and political foresight—Ossian not exactly on a par with Homer; although decidedly surpassing all other poets, and the climate of Scotland, inferior, certainly, to that of Madeira—in the winter season.

Idleness has been long recorded as the mother of mischief, but there is too much reason to believe, an error has crept into the tradition; and that the fact was, his sex was different, and that he, in truth, in one of the many *faux pas*, which the annals of scandal have omitted to preserve, of the frail spouse of Vulcan, became the father of love; than which he certainly could not have performed an exploit, more fitted to obtain the reputation proverbially attributed to him; such a belief, the course of events at the castle of Jutella, most certainly seemed to support, for within a fortnight after the arrival of Donna Ines, her cousin, who previously had made heavy complaints of the want of something to interest and occupy him, no longer seemed to yield to the assaults

of the demon of *ennui*, and in the society of his fair relative, appeared to forget the past, disregard the future, and only exist for the present. Never, in fact, was there seen a more beautiful pair, and as they strayed together in the moonlight nights, through the gardens of the castle, he might have been taken for a full-grown Cupid, disguised in a cloak, and she for a Hebe, of a corresponding stature, masquerading in a mantilla. Nature had given to both, that charming outline of countenance, which is so rarely met with out of Italy, or Greece, and which, in Don Juan, might have appeared almost effeminate, had it not been redeemed from that defect, by a brow, rather contracted, and a dark, expressive, and almost restless eye, and lips, whose expression, although soft in their outline, and beautiful in their colour, indicated firmness, not easily to be moved. Yet, this prepossessing exterior, and the tender assiduities of her cousin, had failed, during a former visit, to make that progress in the favor of Donna Ines, to which, at the time we are now recording was rapidly advancing every day. It was difficult to say, to what his first failure could have been owing : his beauty was the same, his love equal, and his attentions not the less ;—to what, then, can we attribute his failure, but the want of the happy moment, which, let it always be observed, occurs oftener in love affairs, in the spring, than in the winter. The flowers, which disappeared since the former autumn, penetrated by new shoots through the surface, which concealed them ; the birds renewed their carols, and all nature seemed employed in a joyous change. The heart of Donna Ines was then, perhaps, effected by the universal mutation, and she condescended to smile on those efforts to please her, which she had before regarded with indifference. Be this, however, as it may, (for the speculation on a woman's heart is far more remote from certainty in its results, than the attempts which have been made to discover a principle of perpetual motion,) the wooing of Don Juan suffered a change, corresponding to that of his mistress ; while, in the “ Winter of her discontent,” he was solely employed in his endeavours to excite a flame, in a heart, which seemed formed of asbestos, he now seemed determined to revenge her former indifference, by a series of fancies, and fickleness, which, if ever an edition of the miseries of human life shall be undertaken by a female, might afford ample contents for the last and most important chapter. One day, he would doubt, like the hero of Marmontel's tale, whether he was beloved for himself alone, and more than suspect, that his immense fortune had some share in inducing the favor, which his fair cousin shewed him ; another, if he alone had ever touched her heart, and first taught it to feel the agitation, which affected his own : a third, whether, without fairly encountering, and overcoming a rival in her affections, he could be as sure of his ascendancy over them, as though he had totally omitted that most important ceremony ; and a fourth, he would be assailed with doubts, on the unchangeable nature of his own. By none of these fantasies, however, was she

more perplexed, and indeed, amused, than by a most notable discovery, which he one day hastened to disclose to her, on the nature of the soul and body, or of spirit and matter, as it affected the pleasure to be derived from the passion of love. From the light which had beamed in upon him, from the perusal of some metaphysical work, he had found, that all pleasure was corporeal, inasmuch, as that the mind was incapable of any thing but perception, or thought, and that, therefore, the happiness which he had ever had in her conversation, and society, was sensual, and not superior to that of those animals, who ranged below the rank of man, in the creation. Ines was bewildered with this proposition; neither hypothesis, thesis, or demonstration, could succeed in convincing her. She thought Juan very handsome—love very agreeable—wished and believed it might be lasting, and enquired no further. Had he, however, joined a little natural philosophy to his smattering of metaphysics, he might have recollected a shivering, with which he had been affected, from being wet through by a sudden shower of rain, immediately previous to his abstruse researches, and remarked also the next day, how difficult he found it to recover the chain of reasoning, as he re-discussed the subject with Ines, in the grand walk of the garden, while the meridian sun shone on him, and he insensibly passed his arm around her.

But these diversions were mere interludes, in the performance at the castle, while an afterpiece, which ended as all such should, in mirth and good humour, at one time seemed to threaten a very serious conclusion. The Major had one day returned with Donna Ines, from a visit to the chapel of the monastery, which we have mentioned, in the commencement of our story, and they had scarcely been seated, when the young Spaniard burst in, with wrath in his eye, defiance on his brow, and his hand involuntarily grasping his sword; for a time, he in vain attempted to articulate, but at last regaining some command of himself, he replied to the enquiry which Donna Ines made, of what had disturbed him.

“Your faithlessness! false girl!”

“How Juan! mine! faithlessness!—what mean you?”

“That you have deceived me, traitress!”

“Deceived you—how—or when. Alas! I have loved but too well.”

“Heaven! too well. Oh woman! what can equal thy assurance. But it is not on you my wrath should be expended. From you, Sir,” said the incensed lover, turning to the Major, while fire darted from his eyes, “I demand satisfaction.”

“That” said the Major, somewhat surprised, “is what I have always, I hope, given unasked to my friends, and never refused to the requisition of my enemies.”

“In me, then, you behold one, who has a double claim—but lately as the former, and now as the latter.”

“Indeed!” said the Major, with the utmost *sang froid*, “Pray

you will favor me by taking a pinch of snuff. I have had it yesterday from England."

"Snuff!" cried the raging Juan, his nostrils distended with passion, as if they could have swallowed the box, and its contents, "my business is one, which blood alone can settle; and——"

"You terrify me, Juanito" (the Spanish for Johnny) replied the Major; "but before I can gratify you, I must settle a small affair I have with a countryman of yours, who has been teasing me this last hour, and who is but this moment lighted on your elbow—a flourish of trumpets! St. Andrew against St. Jago—Ferrara against Toledo, and dead for a ducat:" so saying, he drew forth a large silk handkerchief from a breast pocket, with a theatrical air, describing nearly the same figure with his arm as if he had handled abroad sword, and twitching it with a rapid motion, and a loud explosion, against a large blue fly, which had settled on Juan's arm, he despatched him in a moment, returned the weapon to his pocket, with a sweep against his boot, from which he struck some dust—replaced a cigar in his mouth, which he laid down during the operation—crossed his arms and legs, and regarded Juan with a fixed, but perfectly vacant countenance.

"Descendant of a mountain robber," cried the Spaniard, more incensed than ever, "or at best of a barbarian, deer stalker, darest thou to trifle thus with one, who boasts the blood of the conquerors of Roncevalles and Pavia, and of both the Indies! draw! or die."

"Neither, my friend! just at the present moment," rejoined the imperturbable Major "You forget where we are! Confound these ivory tooth picks, they make them as large as handspikes in Salamanca: I must write home for a dozen or two of gold or silver; will you take some of them off my hands?"

Had Juan been answered with half the violence that he felt, and displayed, they had long since been tilting together in the presence of Ines, and under the roof of the castle. The coolness of his antagonist, however, prevented this outrage, and he at length recollected himself sufficiently, to point to the folding doors of the apartment, and darting an ireful glance, to say significantly to his foreign guest—"I go."

The Major, who had got into the vein which he could have kept up for hours, replied in an imitation of Liston in Doodle, the merit of which, however, was lost on his auditors, "and I——also."

They descended the stairs together, without any further colloquy, and found themselves in a few seconds on the terrace, in front of the castle. Juan was armed with his rapier, and the Major with the sword of the staff, on which he then was, of which two weapons, the former is probably the most dangerous, and the latter the least so into which iron has been fabricated for the purposes of destruction. Disregarding this, and indeed all other considerations, but his imagined wrongs, Juan put himself in attitude, and called to Douglas to defend himself, which the latter did in a manner, which speedily caused his opponent no small astonish-

ment. It was his habit to carry a very beautiful walking-stick, or at least one, which a real judge of such an affair would have considered so, although not perhaps a dandy, being formed of a sapling oak, which was perfectly strait and taper, of a smooth and well coloured bark, and headed by a gold top, of a peculiar, and evidently very antique fashion. Raising this with the rapidity of a practised, and very strong arm, he struck the rapier of Juan with all his force by a blow, directed at an angle between thirty-five and forty degrees, as close as possible to the guard which (as the descendant of the Gusmans, had not fully clutched his weapon, not yet seeing his antagonists drawn forth) was completely successful in sending his sword flying from his hand, leaving him motionless with surprise and vexation. The Major would have scarcely trusted to this means of defence, had he been armed with a common cane, but from the maternal side he was descended from that remarkable wizard, Michael Scott, and the stick he so much depended on, and which his female ancestor had brought into the family of his branch of the Douglas, was no other than the identical staff, with which that renowned enchanter struck his messenger, Gilpin Horner, that celebrated rap over the knuckles, for attempting to unclasp and read the magic book, for which he had despatched him to Melrose Abbey, and which sublime romance, and pathetic incident, is so interestingly related by the late Sir Walter Scott, in that immortal poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

The reader may probably entertain some doubts, as to the identity of the cane, from the consideration of the extreme length which it must have been at the period it was used by Scott, to strike a blow at the dwarf, when at a distance of many miles;—but he must recollect, that it was for a century and a half in continual use with the Douglas family, and was, by traditional record of its decrease, observed so much to wear away, that it had diminished to the usual size, when the Major had a ferule fitted to the point, to preserve it from the consequences of further friction. Juan, as we have related, being thus rapidly disarmed, his antagonist seized his weapon with the same celerity, and delivering it to the astonished youth, addressed him with a familiar and polite smile—"Pray, prince Prettyman, may I ask the cause of this lavish expenditure of your wrath, and indignation, on one, who is totally unconscious of having offended you——"

"Unconscious," cried Juan! "what, am I not sufficiently humbled by your triumph, without mocking me by a pretended ignorance of my cause for vengeance?"

"Name it," said the Major, "for on the honor of an officer, and a gentleman, I am at a loss even to conjecture."

The eyes of the Spaniard expanded with surprise; the muscles of his face changed, from the rigid form with which a sense of injury impressed his countenance, and he rather hesitatingly demanded,

"Did I not see you in the chapel of the monastery with Donna Ines? I followed you soon after your departure from the castle,

and entering, saw, what made me recoil with surprise and indignation."

"The mist clears away," replied the Briton, "I have now some glimmering of the cause of this ridiculous fracas."

"Yes, indignation, I may, and will say, when I—beheld—you—kiss—the—hand—of—Donna—Ines."

Juan, by the articulation of these words, which succeeded each other in lengthened periods, seemed to relieve his breast of a weight of surprise, and anger, which, however, seemed in danger of being renewed by the Major's tranquil reply,

"*Parturiunt montes—nascitur ridiculus mus.*" "*Mouse! a scorpion, by St. Jago, of Compostella*, an ancestor of mine, who died in consequence of wounds received at the battle of Almanza, lies buried in the chapel of the monastery. The Donna Ines had said some flattering things, on the efficiency which my countrymen have always displayed, when called to action in the Peninsula, and in the gratitude of the moment, I violated your mistress's exclusiveness, so far as to touch her hand with my lips, from which, however, I hope no irreparable damage has arisen."

As he said these words, Donna Ines approached. She had recovered from the confusion which the hostile address of her lover, and his departure with the Major, had created, and dreading some serious dispute, had sought, and found them. Her lover had not sheathed his sword, and it was evident to her, that a storm had recently passed away, or was impending. Her arrival was opportune, and at that critical moment, when a woman's influence, if judiciously exerted, is all-powerful. Ines, though young, was not ignorant of the "*Moyen de parvenu.*" She approached him, irresolution in her steps, tenderness, and soft reproaches in her glances, and the graceful and gentle extension of her beautiful hand, inviting confidence, and offering affection—

"Juan," she murmured with a sigh, but scarcely audible.

The delinquent she addressed, though now fully conscious of the error into which he had fallen, and the unjustifiable nature of the attack he had made on the Major, was yet unwilling at once to give way even to his mistress's advances, as it might seem in some degree the acknowledgment of an error, and this his pride revolted at submitting to. He bit his lips, knit his brows, folded his arms, and half turned from her, seeming about to slowly depart. This, however, Ines had no intention to allow, and drawing nearer, she repeated her first address, with the addition of an adjective of the superlative degree, which is probably the most bewitching, which can issue from between a pair of coral lips—

"Dearest Juan!"—

He stayed his steps, his arms relaxed the rigidity of their brace, his averted eye slowly turned towards his cousin, and he evidently gave way to her attractions. The Major, to whom his back was turned, but who was perceived by Ines, made a silent motion of applause with his hand, and telegraphed "*Brava!*" on his fingers.

She gently held the border of his cloak, and an almost imperceptible touch seemed to draw him towards her—

“ My own.”

Success was now almost certain, and the fair and accomplished artist, thought she might safely put forth the last and most irresistible of her powers. What must be its strength, when a French critic once said, that the two words, which only described it, were the most poetical, expressive, inspired, and sublime, of the entire of those of a celebrated tragedy.

“ She wept.”

Woman's tears should be shed with the slightest possible change of countenance; they should also be silent: a vocal accompaniment, if executed in perfection, gives them, it must be confessed, great additional force, but the effect of any thing short of excellence, is certain to be dangerous to the desired result, and the safest mode is to omit it. Need it be said, then, that Ines was victorious. That Juan forgot all that was but just passed, flew into her arms, and was there happier than the gift of Alladin's lamp, the wealth of both the Indies, or even the possession of the crown of Spain could have made him.

Six weeks after he became a Benedick, and fulfilled the destiny allotted since time immemorial to lovers, and husbands, and which is, indeed, included in that affixed to all human hopes; he attained the goal of his desires: love vanished, friendship alone remained, and that even chequered by frequent and pleasing varieties of gloom and sunshine.

The allied army of Great Britain and Spain, was about this period in the neighbourhood of Salamanca, and the general expectation of an engagement was soon after realized, by that memorable one, which took place near the Arapiles, by which name it is distinguished in the French records of the battle. Juan had previously joined the Spaniards, under Cuesta, and acted as a volunteer, from doing which, no warnings of the Major could deter him. Douglas, aware of his rash and headlong disposition, foresaw the unnecessary and unwise exposure, to which it might too probably lead him.—These forebodings were but too well fulfilled by the event, in which Juan fell, without any other credit to his character, than that he knew not what fear was, a species of ultra courage, which has, perhaps, been too severely satirized by the remark, that such persons could never have snuffed a candle with their fingers. His British friend, born under a more fortunate star, acquired fame, and promotion in the same field, continued with the army to the last moment of their stay in France, and when they embarked, obtained a second leave for a few weeks, to bid farewell, ere he quitted the Continent, to the wife and mother of his young, but unfortunate friend. To this he felt urged by some strong desire, for which he could not assign an adequate motive to himself, but which, in fact, was the working of that power, which shapes our destiny's, “ roughhew them as we will.” Retracing his steps, he crossed the

Pyrenees, and by a rapid journey, reached once more the castle of Jutella. There he found that time had in some degree softened the grief which their loss had occasioned to Isadora, and Ines. The latter displayed all those agremens, which youth, beauty, and a grief, mellowed by time, present. Douglas thought her much improved in mind as well as person—charming, young, rich, a widow. She was indeed an object, than which few could inspire greater interest. For a few weeks, his cogitations reached no further than these abstract reflections. At length a new idea dawned upon him. A something seemed wanting at the castle of Jutella, and he was not long in discovering that that want was a master. Hope and desire soon suggested the quere, why it should not be himself. But prudence bid him reflect what in that event he must give up. If he fixed his residence in Spain, he must renounce the happiness of again becoming an inhabitant of the modern Athens, that unrivalled school of elegance, refinement, art, science, and literature, as superior to all others in the present, as was the ancient city of Minerva, to those of former times. Never more should his ears be soothed by the attic elegance and melody of the Scottish dialect. What, in fact, could Spain present to compare with those advantages, which distinguished his native land? For learning, could the university of Salamanca pretend to rival that disinterested seat of knowledge, the college of Aberdeen? For beauty, fertility, and a genial temperature, could the vale of Valentia presume to compete with the Carse of Gowrie? Were the tears of the vine of Malaga and Xeres, a beverage, worthy of comparison with the distillation of Glenlivet and Fearntosh; the Escorial, equal to Holyrood House, or Aranjuez to Inverary? Still Ines was a charming creature: he determined to make every sacrifice for her, and though fortune should have done her justice, and made her birth-place in the Highlands, that was a misfortune which she could no better remedy, than by giving her a Scotchman for a husband. To this end, the Colonel urged his attentions; first talked of friendship, and then whispered love. But he found Ines immoveable: her soul seemed marble, and her body ice, and he made as little impression on her heart, as a squadron of cavalry on an unbroken hollow square. His operations continued in this situation for some weeks, when his good genius, inspired him with a mode of attack, than seemed to promise a more successful result. He had hitherto, on his former visit, as well as on the present, appeared in the dress of a civilian, the scenery and decorations of which, from disuse, and want of practice, are generally but indifferently got up by military men, and he bethought himself of producing an entirely new set, as is usual at the commencement of the season, at all respectable theatres. He accordingly gave her notice, he purposed making his appearance on that stage on a given day, for the last time, and for his farewell he reserved every art of an accomplished performer. He presented himself in the most elegant and becoming dress, which the British, or probably any other service, displays—that of

a Highland field officer. The Portuguese order of the Tower and Sword, the Spanish one of Merit, and his Peninsular medals were suspended from his breast, while his silken scarf of plaid hung loose and gracefully over all. Booted and spurred, and an ornamented sword by his side, he moved as graceful and as dignified a dismounted cavalier, as ever breathed on the canvas, from the rich and elaborate pencil of Palamedes. If this display be effective in the eyes of man, it is captivating in those of a woman, and the Colonel calculated correctly on its effect. He appeared as he said for the last time previous to his departure, and slowly pacing beside the fair widow along the walks of the flower-garden, he went once more over the recital of his hopes, his fears, his constancy, and his love—due emphasis and discretion marked his delivery—his pauses were effective, and his action full of grace—tender sighs were ever and anon interspersed with the most critical judgment, and tears would not have been omitted, had they become a soldier. Ines listened with an attentive ear, and at last her heart seemed slightly touched—something suggested to her that though first love could never be equalled for its novelty, ardour, truth, and freshness; a second passion might still be sincere, tender, lasting, and consolatory. The distant cooing of the wood pigeon soothed her ear; flowers sprung at her feet, disclosing their beauties, and scattering their perfume, while the brilliant azure of an unclouded sky, was ominous of a happy and serene futurity. The objects around seemed silently to assist her lovers suit, and to indicate, that she wanted support, and that true happiness is not to be felt without participation. At her side the clematis climbed around, and entwined the aromatic rose; the vine threw its graceful festoons over the trellis work, and more than all, before her she beheld the statue of Psyche, folded in the arms of her immortal lover. The last words of an affecting farewell were just tendered to her by the Colonel, while a gentle gale wafted the extremity of his scarf around her waist, as if Zephyrus himself wished to unite them, while Cupid, who was in ambush in an adjoining alley, bent at the same moment his golden bow, and with an unerring aim, sent one of his sharpest darts home to the heart of Ines, who, in reply to her lovers pathetic appeals, murmured at last with blushing cheeks, and half-averted glance, the meaning and magical monosyllable—

“Stay.”

The castle was soon after the scene of their nuptials, and they had resided there for about a year, when the death of the dowager Isadora, and some reminiscences which would occasionally unpleasantly intrude, of the impetuous and unfortunate Juan, induced Douglas and Ines to transfer their residence to the Vale of Valentia, which is justly considered the garden of Spain. There they lived happily, the Colonel maintaining the best understanding with his neighbours, which was only interrupted on one occasion by an agricultural improvement, which they were ignorant and ungrateful enough not to understand, or sufficiently appreciate. He imported a quantity

of the seed of that beautiful and useful plant, or rather shrub, the thistle, from Scotland, and sowing it in his own demesne, it speedily spread through those and the farms adjacent, to the great discontent of the owners, who, as is usual with ignorant and prejudiced people, expressed their dissatisfaction and discontent in no very measured terms. Incensed by their ingratitude for what, if properly improved, might have become a national benefit, the Colonel replied in as warm a strain, and the consequences might have been serious, had not the affair been entrusted on the part of the natives, to the management of an old humorist, named Don Hummo de Quizzeda, who at last persuaded the Colonel to employ his rustics in eradicating the invaluable production of the soil, which he had given to such ingrates, and in return, offered to acknowledge the concession by a public dinner, to be given by the surrounding gentry, to Douglas, on St. Andrew's day. This soothed the disappointment which he felt at the failure of his projected scheme of improvement, and he agreed, on condition that his own piper should attend and perform the appropriate national airs during the entertainment. To this Hummo made no objection, but insisted on his part in the addition to the orchestra of a big drum, a Jews harp, and a speaking trumpet. This turn of the negotiation somewhat disconcerted the Colonel, who finally withdrew the bagpipes, on condition of the like renunciation on the part of Quizzeda. He however consoled himself on his return from the entertainment by a performance at his own residence of some hours duration, which strange to say, gave Donna Ines a headache, that continued for a month, and was shrewdly suspected by some old ladies, who long after canvassed the affair to be the cause of a mortal antipathy, which his son and heir displayed during his whole life to that classical, melodious, and pathetic instrument.

—M.—

ADIEU TO VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Adieu ye shores !—thou'rt not for me !
To settled life I've been a stranger ;—
On yonder distant, dark blue sea,
I still must be a constant ranger.
Adieu !—adieu, ye crouching knaves !
Who lowly bend each day the knee !
My soul's as free as mountain waves,
When in my bark, upon the sea.
Adieu ye land hawks !—cunning knaves !
Live on, and greater rogues still be ;
You'll sleep no calmer in your graves,
Than I upon the dark blue sea.
Tho' round your death-beds you may find
A host of friends, with sobs, and sighs ;—
The gold alone you leave behind,
Shall draw the tears from out their eyes.

The Voyage Out.

Adieu !—I'm like the ocean bird,
 Unfit for shore, where man must be ;—
 For when his treacherous voice is heard,
 It wings its flight again to sea.
 Adieu !—now welcome dark blue sea,
 Like man, thy nature can't deceive—
 Reared on thy breast, thou art to me,
 The only thing I cannot leave ;
 Save some few friends ;—tho' few they be.
 That fate, or fortune, yet has given ;
 And faithful they have been to me,
 As stars that range the breast of heaven.
 And when I fain would rest awhile
 Upon the shore, oh, may it be !
 Upon some lonely, distant isle,
 Surrounded by the dark blue sea.
 And oh, around me, may repair
 My bosom friends !—let man deride—
 We'll form a world of friendship there,
 And care not for the world beside !

P. —

THE VOYAGE OUT.

" There bee other tormentes to bee patientlie borne with, and manie there bee that require the holie artes of philosophie to endure. One of these is a longe voyage in a littel shippe, with a man more blusterynge than the greate ocean for a capitaine."

Life of Jerome Cardan, translated by Butler.

Of all the incidents in the life of a person, there are few that can compete, in interest at least, with an emigration voyage. I say, advisedly, an *emigration* voyage ; because, in such cases, the cargo is generally as interesting, if not quite so valuable, as many others. It is very true, that to the wool-grower, wool, would be more endearing ; to the whaler, oil ; to the farmer, corn, while the heart of the store-keeper would dance with joy at the anticipation of a cargo of " sundries," and of " general merchandize," but a cargo of emigrants is infinitely more interesting, as well as more troublesome, to all and every one concerned.

When I left England the rage for emigration was at its height ; and the several points of comparison between our American and Australian Colonies formed a common topic of animated discussion amongst those idle and conceited persons, who imagined that they knew better than anybody else, the precise and actual condition of

the countries in question. A heavy domestic misfortune had induced me to bend my thoughts towards exile: whither I went mattered not to me—"the world was all before me, where to choose," and all I wanted was some active mental occupation, which would cast over the previous perils of my existence the welcome shadow of oblivion. Without kindred, almost without friends, a little matter served to direct my destination. Kind and urgent letters of recommendation to the highest authorities in Van Diemen's Land, determined my course at once, and I accordingly engaged my passage in the "fine, fast-sailing barque," *Tom Thumb*, Timothy Tarbottle, Commander. She was loading in the London docks with a general cargo; was the first ship to sail, carried an "experienced" surgeon, and was, moreover, copper-bottomed. I took an early opportunity to go and see her, and was received with much respect and civility by a smart little man, whom I took at first for the skipper, but soon found that he was only the owner, and that he rejoiced in the cacophonous name of Twigg; that he was the father of six children, all boys; and that poor Mrs. Twigg—heaven rest her soul! had departed this life just one year and three months ago, leaving him to deplore her loss, as well as the loss of two thousand pounds, of which he wished me particularly to understand, that the late commander of the *Tom Thumb*, Captain Badham, had most iniquitously defrauded him, Thomas Twigg, the sole and rightful owner. "But," continued Mr. Twigg, (who told me all this in a breath,) "I have taken especial care to have a good captain this time—Timothy Tarbottle, Sir, who was sixth mate of the *Fury* East Indiaman, when I was purser of the same, and a smart fellow he was, I can tell you. Besides, Sir, he has rose (I use the worthy owners orthoepy) from before the mast, and is none of your fine, gentlemen captains, not he! but a plain, rough, downright smart fellow: yes, sir, a *very* smart fellow!" Having selected my cabin, and secured it in the usual manner, I took leave of Mr. Twigg, but not before that worthy gentleman had prevailed upon me to take some luncheon, "just by way," he said, "of a sample of the fare you may expect on your voyage," and, really, the luncheon was excellent, more especially some very fine Madeira, which, Mr. Twigg emphatically informed me, was for the general use of the cabin passengers.

On the whole, I departed highly satisfied with my visit: my cabin was snug, and I had it to myself; and I had ascertained that there were several passengers, of high respectability: having seen all my luggage on board, I arranged to join the ship in the Downs, and spent the intermediate time in making parting visits amongst my acquaintance, and in acquiring information relative to the land of my future home. About three weeks passed on in this manner, when I repaired to Deal, having previously been apprised that the *Tom Thumb* had got under weigh, and was proceeding down channel.

To a man of feeling, I know of no situation so fraught with

melancholy, as that in which I now found myself. I was on the point of leaving, as far as I knew, for ever, the land of my nativity ; that land, with which all my hopes and feelings, my interests and affections, *had* been identified ; and then, the horrible *ennui* of unsettled idleness—for I had not even my books to refer to—preyed heavily upon me : I was, in short, a prey to despondency, almost intolerable, and looked with great eagerness and anxiety for the arrival of the good ship *Tom Thumb*, in the roadstead at Deal.

Two days after my arrival at that horrible town, (and the reader will readily surmise the torture I endured during the whole of that time,) the *Tom Thumb* was duly signalized at anchor, and I immediately prepared to go on board. I had not yet seen our “*very smart*” captain, neither had I been introduced to any of my “*Compagnons du voyage*,” and I must confess, that my curiosity was a good deal excited on account of those with whom I was to associate during so long a passage. It was with feelings, therefore, of no ordinary interest, that I regarded the stately vessel, towards which two stout boatmen now swiftly impelled me ; and as I ascended the ship’s side, I felt that a new era was about to burst upon my existence, whether for good or evil I was yet to learn.

I was received by the chief mate, who forthwith ushered me into the cuddy, where I found the captain and Mr. Twigg, with several of the passengers. Mr. Twigg introduced me to the skipper, who received me in a bluff, sailor-style, perfectly corroborative of good Mr. Twigg’s assertion, that he was “none of your fine gentlemen captains ;” and, glancing cursorily at the inmates of the cuddy, I betook myself to my cabin, to reconnoitre and arrange my baggage.

Till a vessel goes fairly out to sea, all, even in the best regulated and most punctilious, is hurry, bustle, and confusion. The seamen are full of vigilance and activity ; the passengers grievously afflicted with sea-sickness ; in addition to which, those desolate feelings of anxiety and apprehension, incident to an exile’s departure from “home,” render them disconsolate and sad : and it was not till we were skirting the Bay of Biscay, that we met in any thing like a social manner at the cuddy table. I now found that our cabin party consisted of a motley, and somewhat numerous group. We mustered about twenty, and as I had nothing else to do, I turned my attention to an examination of my fellow-passengers. They promised to afford me abundant amusement during the voyage. With only two or three exceptions, they were all, male and female, brim-full of pretensions and boasting. Although it was perfectly evident that they were leaving England, to seek in a foreign, and far distant land, that subsistence, which they could not acquire at home ; still, by their conversation and general demeanour, you would have imagined that they were going to spend a fortune, instead of to acquire one. And this curious delusion extended to the poor devils in the steerage, who, although cooped together like poultry, and rigidly *allowanced* to their salt junk and biscuit, and who, many of them at least, had “turned heaven and earth” to

scrape together the money for their passage ; yet, they were as full of pomposity as their more fortunate companions in the cuddy. One person, in particular, afforded a striking instance of this egregious folly. He had ventured, as a steerage passenger, with his wife, four daughters, and two sons ; and to have heard this man talk, you would have thought him, at least, a retired alderman. My attention had been directed towards him and his family by the surgeon, a raw lad, who was smitten with one of the daughters. The old man, (his name was Potts) had been unfortunate in business, chiefly through his own incorrigible indolence, and his wife was labouring under severe indisposition at the time of embarkation : his daughters (especially miss Jemima, my informant's flame) were described as " particularly nice girls," and, I really felt for the poor creatures, notwithstanding the vulgar assurance, and wearisome bragging of their honoured papa. I told the surgeon, therefore, that any thing I had was at the service of the invalid, and begged, if it were necessary, that he would make no scruple of applying for it ; a license he took advantage of with an alacrity that showed me, that however " experienced" our doctor was, his supply of " medical comforts" was not very abundant.

Amongst the cabin passengers, the only individuals, who were what the Scotch call " Kenspeckle," in other words, worthy of particular notice, were an elderly lady, by name Mrs. Timkins, and her daughter, Maria. The former was a very amusing, and most vulgar fidget, extremely terrified at what she called the " whast hocean," and perpetually tyrannizing over her daughter, who was a clever, sensible, shrewd girl, and whose affection for her mother, was continually and sorely put to the test, by the ridiculous vagaries of her venerable parent. I forgot—we had another noticeable person, in the character of a young man, who had just obtained his license from the Independents, having previously occupied his time in the profitable calling of a pewterer. He had had a call, and, like honest Maw-worm, wanted to go a-preaching : why he chose Van Diemen's Land for the scene of his future labours in this line, was best known to himself ; from what I saw of him—and I saw a good deal—I do not think the Tasmanians will receive much benefit from his exhortations. Like too many of his " craft," the object of *his* mission was lucre—lucre, in its most filthy and abominable form ; the trade of pewtering grew slack ; that of preaching held out better prospects, and Van Diemen's Land was as good a shop to go to as any other, and to Van Diemen's Land did the *Reverend* Emanuel Roberts accordingly betake himself.

Once fairly out at sea, the characters and peculiarities of the different individuals, soon began to develop themselves. Our reverend companion was always most devoutly sedate, and most seriously solemn ; always, that is, except at those times, when he was engaged in pious conversation with a cherry-checked, buxom lass, the daughter of a broken down farmer, who came out in the steerage. This damsel, " fair and comely," was ardently addicted

foul weather before we reached the Cape. But, I am somewhat anticipating. As we approached the line, the weather became beautifully fine and settled : we soon got into the "trades," which wafted us along very comfortably at the rate of seven knots an hour. By this time, we had become tolerably well acquainted with each other. What little courtesy the captain ever took the trouble to exhibit, had long since vanished, and was now superseded by the coarse, rude, and consequential bearing of your regular, thoroughbred, tar-and-oakum skipper: Timmy Tarbottle, or, as he delighted to call himself, Timothy Tarry, was truly none of your fine gentlemen captains : he was, what many of these men are, a coarsely-proud, and pompous tyrant, with—as far as regarded the comfort of his passengers—no more concern than he had for the destinies of the Russian empire. Instead of considering his passengers as his guests, or rather his customers, he looked upon us as irksome incumbrances ; and being a man of a horrid temper, we had abundant opportunities for the charitable exercise of our patience, and forbearance. It is really a sad pity, that owners of ships, will not pay more attention to the selection of their skippers. They seem to think, that if a man be a "smart" sailor, he is sufficiently qualified to undertake the management of a ship full of emigrants : but how seldom does it happen, that individuals thus appointed, perform their engagements with satisfaction or propriety ! The reason is obvious. Your mere all-in-all sailor is seldom a man of the world ; still more seldom is he gifted with any extraordinary penetration, even into the most ordinary movements of human nature. He can work a ship to a nicety ; he can navigate, with the aid of the sun ; and even some are so supremely accomplished, as to be enabled to cut out, and superintend the making of a sail ! So scantily are they furnished with common civility—politeness is entirely out of the question with them—that they consider every one on board their ship, infinitely beneath them, and

—— "Drest in a little brief authority,
Play such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep"—

The consequence of all this is, to persons coming to this Colony, a very uncomfortable purgatory of five or six months. Few, very few, private ships come out hither, in which the passengers have enjoyed an uninterrupted course of unanimity among themselves, or of proper treatment on the part of the skipper. It is quite amusing to think, how highly and bitterly party-spirit very frequently rages on board a ship. The captain, of course, has *his* partisans,—easily acquired, and rendered inviolable in their sincerity by a few extra "nips" of grog, or the scrapings, which may be gathered from the cuddy-table. Then the surgeon, if there be one, has *his* friends and allies, as easily acquired, and attached to his interests by an extra allowance of medical, or medicinal comforts, and a due dose of humbug and hypocrisy. Then follows,

on landing, the precious farce of advertisements in the Newspapers, bearing the most ardent testimony to the virtues, and kindnesses, and condescensions, and God knows what else, of the "most noble captain."* But this senseless system must be amended. As emigration increases, and as it *must* increase, we must have decent, well-behaved carriers, to bring over our live stock. Competition will arise, and produce the desired reformation, and the sooner it comes, the better—for the public has suffered long enough under the capricious and tyrannical domination of the ill-bred, illiterate, but "smart" skipper.

We crossed the line considerably to the southward, and before a breeze, which bore us gaily along at the rate of about six knots. For some days the sailors had been preparing for the usual silly mummeries, in which they delight to indulge on crossing the line; and poor Mrs. Timkins was in a perfect fever at the idea of being shaved—a notion we sedulously and most seriously inculcated, for the sake of the fun it afforded us. Now, Mrs. Timkins might have pretended indisposition, but there was an obstacle to this stratagem, which was insurmountable. Mrs. Timkins had an appetite; I do not mean that she merely ate her food with a gusto, but she positively devoured it; and rather than submit to the privations of the sick-list, she was determined to run the risk, even of a rough shave from Neptune's barber; not but what she was excessively indignant at the idea of such a proceeding;—indignant, indeed, she was, and vehemently did she vow vengeance against all concerned, if they dared to lay a finger upon her precious person; and as to her giving the men anything by way of procuring absolution—not she indeed! She would not give them one single farthing! And let them shave her, if they dared! *She* would shave *them*, if they did! and so on: The eventful day drew near, and the previous evening had arrived. Our men were as decent a crew as need be, but they were sailors, and determined to have their holiday, as they called it; and Neptune duly hailed the ship, promising a more formal and prolonged visit on the morrow, and departing, as usual, to the depths of his watery dominions in a flaming tar-barrel.

The shaving part of the business is now never allowed in any well-regulated ships; the sailors being merely permitted to amuse themselves, deprived of this brutal addition to their sport; but the *Tom Thumb* was not a well-regulated ship, and the men were allowed a license by no means compatible with prudence, or creditable to their commander. One of the evils of this part of the day's proceedings is the opportunity it affords the sailors of venting their

* One of the most egregious examples of this desperate humbug occurred on the arrival of the *Princess Royal* at Hobart Town. After having mistaken the entrance of the river, the vessel went aground, near Pitt-water. No sooner, however, were the emigrants landed, than a most flaming letter, signed by the matron (!) appeared in the papers, bearing the most unqualified and flattering testimony to the captain's nautical abilities!

spite upon any person, who may have happened to have fallen under their displeasure. Now there were two individuals, amongst us, who had unhappily incurred this great misfortune; the Reverend Minister was one, and poor Mr. Potts the other. Parson Roberts had rendered himself especially obnoxious to the men, by some coarse and clumsy attempts at, what he called, converting them from a state of existence, not only sinful, but full of abomination. For some time he was extremely assiduous in his task; teasing the men upon every occasion, and continually reprehending them. If a man uttered a simple oath in the Reverend gentleman's hearing, he was immediately overwhelmed with a volley of volubility, touching the horrid vice and wickedness of swearing; the Scriptures were ransacked for texts, which were tortured and twisted with no little ingenuity, to bear upon Jack's heinous sin of swearing. Of all men living, sailors are the most touchy upon any interference with their accustomed habits on the part of landmen, and any attempt to take away his grog, or stop his swearing, is always received as an impertinent innovation upon long established custom. So it was with Parson Roberts's zealous interference; and as he, on more than one occasion, had obtained the stoppage of two or three of the men's grog, they were determined, if they could, to "sarve him out."

Mr. Potts's offence was of a much deeper dye. This man, who had more of the character of a needy adventurer than any other passenger, had, at a very early period, incurred the hatred of the sailors, by acting as a sort of spy upon them. His berth was next to the bulk-head, which separated the sailors from the passengers, and not a word was uttered by any one of the men, that was not swiftly conveyed to the captain's ears; occasionally much exaggerated, and always highly colored. Nothing serves to display a man's real disposition more forcibly than an indulgence in trifles. Old Potts, for the sake of a kind word from the captain—permission to come on the poop, and an extra glass of grog, became a regular and most vigilant spy upon the men, and really, the silly old body got at last so saucy, that I myself was compelled to turn him out of the cuddy more than once, for insolence to some of the ladies.

I was duly apprised of the dose that awaited these two persons, and, to speak the truth, I was glad of it; for both had rendered themselves so perfectly disagreeable, and were, withal, so inordinately puffed up with vanity and conceit, that I really looked forward with wicked delight, to their discomfiture and punishment.

Early in the morning Neptune duly hailed us, and was received on board with the customary forms, and the fooling commenced. The parson had retired to his cabin, that his devout eyes might not be shocked at the sight of the profanation about to be performed; and Mr. Potts was likewise *non est inventus*. No notice was taken of the absentees, and the lads and youngsters, with those who were working their passage, were led in succession to the tub, shaved

and soused, to the infinite amusement of the old hands, who were officiating. I was standing on the poop with two or three other gentlemen, looking upon what was going forward, when I observed a cessation in the ceremony. Neptune rose up in his car, (formed of part of an old barrel,) with the lovely Amphitrite leaning most demurely on his brawny arm: "Where's the Parson?" roared the God, through his speaking trumpet. "I don't see his Reverence—where is he?" "He's saying his prayers in his cabin with Sally Phillips," (the young girl already alluded to) shouted one of Neptune's satellites. "Is he, by G—!" shouted his Godhead; "then go and fetch him here!" and forthwith hastened two of Neptune's constables, each with a marlin-spike in his hand, to bring his Reverence to their master. Desirous to witness the result of this curious rencontre, I repaired to the cuddy, where I found the "constables" just thundering at the Parson's cabin-door. It was instantly opened, and its inmate, with a quarto volume in his hand, and a white cotton night-cap on his head, made his appearance, and asked, with a solemnity perfectly ludicrous, what was the meaning of that indecent disturbance. "Please your honour's Reverence," said one of the men, in a tone of mock respect, "Master Neptune have sent us to tell you he wants to spin a yarn with you."

"Insolent wretch!" exclaimed the incensed Minister, "What have I to do with your fooleries? I'll have you both severely punished, if you do not leave me to my meditations;" and he would have shut the door, had they not held it forcibly open.

"Yes, Sir," said one of the men, making a low bow, "but please your honour's Reverence, master Neptune is waiting for you."

"Waiting for me?" ejaculated the Parson, boiling with rage, "Where's the Captain?"

"Please your honour's Reverence, he's gone overboard, and won't turn up till to-morrow."

"You saucy scoundrel!" exclaimed Emanuel, "What do you mean by telling me such a palpable falsehood?"

"D—n my eyes!" said the other, 'constable,' "What's the use of all this jaw-work? Seize the sawney up, if he won't come fairly, and let us carry him forward."

"If you lay a finger upon me, I'll make you sorely repent it," returned the Minister.

"You be d—d for a loblolly fool!" growled the same man, and seizing the luckless Minister by the waist, he bore him, kicking and sprawling, towards the spot where Neptune held his court.

The man had just put down his burthen, when the Captain came up, and interceded—(command, it seems, he could not)—for the Reverend Gentleman's liberation; it was, of course, immediately acceded to, but not before a tub full of water from the main-top was accurately capsized over his person, and he slunk away to his cabin, like a cowardly dog, that had been well ducked; and I do

not believe there was a single person, that felt for him the slightest commiseration.

No sooner was the bustle caused by this little incident well over, than Mr. Potts was loudly called for by Neptune. No reply was made to the summons, and the 'constables' were again despatched to bring him before his Godship. They were absent a longer time than Neptune thought necessary, and the God began to grow fidgetty. A fresh lather, too, of lamp oil and tar was mixed up with other filth, which it is unnecessary to particularize. At length, however, a shout from the sailors announced the discovery and apprehension of poor Mr. Potts; and forth he came, led towards the fatal tub, by the 'constables,' as much dead as alive. He was stripped of his shirt, and his brawny back—for he was a stout, thick-set little man—gleamed shiningly in the sun-shine. He looked, for all the world, like a man going to be hanged—pale, trembling, haggard, and most awfully woe-begone. As the men were leading him on, up from between decks rushed his wife, his four daughters, and his two sons, and, with the most earnest supplications, they implored the men to spare him! The men "grinned horribly, a ghastly smile," and proceeded to shave poor Mr. Potts. And shave him they did with a vengeance! They shaved his face, his neck—and his arms and his back, and turned the poor devil out of their clutches, one complete mass of filth and abomination. I felt for the man's family, but for himself I could not feel a particle of pity. He richly deserved his doom, and I was not sorry that he had it.

The weather continued beautiful, and the delicious climate of the southern hemisphere sent into our hearts a feeling of gladness and elasticity; even Mrs. Timkins gradually dropped her complaints, and, for a short time, we really enjoyed a degree of comfort and peace. This, however, was of short duration. We got into a colder latitude; for Timmy Tarry was bent upon going as far to the southward as possible; and, in the mean time, the cuddy-windows had been smashed, and the cuddy doors unhinged—we had no stove, and we were really almost starved. Then our live stock was exhausted, and so badly was the ship furnished, that, at last, we had to subsist upon oatmeal gruel, and pea-soup, with an occasional hunch of salt pork, and as much salt beef (which, by the way, was perfectly uneatable) as we pleased. It was pleasant, however, to reflect, that this state of things could not last for ever. We were gradually approaching the land of our destination, and each succeeding day, by bringing us nearer, was regarded with deeper interest than the preceding. Day after day passed over, and still no land! We had been out more than four months, and, according to the Captain's '*sights*,' ought to have made the Mewstone cleverly: no Mewstone, however, or indeed, any other stone met our longing and expectant eyes, and on we went, apparently in an unknown course. The passengers began to murmur, but this only made Timmy Tarry the more savage and unsociable. He

was now always "taking sights," and, then, referring with eager anxiety to his chart. Still no land! Not even the solitary and naked Mewstone was visible. At length, one morning, the cry of "land on the larboard bow!" resounded from the mast-head, and rushing on deck, we saw, skirting the distant horizon, on the left, a hazy, opaque line, evidently indicating land.

All was now right, and the Captain, rubbing his hands, ordered a gun to be got ready to fire off Bruné Island for Kelly, the pilot. This order was promptly obeyed, and gun after gun was fired, greatly, as I thought, to the waste of good powder; but no Kelly—no pilot—no answer, even, to our repeated signals. The Captain swore furiously against the pilots—the lazy rascals! Not even to answer our signals! Oh! he would report them to the Governor, that he would, and be d——d to them all!—an infernal set of idle scoundrels! In the midst of this comfortable confusion, a gale came on, and the first token of its respect was the splitting of five of our best sails. The next compliment it paid us, was to drive us on the land with fearful celerity. As soon as we came into decent anchorage, we let go both our best anchors. They held fast, but after a pitch or two, they parted, and away we went, under ragged top-sails, at the mercy of the wind and waves. Our gallant Captain had been stoutly applying himself to the brandy bottle, and as the danger increased, he grew very valiant and fool-hardy. At last, when we had scarcely a sail or an anchor left, he gravely summoned his cabin passengers together, and treated them with the following speech:—"I tell you what it is—here we are, knocking about at the mercy of the wind and waves—not a sail or an anchor left—and God knows how soon we may all be lost.—The ship is now almost a complete wreck,—and a short time may send us all to the bottom. What, gentlemen and ladies, would you advise me to do?" There was an awful pause. I took upon myself, after asking a question or two, to say—"Why, then, lower the boats—we may save some of the women, at any rate." "Sa—ave the women!"—drawled out our doughty skipper. "Aye! that we will! God bless 'em!—they shall."—"Master!" exclaimed the carpenter, rushing swiftly into the cuddy—"there are breakers a-head!" "Then 'bout ship!"—instinctively and promptly shouted the Captain; and rushing on deck, I plainly saw our jeopardy. We were within about fifty yards—certainly not more—of a reef, on which the breakers were bursting in terrific violence. But the gallant ship! Oh! how promptly she obeyed the order,—and, although, with scarcely a rag of sail upon her, she "turned her bosom" to the tempest, and then careered along the sea, "walking the waters like a thing of life," even amidst all the din and strife of the tempest. Away, then, we went, before the tempest, without anchor or sail. The land—a bold and rocky coast—on which the breakers broke with awful violence—was again right before us—for we were between two ranges of lofty hills, and we looked upon our inevitable approximation with a sort of stupid, benumbed, and

paralyzed interest. We had now no sails to work the ship with, and our only dependence was upon the subsidence or shifting of the wind; to add to our misfortune, night was coming on, and the gale continued unchanged. About seven o'clock, it subsided a little, and, as we neared the land, we could discover that fires were lighted along the coast, evidently with a view of attracting our attention. We made for the spot as well as we could, and were fortunately enabled to steer in that direction. Following the line of fires, we found ourselves in a little sheltered bay, apparently land-locked, and as smooth almost as a quiet mountain-lake. We were now so close to the shore, that we could hear the voices of men, directing us how to steer; and it was to these men, that we owed our preservation—for the ship went aground upon a soft mud-bank, where she lay as still and as quiet as a wild duck at roost on the water.

In the course of a day or two, we had a pilot and abundance of visitors, and we were eventually removed to Hobart Town in some small coasting vessels, leaving the Underwriters "to pay the piper."

T.

FILIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

No. II.

My beloved Mother,

To you—whose mind has been polished by extensive reading, a no less refining intercourse with intellectual society, and a long life's diversified experience of those countless springs, which originate the action of the heart's most exquisitely tender sensibilities,—I need not observe that Britannia's freedom-loving sons, cannot wander within a land polluted by slavery, however grateful may be its productions, or however "sublime and beautiful" may be its scenery, without reverting involuntarily to their own (however bleak, still precious) sea-environed natal home, and most proudly feeling, a patriotic triumph.

Nor, will you be surprised that on my leaving Port a Praio, with a view to explore a portion of the interior, with Mr. J ———, Capt. K ———, and his lady; each gentleman mounted on a pony, and Mrs. K ——— on a long-eared descendant of the monitor which rebuked Balaam, I felt an insurmountable prejudice anticipate as impossible, the existence of much purely moral elevation, or, indeed, of even happiness; but I was pleasingly subjected, and I frankly own it, to a qualified, though very pleasing disappointment, and I was likewise taught, or (more properly to express the truth) reminded, of the extreme odium of injustice, that is in fairness

attachable to those who condemn and calumniate their fellow creatures, *en masse*, upon no higher grounds—no better principle—than that of their own rational arrogance of superiority in morals, manners, and hospitality, over every other race of men existing!

However, I am growing serious out of season; for which I must leave my excuse (if I have one) with your own liberality.

Permit me, Madam, now to commence my journey, *mounted* (nominally so, I mean, for my feet nearly touched the ground!) on an animal, well meriting, by appearance, the appellation of Quixote's renowned charger, not only as to an assimilating point in corporeal meagreness, but likewise as to caparison; yet, nevertheless, admirably sure-footed, although unshod, and fleet beyond our most sanguine expectations.

We had procured, through the kindness of a Portuguese officer, the aid of a soldier to act as our guide: and, having ascertained from our dinner-denying widow, who, however, in every other respect, became a creditor of our gratitude; and from whom we ultimately separated with regret—that our best route would be to pass through a valley, that extended from the town nearly three miles, and then, to wind a mountain, (the most eligible way of doing so, our guide would of course instruct us in) after doing which, we should, in about an hour's ride, reach the residence and fine plantations of ——— who was equally in relation to wealth, dignity, and character, the first personage on the Island; and that the neighbourhood of his estate, called TRINIDAD, would well repay our curiosity; we, with animated sensations of hope, enterprise, and pleasure, on a most beautiful morning, (the fourth after our arrival,) having admired from our vessel's deck the tropical magnificence of sun-rise; and not having forgotten to take wherewith to fortify our stomachs, viz: an excellent and ample breakfast, consisting of ham, eggs, and coffee, assisted by some biscuits, of which (so provident had hunger's sad experience rendered us!) we pocketed a few as a guard of reserve against contingencies; we sprang down the companion ladder, (with the alacrity of school boys to their play! or of a redeemed captive from his dark and baneful dungeon, to the warmth, and light, and health-preserving breeze of freedom!)—were soon pulled to the landing place; and, in less than an hour after reaching it, bade a brief adieu to filthy Port a Praio, whence we wound our course down a serpentine, steep, difficult, and somewhat perilous horse-track, into the valley pointed out by our instructress.

The view on the left of our descent exhibited a romantic, verdant, and well irrigated patch of gardens and plantation ground, with which apparently considerable pains had been taken, and that certainly afforded a very agreeable relief to the desolate and parched appearance, not only of the town, but likewise of the surrounding country. In a word, it might be assimilated to an emerald, gleaming amidst the ashes of a conflagration! and, in truth, it *seemed* to bear no greater proportion to the wilderness around it;

than does a fisherman's bark to the gulf of Venice, or Leman-water, for on every side, far as the eye could discern, all was an arid waste, with nought of vegetation but a sort of dingy brown-leaved shrub, one here, and one at a no *inconsiderable* distance, upon which, we were told by our guide, grew a berry that was poisonous.

Imagine, therefore, our inexpressible astonishment, when after galloping forward about a mile, we beheld a herd of nearly, I should suppose, a hundred beautiful and remarkably *well-conditioned kine*! It was impossible to help exclaiming with Sir Walter's Dominie, "*prodigious!*" Was their appearance merely *an illusion*? or, if *real*,—were they of a peculiar breed which could "masticate, denticate, chew, chump, swallow," ruminate,—and thrive on burning sand and crags of concreted lava? You can, but I dare say will not, propose the last most silly question, to that equally idiotic enthusiast, who patronizes the "unknown language impostors," for a no less zanylike solution.

In the mean while, to resume my subject, on, on, on we went, and reached the termination of the valley; but still, not a single blade of grass regaled our sight—no limpid rill flowed temptingly along! We were as Arabian pilgrims in the desert; but we were *not* like them, for neither could our panting horses find a fountain, nor could we behold the towering palm trees, by which the "*Holy City*" is invested, all-gracefully display their welcome foliage. Nevertheless, my dear Madam, "never despair" is an excellent maxim; and all who either deny, or are sceptical about it, are, as I opine, by no means so sapient, as was, in days of yore, the luxurious monarch, whom a Queen of Sheba admiringly visited!

Well, as before narrated, we rode on until at the end of the vale we commenced the winding ascent of a rather lofty hill, (named a mountain by the widow,) upon attaining the summit of which, we perceived situated in a glen, not far off, another small spot, arrayed in delightful verdure; and, at a trifling distance beyond it, a cluster of wretched looking huts, and 10 or 12 negro men, women, and children, crowding out to observe us. We advanced towards them, and having alighted to obtain, if possible, a little water for our poor animals, and which they were cheerfully supplied with, in gourd sheets divided, we were presented with some refreshment in the form of a very inferior and pernicious spirit, manufactured, on the spot, from the sugar cane; and bearing in flavour, a disgusting resemblance, to that horrid subterfuge for rum, so common in South Africa. By the by, not one of our entertainers spoke a word of English; and they appeared to know very little indeed of the commonest Portuguese; but the men seemed acquainted with what is truly called "the canker worm of every virtue," and the "root of all evil:"—for, when we offered them a liberal remuneration, indeed a more liberal one than we should have offered, had we possessed any smaller change, they not only accepted it with apparent eagerness, but craved by signs for more. But such, is man,

however savage: the vices of civilization he much sooner learns to acquire and to practise, than its virtues!

Having rested a few minutes, we remounted, and preceded by our guide, (who ran, bare-footed, so fast as to keep our horses at a hand-gallop,) reached, in about half an hour, another negro-village and plantation, where we ate at freedom a variety of fruits, and plucked most luxuriously flavored oranges from trees, the branches of which were literally breaking down with their exquisite burden. Here, too, we drank of some excellent water, as lucid as dew and deliciously cool, that trickled down from a precipitous rock close by, into a small, naturally excavated pond, or basin, after filling which, it dispersed itself into trenches, by which the plantation was irrigated in every necessary direction, and from which it descended softly, and silver-like, over some gently shelving inequalities of surface, into a gulf so deep, as to be said to be unfathomable; and within a few inches of the brink of which we had ridden, in the gaiety of our hearts, carelessly and speedily, more confiding, I fear, in the creatures we sat on, than in HIM, by whom they had been created.

After rewarding the poor people at this establishment, for their attentions, we again proceeded; but not so rapidly as hitherto: for now the face of the country became decidedly mountainous, and our path exceedingly intricate, as well as dangerous, occasionally it being necessary to pass on the margin of a tremendous precipice, with scarcely footing for the horses; but from being accustomed to such travelling, they would actually bend inwards at the most narrow passes, and take an extraordinary, (and by me indescribable) method of securing a firm lodgment for the outward feet, before they moved the others. We were in peril, but in none that they could obviate or lessen: it was evident, that unless they perished we were safe! Therefore, entirely trusting to them, we looked around for something to amuse us, and did not look in vain:—our fugitive glance instantaneously embraces (indeed I may venture so to speak) all, all that remained on earth of Paradise. O! what a scene of unutterable loveliness and unsurpassable grandeur burst ravishingly on our senses! Interjections of delight escaped involuntarily! An Eden—an elysium, we saw, we felt! (but I must defer until my next, any attempt to describe an almost inconceivably multitudinous, and absolutely countless accumulation of nature's fascinations.) Never before that time, had I, and never since, have I, seen the glories of her flower-wreathing and fruit-creating handy-work, so numerous, so inspiringly assembled, as they were then!

Allow me, without incurring the charge of inexcusable presumption, at my earliest opportunity, to *aim* at their delineation. I am, you certainly may believe me, conscious of my utter inability to do them any degree of justice; but, hereafter, I may be enabled, with the crayon of enamoured memory, to furnish you with only their faintest *shadow*, your yet undecayed imagination, will, I feel assured, be competent to *embody it*.—I remain, my truly dear, always faithful, and earliest friend, your affectionate son,

——*

Domestic Intelligence.

The whole of our Domestic Intelligence is extracted from the Journals of the Island with trifling alterations.

On Thursday, the 10th of May, the Venerable Archdeacon Broughton, delivered his Visitation charge, in St. David's Church, to the Clergy of the Colony. It comprised a review of the state of the clerical establishment here, and enforced the necessity of building additional Churches, in a community so rapidly increasing. After recapitulating some minute details, relative to the arrangements which ought to be made, for the accommodation of all classes of persons, in their attendance at Church, the Venerable Gentleman introduced the important subject of education. As regarded the establishment of schools, he could say, that the greatest extent of means and power, possessed by the Local Government, would not be withheld, and individual energy would receive all the encouragement and support, it was possible to bestow; but he emphatically observed, it was not to be lost sight of, that other means, beyond the extension of school-learning, are necessary to work good to society. He then embraced the same views of the advantages of a religious and moral education, as were expressed in the leading article of our last number, and strongly advocated the immediate institution of a Grammar School, which, he observed, was above all others, the place, where early industry, and paternal application would conduce to those degrees of learning, necessary to the foundation of literature, and science. He next adverted to the propriety of fixing some settled plan, for the temporal support and comfort of the Ministers of the Gospel. It was necessary to the sacred office of the Church, that equal advantages should be opened, and secured to it, as well as to other liberal professions: it ought to be considered fully by the Clergymen there before him, and their utmost exertion used, to effect this object, upon such an united principle, that those, who were to be benefited by their exertions, should gladly accede to its provisions. It was then pointed out to the ministry, what ought to be their course, in the choice of subjects for their several discourses—not forgetting, that to preach the Cross of Christ, was the corner-stone, upon which their expectations must be

founded, in order to expect benefit from their labours. The Venerable Gentleman concluded a very eloquent, and impressive address, by animadverting upon the tranquil state of the Colony, than which he knew of no spot on the habitable globe, that was at that moment equally free from internal discord and commotions, or, in which less of the flagrant acts, that human nature is capable of, were committed.

His Excellency started at day-light on Saturday, 1st June, for the purpose of inspecting the road gangs, now actively employed about Constitution Hill—he returned to town on the following morning in time to attend Divine Service at St. David's.

A private investigation is now taking place, respecting some alleged impropriety of conversation on the part of one of our Colonial Clergymen. It would not be proper for us now to give full publicity to the affair; but we might here observe, the tables have suddenly turned—for the Reverend Gentleman a few days since was an accuser, and now has become the accused. What a pity it is, the Clergy of this Colony, cannot attend strictly to their clerical affairs, but must ever be prying into other people's business, making the Church enemies, and exciting the general ill-feeling, which is now so exceedingly prevalent among most classes of society. The rural dean, by having the entire control of our spiritual advisers, will no doubt, cause a little revolution among the Clergy—at all events, we look forward to his arrival with pleasure. By the by, we anticipated much from the visit of the Archdeacon—but what has he done, since he has been among us? What are the people of Van Diemen's Land the better for the long expected visit? If the Colonial chest were to pay the expense of this visit, we should most assuredly say, we have not had value received.

We are extremely pleased with the success which has attended Mr. Deane's *soirées*. We know of no more delightful or rational mode of spending one's evening than in a lounge of this kind. We think, however, that a little more sprinkling of short and lively concerted

pieces, would be an improvement—a smart overture of Rossini's, for instance, with other spirited Italian or German music. We are certainly indebted to Captain Synnott for his very good-natured and gratuitous exertions to amuse, and we are pleased to tell him, that they were perfectly effectual.

A very excellent entertainment was given on the 6th May, at the Commercial Hotel, by the parties, chiefly interested in establishing the New Wharf, about to be erected on the old Jetty. About thirty, we understand, sat down to dinner, which was served up in a style, highly creditable to the present conductors of this very respectable establishment.

The first lecture of a series on Natural Philosophy, was delivered by Dr. Ross, at the Mechanics' Institution, on Tuesday evening, 7th May, to a highly respectable audience. These lectures are to be continued through the winter, with others, by different gentlemen, on a variety of interesting subjects. We heartily wish this Institution every possible success, for we consider the dissemination of useful—we mean, *really* useful knowledge, one of the best and easiest antidotes to vice and crime.

The recent sitting of the Supreme Court, has been distinguished by more than one trial of great public interest. In that of *Hauthorn v. Steel*, for breach of promise of marriage, (the first, by the way, that has occurred in the Colony,) we have a remarkable instance of heartless levity on the part of the defendant. We are far, however, from viewing its consequences in so serious a light as some of our contemporaries: we mean, as regards its effect upon the happiness, or what is termed the peace of mind, of the fair plaintiff. We firmly believe, that in this respect, no great harm has been done; and although we all know that—

“Beauty alone is but of little worth;
Yet when the soul and body of a piece,
Both shine alike, then they obtain a price,
And are a fit reward for gallant actions.”

Still we think we know enough of the female heart, to be well convinced that it requires a few common attractions to inspire those tender and interesting feelings, which constitute what is vulgarly called love. The trials against the Ma-

gistrate, Messrs. Smith and Skardon, we look upon as very important. They establish a most momentous point, which we hope our Colonial Justices will not neglect seriously to consider; namely, that negligence is culpable, and will be punished. In the cause of *Lucas v. Copperwaith* for slander, a verdict was very properly given to the plaintiff, and we sincerely trust that this will prove a salutary warning to those officious and spiteful persons, who, in this place, more than any other, feed upon slander, and like the Troglodytes of old, live upon their own slime and venom.

His Excellency has consulted the Archdeacon upon the subject of the projected Collegiate Institution, and received from him a plan of education, which, if adopted by the inhabitants, would be aided by the Government on the same plan as the new churches are to be built—viz.: half the original funds that may be required in erecting the building, and in placing the institution on a permanent footing.

On Thursday, the 17th instant, the match that has long excited so much interest between *Liberty* and *Cardinal*, came off on the New Town race-course; and notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather (for it rained heavily the whole day), there was a numerous concourse on the ground, clearly showing the very great interest the match had excited. Both horses appeared in excellent condition, *Liberty* being ridden by Snell, a new arrival, and *Cardinal* by Brown, whose skill as a jockey is well known to all frequenters of the turf. Almost immediately upon starting, the superiority of *Liberty* became apparent, as he took the lead and kept it easily, notwithstanding every effort of the *Cardinal*, coming in to the winning post quite in a canter. Upon dismounting, a discovery was made, fatal to any hopes on the part of the backers of *Cardinal*, for he was found to be so lame, as to be scarcely able to put one of his feet to the ground. He was, what is usually termed, regularly broken down. The next heat, therefore, was walked over quietly by *Liberty*, who of course was declared the winner. It is understood, that the backers of *Cardinal* were well aware that *Liberty* had the speed, but made their calculations upon, what they considered, the superior bottom of the other. They found themselves

deceived, however ; for, notwithstanding that the course rather resembled, in many places, a ploughed field, than anything else, being nearly knee deep in mud, *Liberty* was not in the least distressed, fully proving himself equally to be depended upon for bottom, as for his acknowledged swiftness. He may now be considered decidedly the best horse we have. The success of his owner, Mr. Baynton, on this occasion, seems to have given general satisfaction, for he is not thought to have been quite fairly used at the last New Town meeting. Previous to starting, betting was nearly even.

On Wednesday, an application was made at the Police-office, for a warrant, under circumstances of an assault, highly disgraceful to one of the parties, as well as much to be regretted, seeing that it evidently owed its origin to party spirit and personal animosity, springing from the line assumed for some time past, by a certain portion of the Public Press. The facts, as deposed to by the complainant, Mr. R. L. Murray, were shortly these :—On the morning of that day, it appears Mr. Murray was at his own house, in Davey-street, when a gentleman was announced, who, being shown by the servant into the parlour, proved to be Mr. Charles Meredith, son of Mr. George Meredith, the proprietor of the *Colonist*. Mr. Charles Meredith held in his hand a letter, which he gave Mr. Murray, and who upon opening it, found that it contained matter personally abusive, as well as otherwise highly offensive. This led to a conversation, the end of which was, that Mr. Murray offered his uncourteous and obtruding visitor the satisfaction of a gentleman, immediately upon the spot. Mr. Charles Meredith however declined this, feeling that, strong in the prime and freshness of manhood, he possessed a superiority in point of *brutum fulmen*, which he was unwilling to lose ; and alike forgetful that the gentleman in whose house he stood, was absolutely some years senior to his own father, as well as known to be a severe sufferer, from wounds received in his country's service during the Peninsular war, he absolutely made two or three blows at him, but which Mr. Murray successfully parried, and which formed the ground upon which a warrant was now prayed for. It was immediately granted.

An inquest was held on Saturday, the 25th instant, at Mr. Williamson's, spirit dealer, Elizabeth-street, on the body of Mr. James Gow, hosier, residing in the same street, who was found dead in his bed on the morning of that day. On our reporter entering the room, which was at three o'clock (the hour appointed to hold the inquest), a number of respectable shop-keepers were present, who, after some time had elapsed, evinced a great deal of uneasiness at the absence of Mr. Moore, the coroner, observing "that he was paid for his attendance, and ought to be punctual," whereas, they were tradesmen, and could not be withheld from their business. At twenty two minutes past three, they unanimously agreed to separate, and on entering the street, they were met by the coroner, who said that the cause of his absence was owing to his having to make some necessary enquiry connected with the business for which they were summoned ; some of the gentlemen retired, whilst others re-entered the room, and after a short time had elapsed, a sufficient number being then present, they were sworn, and retired to view the body. On again entering the room, wherein the inquest was held, Mr. James Caldwell was sworn, who stated that he had been on terms of intimacy with the deceased ; that scarcely a day passed in which he had not seen him ; that he had been in the deceased's shop on the previous evening, between eight and nine o'clock, conversing with him ; that he appeared quite healthy and cheerful ; had known him to complain of a pain across his chest about three months previous, but not latterly ; that he had sent home a considerable sum of money by his wife, who sailed in the *Lavinia* ; and that he laboured under no pecuniary embarrassment. John Birch, knew the deceased since witness came to the Colony, which was in December last ; never heard him complain of illness ; thought he was rather depressed in spirits since his wife went home, but to no great extent ; slept in deceased's house the last three night's past ; on the previous night supped with him ; they had some cold mutton, bread, and a bottle of porter ; they had no spirits ; the deceased eat hearty, and complained of no illness ; he retired to bed at 11 o'clock. Witness rapped at his bed-room door.

next morning, at about seven, and receiving no answer, in about ten minutes he rapped again, and all being silent, he became alarmed, and sent in the servant woman, who screamed on entering the bed room; he then called in Mr. Mill, the apothecary, who declared him to be dead; the body was still warm. Mr. Crowther, who examined the body after it had been viewed by the Jury, stated that he was surgeon to the deceased; that on viewing the brain it appeared to be in an unhealthy state; that there was water on the right and left side of the chest, and that the heart of the deceased was enlarged—it was twice its natural size—and that he was of opinion the deceased came by his death from *serous* apoplexy, produced by an enlargement of the heart. The coroner having summed up the evidence, the Jury found, "That the deceased died by the visitation of God, from *serous* apoplexy."—*Colonial Times*.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Lambe took place at New Norfolk, on Wednesday, the 29th instant. The remains of this truly amiable lady, so prematurely cut off, were followed to the grave by a long train of mourners, among whom was His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, with several civil and military officers, and others, friends and connexions of the deceased. Mrs. Lambe was sister to Mrs. Moodie, the lady of our Assistant Commissary General, and of Thomas Bannister, Esq. our present Sheriff.

Night robberies are on the increase in Hobart Town. A gang has lately been broken up, and its members now in gaol, waiting trial; but still the depredations committed are daring and frequent, although not usually attended by as much success, perhaps, as the robbers expected. The residence of the Colonial Secretary, as well as Government House, have each been attacked during the last few days, but in both cases, the villains were

discovered before they had the opportunity of accomplishing their purpose.

We have pleasure in stating, that the Attorney General has sufficiently recovered from the effects of his late accident, to be able to resume his professional duties. The learned gentleman made his appearance in Court, for the first time since his return from Launceston, on Tuesday the 14th instant.

We understand that New Norfolk is likely to feel the effect very materially, of the newly discovered country, as it is purposed to make it a military station, consisting of a field officer, captain, and two subalterns; and to otherwise consider it as the chief point of communication between the new country and Hobart Town. It is said that Major Fairweather's recent appointment to the Police Magistracy of that township, has reference to this arrangement.

The bushrangers, Breton and Jefkins, with three others, visited a sawyer's hut at the back of Kerry Lodge, the residence of the Comptroller of Customs at this Port. Their object does not appear to have been plunder, as they did not remove anything when they left the place. —*Launceston Advertiser*.

A horde of cattle stealers who have long carried on extensive depredations in the flocks and herds running on the banks of the North Esk, have been lately routed by our police. Five are fully committed for trial, and four are now under examination for recent robberies.—*Ibid*.

Owing to the supplies of grain at present in course of being furnished to the Commissariat, the market generally is but thinly supplied, and rather higher prices are asked. Wheat 4s. 3d. to 4s. 6d.; Cape barley scarce at 3s. 4d. to 3s. 6d.; English ditto, for malting, inferior 4s. to 4s. 4d.; hay £4 to £5; potatoes, £4 to £5 10s. a ton.

Butcher's meat and vegetables, are both good and plentiful, considering the season of the year.

Gardening, &c.

AGRICULTURE.

June.—Let the farmer continue his ploughing, harrowing, and sowing, whenever the weather will permit; and when it does not, which will be but seldom, he may find plenty of work about his homestead, and in repairing his fences.

GARDENING.

Trees of all sorts may be removed this month; and for pruning, it is perhaps the best in the year. Put into the ground such cuttings as may be required for increasing the nursery of vines, goose-

berries, currants, &c. &c. In general, neither of them make much show, and there is little difference in the occupations of May, June, and July. They yet they afford ample occupation to a good gardener.

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVALS.

May 6th.—The Government brig *Isabella*, from Port Arthur.

6th.—The schooner *Prince Regent*, captain Hassall, from Launceston, with a large cargo of wheat.

8th.—The *Tasmanian Lass*, captain Lawrie, from Sydney 13th ult., with a general cargo. Passengers, Mr. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, and Mathew Baron.

10th.—The barque *Eliza*, 243 tons, captain Bouch, from Liverpool 20th December, with a general cargo. Passengers, Mrs. Towel and three children, Mrs. McKenzie and child, Catherine Hayter.

16th.—The *Lotus*, captain Summerston, from London 30th December, with 216 male prisoners. Surgeon Superintendent, Dr. Brock. The guard consists of Major Schaw, Lieut. Blair, and 29 soldiers of the 21st Fusiliers.—Passengers, Mrs. Shaw and eight children, with female servant.

May 18th.—The Colonial brig *Isabella*, from Port Arthur.

19th.—The brig *Adelaide*, from Rio, with 71 of the passengers, which were saved from the wreck of the *Hibernia*. Amongst them are the following:—Mr. P. Sinclair, Mr. Atkinson, Mr. R. Murray, Mr. T. B. Favell, Mr. Grace, Mrs. R. Watson, Mr. H. Taylor.

24th.—The Colonial brig *Tamar*, from Macquarie Harbour, with a cargo of timber. Passengers, Deputy Assistant Commissary General Woolrabe and family.

26th.—The brig *Mary Elizabeth*, from Sydney, with a cargo of coals.

26th.—The cutter *Blackbird*, from Sydney.

27th.—The ship *Jupiter*, 347 tons, captain Clark, with 169 male prisoners: surgeon superintendent, Dr. Arch Ferguson, of the 63rd regiment. The guard consists of Lieut. Cotton, of the 4th, and Lieut. Crawley, of the 21st regiments, with 29 privates of the 21st and 63rd, 6 women, and 8 children.

DEPARTURES.

May 4.—The brig *Alice*, for Sydney.

5th.—The barque *Mucclesfield*, for Sydney.

5th.—The barque *Larima*, for England, with a cargo of Colonial produce. Passengers, Mr. Kayle, Mrs. James Gow and two children, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Mott, John Warren, Mr. Ord, Ellen Dillon, Robert Hawkes, Ellen Speak, and Ellen Brown.

7th.—The schooner *Prince of Denmark*, for Sydney.

8th.—The Colonial brig *Isabella*, for Port Arthur.

11th.—The barque *Elizabeth*, for Sydney.

18th.—The schooner *Adelaide*, for the fishery.

19th.—The barque *George Hibbert*, for Sydney.

22nd.—The barque *Betsy*, for Sydney.

22nd.—The barque *Eliza*, for Sydney.

22nd.—The barque *Duckenfield*, Riddell, for England, with a full cargo of Colonial produce. Passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Neville, two children, and two female servants; Mr. and Miss Massenburgh, Mr. E. Bisdee, Mr. Boyes, Mr. J. Ball, Mr. W. Burrell, Mr. Fowell, and Mr. Collings.

LOSS OF THE HIBERNIA BY FIRE.

The *Lotus*, prison ship, brought the melancholy intelligence of the loss of the *Hibernia*, by fire, on her way from Liverpool to this Colony, having on board 232 souls, of whom only 79 were saved. It appears, that in pumping off some rum in the morning, for the men's and passenger's rations, the second mate incautiously spilt some, and still more incautiously caused it to ignite. This was at 11 o'clock, and before 1, the destructive element had proceeded so rapidly, as to render all further attempts to rescue the ship, utterly hopeless. The boats were then manned, but the long boat—of course the largest, and most useful—was found to be in a most leaky state; however, seventy-nine individuals contrived to escape in three

boats, and after being exposed six or seven days, to the most dreadful privations, two of the boats fell in with the *Lotus*, who carried the survivors to Rio, whence they were conveyed hither by the brig *Adelaide*. The other boat, we learn, was picked up by a Guernsey vessel, so that the whole 79 were ultimately saved, with the exception of a Mr. Ridley, who died in the long boat. A public meeting has been held at the Macquarie Hotel, for the purpose of

taking into consideration, the cause of these unfortunate persons; and a subscription has consequently been set on foot for their benefit. Charity sermons, too, have been preached throughout the Colony, and a considerable sum collected: but, however much we may deplore the calamities to which these poor creatures have been subjected, we cannot think that a pecuniary donation is the most efficient consolation which may be administered.

Colonial Appointments.

The Rev. W. Bedford, jun. to be Chaplain in the Island of Van Diemen's Land.

Thomas Fairweather, Esq. to be Assistant Police Magistrate and Commissioner of the Court of Requests in the district of New Norfolk, in the place of James England, Esq.

James England, Esq. to be Director

of the Post Office Department, in the place of the late Committee.

The following gentlemen, have been appointed Magistrates:—James Henty, Esq. John Macbraire, M.D. Charles Sinaw, Esq. John Hicks Hutchinson, Esq.

Mr. Richard Newman is appointed Chief Constable at Tasman's Peninsula.

Marriages, Births, &c

MARRIAGES.

At St. David's Church, by the Rev. W. Bedford, on Friday, the 3rd instant, Mrs. Hannah Garrett, of Roseneath, aged 73, to constable George Madden, aged 32.

At Jericho, by the Rev. James Norman, on the 26th April, Samuel Horton, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth Hudson. After the ceremony we copy from the Church the happy pair partook of a repast, and proceeded in their travelling equipage to Somerville, the beautiful estate of Capt. H—— at Ross.

At St. David's Church, by special license, Mr. Alexander Giffie, to Miss Fann, sister of Mr. John Fann, of the New Town Road.

On Tuesday, the 21st instant, at the church, Jericho, by the Rev. R. C. Drought, LL.D. the Rev. James Norman, Colonial Chaplain, Scillon, to Maria, third daughter of William Pike, Esq. of the same place.

BIRTHS.

At Ivanhoe, near New Norfolk, on

DEATHS.

Wednesday, the 23d instant, the lady of David Lambe, Esq. of a daughter. At first, the recovery of Mrs. Lambe appeared to be going on well, but an unfavorable change taking place, the unfortunate lady, to the unspeakable grief of her friends and connections, expired on Sunday, the 26th instant.

At New Town, on Monday, the 20th instant, the lady of John Beil, Esq. J.P. of a son.

On the night of Friday, the 17th instant, Mr. James Gow, hosiery, of Elizabeth-street, aged 27. He had retired to bed apparently in good health on the previous night, and the evidence of Dr. Croxson, who attended on the inquest, satisfied the jury, that apoplexy was the immediate cause of his death. The brain, upon dissection, was found to be in a very diseased state, and the heart twice the natural size.

On Tuesday, the 21st instant, at Lamberton, James Ranken, Esq. Cashier of the Northwall Bank, aged 35.

Suddenly, at the George and Dragon, Elizabeth-street, Mrs. Wilson, formerly of Lamberton.

us in a very plain and simple manner, some abstruse points in meteorology. Thus, among others equally interesting, the reason why a red sunset, tinged with purple, portends a fine day, is, that the air, when dry, refracts more red, or heat-making rays, and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. A copper, or yellow sunset, usually foretells rain; but as an indication of approaching wet weather, nothing is more certain than a halo round the moon. This is produced by the precipitated water, and the larger the halo, the nearer are the clouds, and consequently the more ready to fall. It is lucky in spring to see *two magpies together*; because it is an indication of fine warm weather, these birds never leaving the nest together, when the weather is likely to be stormy. By the converse proposition of the same rule, *one magpie* is indicative of bad weather.

To approach nearer our present subject, we can now readily account for those dark and dismal forebodings, which are sometimes observed about the house of death. Who has not listened with horror, and a sickening heart, to the croaking of the raven, and the dull flapping of its wings against the shuttered window;—to the dull, doleful, and monotonous baying of dogs—a sound, if once heard, never to be mistaken:—and to the involuntary and untamable ringing of bells, when a beloved object is hovering between life and death, and we know not which is strongest in our bosoms, hope or despair? Our simple forefathers attributed these dolorous omens to supernatural interposition, but we, in this enlightened age of diffused knowledge, well know, that they depend upon causes purely physical, without any intervention from the world of spirits. As life is departing, the animal body, in some cases, emits a gas, which the keen olfactory sense of the dog, and the raven, speedily snuff. The same gas, however, probably by means of some electric action, causes the bells to ring, and, occasionally, the doors to shut, with a loud and startling sound. Thus these "awful sounds extraordinary" may be resolved into a little chemistry, and would have their origin in—gas!

"In very early times," says Dr. Hobart, "we find philosophers inclined to doubt if apparitions might not be accounted for on natural principles, without supposing that a belief in them was either the effect, or the consequence, of human imagination, or to impositions that might have been practised. At length, Lucretius attacked the popular notion entertained of ghosts, by maintaining that they were not spirits, returned from the mansions of the dead, but nothing more than their skins, pellicles, or membranes, cast off from the surfaces of bodies, like the *exuvie*, or sloughs of reptiles."

* In the evening, before the sun had set in the sandy plains of Egypt, no sooner does an animal die, than the air becomes clouded with vultures and other birds of prey, so signs of death could be previously discovered—so even must be the scent of these birds.

This is exceedingly curious, and deserving of particular attention, for, we find, that this strange opinion prevailed among the Epicureans, and was revived in Europe about the middle of the 17th century. It had its origin in *Palingenesis*, or the resurrection of plants, a grand secret, known to Sir Kenelen Digby, Kircher, Schot, Gaffarel, Vallemont, and others. The operation of Palingenesis was no trivial one, and this was the order of its performance ! A plant was selected, bruised, and burnt ; its ashes were then collected, and the salt which their calcination produced, was carefully extracted. This salt was then put into a phial, and mixed with some peculiar substances, which were never disclosed. The compound thus formed was of a bluish colour, and easily reduced to powder. This powder was now submitted to a gentle heat, when its particles being instantly put into motion, there then gradually rose, as from the midst of the ashes, a stem, leaves, and flowers, or, in other words, an *apparition* of the plant, which had been submitted to this combustion. But as soon as the heat was abstracted, the form of the plant which had been thus sublimed, was precipitated to the bottom of the vessel. Heat was then re-applied ; and the vegetable phoenix was resuscitated ; it was withdrawn, and the form once more became latent among the ashes. This notable experiment was said to have been performed before the Royal Society, and it satisfactorily proved to that erudite body, that the presence of heat gave a sort of life to the vegetable apparition, and that the absence of heat or caloric caused its dissolution.

Cowley, the poet, was quite enraptured with this sage experiment, and his teeming imagination detected the same phenomenon in the letters written with the juice of lemons, which were rendered legible on the application of heat ; and he celebrated the mystical influence of caloric, after the following fashion :—

- “ Strange power of heat ! thou yet dost show,
Like wittier earth, naked, or cloth'd with snow ;
But as quick'ning sun approaching near,
The plants arise up by degrees
A sudden paint adorns the trees,
And all kind nature's characters appear.

So nothing yet in thee is seen,
But when a genial heat warms thee within,
A new-born wood of various lines there grows ;
Here buds an A, and there a B,
Here sprouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flourishing letters stand in rows !”

The famous metaphysician, Kirchen, attempted the *rationale* of this famous experiment, made on the ashes of the rose. He imagined that the seminal virtue of every known substance was contained in its salt. This salt was concealed in the ashes of the rose, and heat put it in motion. The particles of the salt were quickly sublimed, and being moved about, vortex-like, in the

phial, at length assumed their natural arrangement. It was evident, then, from this experiment, that these saline particles had a tendency to observe the same order of position which they held in the living plant. Thus, for instance, each saline corpuscule, which, in its prior state was placed on the stem of the rose slip, sympathetically fixed itself in a corresponding position on the phial : other particles were subjected to the same influence, and thus, at length, the entire apparition of a plant was generated.

Having achieved this, it was easy enough to apply the *rationale* of this experiment to the elucidation of the popular belief in ghosts. No sooner was a body committed to the earth, than the *saline particles* of which it was composed, were exhaled by putrefaction ; these particles, as in the case of the rose, resumed the relative situations, which they held in the living body, and thus was manufactured " a horrid apparition, tall and ghastly," calculated to frighten and appal, every one but a Palingenesist !

An accident revealed to the Alchemists this extraordinary discovery. Three of them, with a view of searching for the Philosopher's stone, had obtained some mould from the Church of St. Innocent, at Paris. While they were carefully distilling the precious dust, they suddenly perceived in their retorts the miniature forms of men, which very naturally caused them immediately to desist from their labours. An occurrence so wonderful soon reached the knowledge of the Institute of Paris, which, under the patronage of Louis XIV., took up the matter with much seriousness, and the result of its learned labours was duly recorded for the benefit of mankind, and is to be found properly authenticated in the " *Miscellanea Curiosa*." I must find room for one of these precious morsels :—

" A malefactor was executed, and his body obtained by a physician for dissection. After disposing of the other parts of the body, he ordered his assistant to pulverize part of the skull, *which was a remedy at that time used in medicine*. The powder was left in a paper on a table in the Museum, where the assistant slept. About midnight he was awakened by a noise in the room, which obliged him to rise immediately. The noise continued about the table, without any visible agent ; and at length he traced it to the powder, in the midst of which he now beheld, to his unspeakable dismay, a small head, with open eyes, staring at him : presently two branches appeared, which assumed the forms of arms and hands ; then the ribs became more visible, which were soon clothed with muscles and integuments : next the lower extremities sprouted out, and when they appeared perfect, the puppet—for he was nothing more—reared himself on his feet : instantly his clothes came upon him (!) and he appeared in the very cloak he wore at his execution ! The affrighted assistant, who stood hitherto numbling his prayers with unceasing assiduity, now thought of making his escape from the resuscitated ruffian : but this was impossible, for the apparition planted himself in his way, and after

divers fierce looks and threatening gestures, opened the door, and we it out. No doubt the powder was missing the next day." But these are amongst the most intricate and sublime solutions.

If we come to consider the subject of apparitions, we shall find, with the aid of a little physical and metaphysical knowledge, that we shall be able to exorcise, lay, and drive away more spectres and hobgoblins, than any magician or enchanter of ancient or modern times,—from Zoroaster, Maugis and Merlin, down to Michael Scot, and Zadkiel, the Seer, ever did, or ever could vanquish. And now—

“———— A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into our memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's name
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses—
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound.”

“I freely offer,” says the jocose Dr. Ferriar, “to the manufacturers of ghosts, the privilege of raising them in as great numbers, and in as horrible a guise as they may think fit, without offending against true philosophy, or even without violating probability. The highest flights of imagination may now be indulged on this subject, although no loop-hole should be left for mortifying explanations, and for those modifications of terror, which completely baulk the reader's curiosity, and disgust him with a “second reading.” Another great convenience will be found in my system, as apparitions may be evoked in open day, at noon, if the case should be urgent, in the midst of a field, on the surface of water, or in the glare of a patent lamp, quite as easily as in the “darkness of chaos and old night!” Nay, a person rightly prepared, may see ghosts whilst seated comfortably by his library fire, in as much perfection as amidst broken tombs, nodding ruins, and awe-inspiring ivy.”

In a work on the duties of a Justice of the Peace, published and edited by one Nelson, we have a proof of the existence of witches, and witchcraft, which the “learned Theban” of an editor seems to have considered impenetrable. “It appears” quoth he, “that there must formerly have been such a crime as witchcraft, because (O brave logician!) divers statutes have been made against it!” Were we to adopt a similar style of argument, we might readily enough prove the existence of demoniacal agency in former times, by citing sundry medical cases, in which, by the way, the old German physicians most copiously abounded; where we should see that medicines had been administered for the purpose of expelling the devil from the body, just as we should now proceed to expel the evils of a good feed, undigested turtle, viscid bile, or any other abominable obstruction.

But to be serious. That people, of excellent credibility, and unimpeachable integrity, have seen ghosts or spectres, or whatever

they may be termed, is a fact which no one can dispute. I have seen them myself, often, in the long and dreary solitude of the dark nights, when wearied nature was reposing from the toil of its labours. The forms, too, of dead and absent persons have been seen, and their voices heard by individuals, whose veracity we have no reason and no right to question. The apparition of the Genius to Brutus, and of the Fury to Dion, are no fables. Both saw them, spoke to them, heard *them* speak, and were convinced. But we need not ransack ancient History for examples of this illusion. In a very interesting narrative, written by Nicolai, the celebrated printer, of Berlin, we have a remarkable instance of spectre-seeing, although he was perfectly aware, at the time, of the delusion :—

“ I have myself,” he says, “ experienced a case of this nature, which to me appears highly remarkable, both psychologically and medically. I saw, in a state of mind completely sound, and after the first terror was over, with perfect calmness, for nearly two months, almost continually and involuntarily, a vast number of human and other forms ; I even heard their voices, though I knew all this to be merely the effect of a high degree of nervous irritability, and of a disordered state of the circulation of my blood.”

“ It being a matter of some importance, that the strictest attention should be paid to an incident of this nature, and that it should be related with the most conscientious fidelity, I shall not omit any thing, of which I retain a clear recollection. During the last ten months of the year 1790, I had experienced several melancholy incidents which deeply affected me. September was a sad and sorrowful month to me, for I suffered an almost uninterrupted series of misfortunes, that afflicted me with the most poignant grief. In the January and February following, I had the additional misfortune to experience several extremely unpleasant circumstances, which ended on the 24th of February in a most violent altercation. My wife and a friend came into my room in the morning, to console me, but I was too much agitated by a series of incidents, which had most powerfully affected my moral feeling, to be capable of attending to them. Suddenly I perceived about the distance of ten steps from me, a form, resembling that of a deceased person ; and, pointing at it, I asked my wife if she did not see it ? My wife, who, of course, saw nothing of the kind, felt very much alarmed, and sent immediately for a physician ; who came and ascribed the apparition, which lasted about eight minutes, to violent mental emotion ; and hoped, as I was then more composed, there would be no return. But this dreadful agitation of my mind had so disordered my nerves, that it produced farther consequences, which deserve a more minute description.”

“ At four in the afternoon, the form which I had seen in the morning re-appeared. I was alone when this happened, and being rather uneasy at the incident, went to my wife’s apartment ; but there, likewise, I was haunted by the apparition ; which appeared, as it had done before, in a standing posture. About six o’clock

there appeared, also, several walking figures, which had no connexion with the first."

"After the first day the form of the deceased person no more appeared, but in its place, there appeared many other phantasms, sometimes representing acquaintances, but more commonly strangers. Those whom I knew were composed of living and dead persons, but the number of the latter was comparatively small. I remarked that the persons with whom I daily conversed, did not appear as phantasms, these representing persons who lived at some distance from me. I attempted to produce at pleasure, the appearance of persons whom I knew, by intensely reflecting on their features, forms, dress, &c. But, distinctly as I called to my imagination the respective resemblances of three of these individuals, I could not succeed in making them appear to me as phantasms, although I had before involuntarily seen them in that manner, and perceived them some time after, when I least thought of them. The phantoms appeared to me contrary to my inclination, as if they were presented to me from without, like the phenomena of external nature, although, in reality, they existed only in my own mind. I could readily distinguish between phantoms, and real, tangible, objects; and the calmness with which I examined them, enabled me to avoid the commission of the slightest mistake. I knew exactly the difference between the opening of the door and the entrance of a phantom, and the same thing and the entrance of a real person."

"The phantoms appeared equally clear and distinct at all times, and under all circumstances, both when I was alone and when I was in company; as well in the day as at night; in my own house as well as abroad; they were, however, less frequent when I was in the house of a friend, and seldom appeared to me in the street. When I closed my eyes they would sometimes totally disappear, although I occasionally beheld them when I shut my eyes; yet when they disappeared on such occasions, they were generally visible again when I opened my eyes. I usually saw human forms of both sexes; but they generally appeared not to take the slightest notice of each other, moving as in a market-place, where all are eager to press through the crowd; at times, however, they seemed to be transacting business with each other. I also saw several times, people on horseback, dogs, and birds. All these phantoms appeared to me in their natural size, and as distinct and perfect as if alive, exhibiting different shades of carnation in the uncovered parts; as well as different colours and fashions in their dresses, though the colours seemed somewhat paler than in real nature. None of the figures appeared perfectly terrible, grotesque, or disgusting; most of them being of an indifferent shape, and some having even a pleasing aspect."

It is very evident that this extraordinary delusion was dependent altogether upon indigestion, occurring in a frame, irritated, unstrung, and rendered morbidly sensitive, by a distressing degree of nervous

irritability. It was a curious fact, that these phantoms were more particularly gamesome and intrusive at the time that the food remained in the stomach undigested, and unacted upon by the peculiar functions of that organ : as soon as digestion commenced, they began to disappear, and when the function was completed, they had totally vanished. It was a fortunate circumstance for Nicolai that he was a man of strong nerves, and of enlarged information : had he not been so, he must have been irrecoverably maddened by these spectral visitants. His own remarks on such cases are admirable :—

“Those who pretend to have seen and heard ghosts, obstinately maintain, that they perceived these apparitions by the usual agency of their senses. In order to defeat that belief, we generally desire them to consider how many people have been imposed upon by artful novices, and how liable we are to deceive ourselves. We advise them to lay hold of the supposed spectres, assuring them that they are generally found to be of a very corporeal nature. But those who have a predilection for the miraculous, pay no attention to these objections ; insisting that the productions of their morbid imaginations are real beings. We cannot, therefore, collect too many of such well substantiated facts, as shew how easily our imagination imposes on us erroneous notions, and deludes not only delirious persons, but even those who are in full possession of their faculties, by causing them to see phantasms, which can scarcely be distinguished from real appearances.”

Then follows the narrative I have quoted, with these sensible observations :—

“I cannot assign any other cause for these illusions, than a continued rumination on the vexations I had suffered, which, I could not forget, and the consequence of which I meditated to counteract. These meditations always occupied my mind three hours after dinner, *just when my digestion commenced*. All that I could infer was, that while my nervous system was in such an irregular and irritable state, the phantasms would appear to me as if I actually saw and heard them ; that these illusions were not modified by any known laws of reason, imagination, or the common association of ideas, and that, probably, other people, who may have seen similar apparitions, were exactly in the same predicament.”

The patient was right with regard to the cause of these capricious visitants ; for, as his nervous irritability subsided, their visits became less frequent, until, at last, they were wholly discontinued : not, perhaps, without some degree of regret on the part of the recovering hypochondriac, for he tells us,—“At different times there appeared to me both dear and sensible friends of both sexes, whose addresses tended to appease my grief. These consolatory speeches were in general addressed to me, when I was alone, and most needed them. Sometimes I was accosted by these consoling friends while in company, and frequently while real persons were speaking to me. These addresses consisted sometimes of abrupt

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but expressive phrases, and at others, they were regular eloquently connected."

We can readily believe, that these addresses were, indeed, "consolatory." Let us picture to ourselves a man of a quick, irritable, sensitive disposition,—a true specimen of the *genus irritabile*—plunged in grief and anger, at the base ill-usage and ingratitude, real, or imaginary, of an unfeeling world : let us, we say, imagine such a person shutting himself up in his own chamber, disgusted and sorrowful, smarting, moreover, under the sharp sting of his assumed wrongs, calling to his aid, with the air and solemnity of an enchanter, his attendant *genii*, and receiving from them that sympathy and consolation, which every one else withholds. Such,—precisely such—was Nicolai's case, who, conscious though he was of the delusion, and its cause, must, nevertheless, have yielded in some degree to the strange and vivid impression of the moment.

But a more palpable physical cause has produced an effect equally extraordinary. Persons subject to gout have experienced these strange *hallucinations*, particularly in that form of the disease, which the learned have called *recedent*. Although generally a disease of the joints of the extremities, gout has occasionally attacked the stomach and the brain ; and, in the latter case, violent pains have been produced, which have been followed by the most painful and vivid ideas. To these symptoms, spectral illusions have sometimes supervened, as in the following curious case, recorded by Dr. Alderson, of Norwich :—

"I was called to visit Mrs. B., a fine old lady, about eighty years of age, whom I have frequently visited in fits of the gout. At a period when from her general feelings, she rather expected the gout, she was seized with an unusual deafness, and great distention in the organs of digestion. From this time she was visited by several of her friends, whom she had not invited, and whom she at first so far considered as actually present, that she told them she was very sorry she could not hear them speak, nor keep up conversation with them ; she would, therefore, order the card-table, and rang the bell for that purpose. Upon the entrance of the servant, the whole party disappeared : she could not help expressing her surprise to her maid that they should all go away so abruptly ; but she could scarcely believe her, when she told her there had been nobody in the room. She was so ashamed, that she suffered for many days and nights together, the intrusion of a variety of phantoms, and had some of her finest feelings wrought upon by the exhibition of friends long lost, and who only came to cheat her fancy, and revive sensations, that time had almost obliterated. She determined, however, for a long time, not to complain, and contented herself with merely ringing the bells, finding she could always get rid of the phantoms by the entrance of her maid, whenever they became distressing. It was not until some time after, that she could bring herself to relate her distresses to me. She was all this time convinced of her own rationality, and

lated to me the following anecdote:—When he was a little boy, his father was commanding a ship in the West Indies, while he and his mother resided in England. One night, after going to bed perfectly well, he awoke much frightened, and alarmed his mother by his crying. She came to him, and endeavoured to quiet him, but he still cried most bitterly, asserting, that his father was dead, as he saw him lying a corpse in the room. At this time, I must observe, there was no reason whatever to suppose even, that the father was in bad health: but they shortly received intelligence of his death, by a fall from his horse; and, by turning longitude into time, it was ascertained that he died at the very hour, when the child saw the apparition of his corpse.

I have said, that my boyhood was passed in a spot, abounding in superstition. And a splendid spot it was! Without exception one of the most beautiful and magnificent spots in that beautiful country—North Wales. A fine and noble river,—in some parts two miles wide—and bounded on each side by high and well-wooded hills,—was *one* of the features of this fine landscape—and it was on the banks of this noble river that my kindred had their dwelling. One winter's night—and well do I remember it!—we received intelligence, that some curious lights were to be seen on the opposite side of the river. We immediately repaired to view them, and saw a number of lanthorn-like lamps, moving in one direction along the river-side. These were no ordinary lights, and, presently, the whole neighbourhood, to the extent of, at least, four miles, was assembled to behold them. They moved progressively and in perfect order towards one particular spot in the river, where two or three small craft were moored; and appeared, for all the world, just like so many men, bearing lanthorns, and walking rather swiftly along the river-side. When they reached the spot alluded to, they became suddenly extinguished,—all but one, which proceeded directly into the river, hovered for a moment, over one of the small vessels, and then disappeared. Two or three days afterwards, a man belonging to this same small vessel, over which the last light had lingered, was drowned, in attempting to reach the shore in a boat on a squally night.

Again—two most intimate friends of mine were riding along the banks of the same river, when they observed a large and luminous light, near the ordinary ferry-house. They both noticed it—and as they were riding in that direction, they determined to ascertain the cause of such an unusual illumination. On reaching the ferry-house, they made the necessary inquiries, when they learnt, to their astonishment, that no light had been made, or even seen in that direction. So satisfied, however, were they of the fact, that they pointed out the exact spot, where the fire was seen; and this exactly corresponded with the place, where one of the ferry-boats was moored. A day or two afterwards, the man belonging to the ferry, was drowned in the ferry-boat in question—and very near to the spot, where the light was seen. In neither of these cases was

toe, about which he saw Tartars and Turks—Romans and Carthaginians, fighting most manfully."

It would really be a most interesting pursuit to follow up this subject, and to show how that peculiar temperament, which constitutes the highest grade of sensibility and genius, contributes to render its possessors so susceptible of these curious impressions. It was this temperament, excited by an accidental circumstance, that produced the well-known vision of Dr. Donne, another member of the *genus irritabile* tribe; who, while he was residing at Paris, saw the figure of his wife, then in London, pass through the room, with her hair dishevelled, and carrying a dead child in her arms. The poem, which he wrote previously to their separation, will afford a sufficient clue for the appearance of such a vision.

It is under circumstances similar to these, that the Scottish "Second Sight" is produced. Much has been written and recorded about this very extraordinary faculty; while many proofs of its effect have been adduced; indeed, the whole subject of "*Death-tokens*," including "*Fatal Presentiment*," is replete with mysterious interest; and, while, in many instances, they may be physically accounted for by the great and intense anxiety of the seers, directed, in most instances, towards the objects, whose dissolution is portended, yet, connected with this subject, I am persuaded, that "there are more things in Heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

I was born and nurtured in a spot, replete with fantastic superstition, where every wood had its gnome—every dell its fairy—every glen its ghost: but none of these phantasies bore any comparison, as to their influence, to the certainty of death-tokens and fatal presentiments. I could relate many instances of the result of these supernatural influences; but I must content myself with only the following, leaving their application entirely to the consideration of the reader.

A friend of mine, an officer in the army, and by no means addicted to superstition, was quartered early in life, near the castle of a gentleman in the north of Scotland, who was supposed to be gifted with the faculty of second sight. He became a great favorite with the old gentleman, and spent a large portion of his time at the castle. On one occasion, the chief was confined to his bed by indisposition, and my friend was reading to him on a stormy winter night, while the fishing boat, belonging to the castle was out at sea. The old gentleman repeatedly expressed much anxiety respecting his people, and at last exclaimed—"My boat is lost!" My friend replied, "How do you know that, Sir?" He answered, "I see two of the boatmen bringing in the third, drowned, all dripping wet, and laying him down close beside your chair." The chair was shifted with great precipitation. In the course of the night, the fishermen returned, with the corpse of one of the boatmen.

A gentleman, upon whose veracity I can perfectly depend, re-

Timothy Tims.

But thou art buoyant, and possesst
 Of millions that protection find
 Within thy deep sequester'd nest !
 Leviathan's majestic tribe
 Thou charimest to repose, beneath
 Thy liquid sway whose dang'rous gibe
 In sunshine forms a rainbow wreath !^{*}
 But, as for me, I've ceased to serve
 Creation's law :—I can no more
 Utility's reward deserve :—
Alone ! in ruin—I deplore."

Down went the mourner on the mount,—
 His pallid cheek was stain'd with tears ;
 For, what to open misery's fount
 Acts like the thought of perish'd years ?
 He glanc'd to mercy's heav'n above,
 Then flung around a gaze of grief,—
 But death alighted as a dove,
 With olive symbols of relief !
 And where that man of sorrow wept,
 And where that man of sorrow died,
 No eagle ever since has slept :
 No eye but fancy's has descried.

TIMOTHY TIMS.

A "BARBEROUS" AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

My father was a barber. He had an extensive connexion, so that though he had a great many, he never had too many irons in the fire. He was certainly a philosopher, for he studied the qualities of [h]air, though at no time had he ascended in a balloon to the ethereal regions ; and I, his son, Timothy Tims, was brought up to the same topping profession. But alas ! for the waywardness of youth, and the fond anticipation of parents ; so susceptible was my heart—so ever ready to receive the tender, yet powerful impressions of love, that I was obliged at length to "*cut*" the *scizzars*, and relinquishing at the same time the *honey* and the *comb* of my profession, steal off from my irons, and banish myself to this

^{*} In marine parlance, "a water spout" which, as seen by the Author, justifies the description he gives of it.

distant Colony. A short passage from my auto-biography will perhaps be found of use to those, who, as the poet has described it,

“ Ever sighing,
Ever dying,
For the joys that wait on love !”

It should be known, that on all gala nights, my father's superior abilities were in great requisition, and as he was not gifted with ubiquity, I frequently acted in his stead. Now it happened that Mrs. Smith, gave one night a grand party to the *elite* of the neighbourhood in which I resided, and as the eldest Miss Parkins was to be there, my assistance was required to *tutivate*, as the genteel phrase is, that ornament of nature, which, crop-fashion, decorated the caput of the beautiful Amelia.

Miss Amelia Parkins, as she was generally called, to distinguish her as the eldest, was a young lady of vast ability, her father, Mr. P., had once been a carcase butcher, but hearing of the fame of Mr. St. John Long, of rubbing memory, had turned Doctor, so it may easily be supposed she came of an intellectual stock. Her hair was of a dark, sandy color, which bewitchingly flung a great grace about her upper being, shading from view, as if in mercy, her left eye, whose engaging obliquity of vision, had shot darts, from its *indirect* glances, *direct* to the hearts of all the young men in the vicinity, while her nose, delightfully tapering to a point, which turned up a trifle at its extremity, seemed, by its leaning to the sinister side, to have a peculiar affection for that optic. Her mouth was of no inconsiderable extent, and in the centre, projecting a little over the under lip, were two dentrical organs, of about the whiteness of discolored ivory, of that class usually denominated “bread-and-butter teeth.” I have already said, that she was a young lady of vast ability, and had written three “Odes to the Moon,” and one “to a Deceiver,” and with so much beauty, and so much genius, she became irresistible; besides, her tall, spare person, was this night to be adorned with a yellow silk dress, and a bouquet of roses in her bosom; so that it became impossible that I, who have “bowed at beauty's shrine” ever since I knew what beauty was, should be unmoved as I passed my hands over that part which *crowns* beauty with glory.

When I entered the room, I was seized with a strange nervousness, at beholding the young lady in her dishabille: I tremblingly placed my hand in the pocket of my apron, and drew from thence my comb and curling tongs. I placed the latter in the fire, and turning my attention to her head, combed the golden locks of the adorable, straight round: it is well-known that the irons do not require a long acquaintance with the fire, to make them hot, and as I was about to take them from their warm resting place, I discovered to my dismay, I had placed the wrong ends in the fire!! Fortunately for myself I was provided with a second pair, and lost not a moment in supplanting the others with them, while I faltered out some excuse

for my folly, coupled with a compliment to her person, which was, or I fancied it was, well received. The irons were soon ready, and I, not daring yet to encounter the "excess of light" from her eyes, commenced with a palpitating heart to form into ringlets the occiput of Miss Amelia. Curl after curl, formed, as it were, a gentle cascade, down to the organs of amateness and philo-progenitiveness, from which, as they were very prominent, and of great extent, I thought highly of her heart and natural disposition. All went on very smoothly, the work of embellishment was nearly completed, when to arrange satisfactorily the disposal of the last curl, she expressed a wish to display herself before the glass—she rose for that purpose, I attending with the candle. Love for that divine object, swelled within my heart, till having already burst my waistcoat strings, I began to fear the very buttons would start from their confinement; and I believe as I passed the candle to and fro, to present all the parts of the head-dress to her view, I may have breathed out an "I love you." In the midst of this sweet delirium, a tremendous scream burst upon my ear, making me leap some feet from the ground, and in an instant I was levelled to the floor by a blow from her fist! In my examination of her phrenological bumps, I had not noticed that of combativeness, which, from the force her hand displayed to my head, must have been unusually large; and looking from my reclinement up to the object of my devotions, I beheld, oh! direful calamity, I had set fire to her hair—thereby cooking her carrots in a manner not described by Mrs. Glasse, or by any culinary Professor, in any "Universal Cookery Book" yet published.

How I shrunk out of the house, may, as is commonly said on such occasions, "be more easily imagined than described;" this, however, is the fact, that I dared not shew myself in the neighbourhood again, and had I not decamped under cover of a pair of false whiskers, which my father had just completed for a dandy of the first water, I think I should have been hooted to the world's end.

Reader, if you are a barber, never allow the tender passion to overcome you when called out to a lady; never assist her in displaying her person before the glass; or, as in my case, while you are holding a candle to her, you might as well be "holding a candle to the devil!"

K

DEN HEER VEERHUIS.

"A NEIDER DUTCH TALE."

Reader! hast thou ever been at Amsterdam? if thou canst answer in the affirmative, thou wilt perhaps follow me from my lodgings at the "Wapen van Amsterdam," to a little money changer's in a

narrow street opposite the Stadt House. But if thou hast never visited that city of dykes and piles; I say if thou hast not done so, never leave Europe again without making a trip to that ancient capital—in the mean time, follow me or not, just as you please, to the "*gelt vechslers*" in question.

One November morning in the year 1813, when a genuine Netherland fog had paid a visit to Amsterdam, I was preparing to start by the "*Trekschuit*" for Naarden, when it suddenly occurred to me that I had omitted procuring a sufficiency of *current* coin, to enable me to proceed on my journey. It was necessary for me, then, to lose no time, and turning from the "*Wapen van Amsterdam*" and proceeding down the "*Rokin*," I soon passed the Exchange, and a narrow street brought me to the open space in front of the Stadt House, which, if I recollect right, is named the Dam. Having proceeded so far, I had then to enquire for the house of the money changer, with whom I had such important business to transact. The morning was so desperately uncomfortable, that the very Hollanders themselves seemed anxious, by keeping their mouths shut, to prevent the fog from suffocating them: at last, a jolly-faced *Mynheer* pointed out the house, and almost immediately my hand was on the door, and I entered the passage, only just observing on a board which projected over it—Jan Veerhuis, "*gelt vechster*." The passage by which I entered, was so dark, that I could scarcely find my way to the counting-house of Mynheer Veerhuis, but this difficulty overcome, I ushered myself into a small dark room, with a broad counter dividing it, and resting upon which, were strong iron bars, extending to the ceiling, much resembling those of the cage, through which the pretty sisters of convents are permitted to communicate with their friends of this world. However, I am not in a convent, but merely at Mynheer Veerhuis's, the money changer's, who was a wealthy man, and whom, it appears, had taken the precaution of securing his property, by preventing the possibility of any individual who might be on the outside, having connexion with the bags of gold and silver coin that were to be seen in his iron coffers. Mynheer Veerhuis was even still more prudent than are those sober lady abbesses who permit the treasures of the convent to feel the warm pressure of the hand, given by a visitor; Mynheer Veerhuis was loth that his treasure should be so warmly pressed by the hands of his visitors, and in order to prevent this, the iron bars were, to the height of about five feet, covered with wire net work, and only one small hole, close to the counter, some six inches square, left open, through which the money passed. On my entering this dark and dismal dungeon, several persons were on the outside this grating, transacting business with a young man in the inner side, whilst a little, old, dirty-looking cripple, half smothered in flannel, was busily engaged at a table with two or three bags of coin. A little silver coffee pot, with a charcoal fire underneath, was on the table beside him, and as if rewarding himself at certain periods of

his occupation, a portion of coffee was gulped—quite methodically. I had a few minutes to wait, during which time, I passed in my mind, (as I considered,) some trite observations; contrasting the wretched appearance and riches of the old miser, with my merry age and the few golden guineas with which my relations had started me for a long and tedious journey—"Look at the old miser," thought I, "will all his piles of gold and silver, purchase him one minute's happiness—one moment of additional life? nay, the very flannel with which he is wrapped up, is of more real value to the man, than would be the gold mines of Peru! but ask him his opinion? He values one of these little coins which I have come to exchange, far more than the six yards of flannel which keep his life and soul together—and why? because *in the market*, the six yards of flannel may be bought for fifteen guilders nineteen stivers, whereas the guinea is worth an odd stiver more, making it of sixteen guilders sterling value—a *consideration* of importance in the estimation of a Dutch Jew.—Poor, miserable! he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them;—if I had his hard-earned gains I would."—Here my reverie was interrupted by the young man, who, it seems, had served those with whom he was engaged on my entering, and having uselessly repeated two or three times "Mynheer!" and some other jargon, which to me, then, was as edifying as Arabic to a dormouse: at length, imagining I was ignorant of the euphonic *neider* Dutch, tried his luck with—"Monsieur que voulez vous?" This brought us to business, when I found him to be most particularly anxious for the interests of Mynheer Veerhuis; he first bartered me down considerably below the usual exchange—then told me there was no demand for gold, and finished by cheating me out of a stiver and a half. Whilst we were thus busily engaged, my ear was suddenly regaled with music of no ordinary description; it was melodious in the extreme—it was not the sound of a wind or stringed instrument, neither was it that of the human voice. None were in the room but the old man, the clerk, and myself; it was most certainly neither the young man nor myself—I looked at the old Jew, his money occupied his sole attention, nor did he or his hopeful pupil seem to notice the sound; I looked around the room, again and again, and could see nothing more musical than gold and silver. Thus perplexed, reader, thou mayest imagine my astonishment, when I heard the little merry air of "Life let us cherish," warbled in the most elegant manner. I was struck with amazement; I never can explain how it happened that it did not occur to me, to immediately ask the young man from whence proceeded the sound—but so it was. My money matters being arranged, and the tune being finished, away I went, pondering over the strange circumstance of hearing one of the most popular airs of my own country, in a little, dirty, gold changer's shop at Amsterdam, during a period, so distressing as that of the year 1813. I very often thought of the affair, and at length I concluded that there must have been in the room, one of the Geneva musical snuff-boxes,

which were just then making their appearance. I was in time for the *Trekschuit*—my journey was completed—I returned home, and forget all about “Life let us cherish,” and vechslers, and dark counting-houses.

Years passed on, nor was it till about 1818, that chance brought me again to Amsterdam. Accidentally walking one day by Mynheer Veerhuis's, the board on which Mynheer Veerhuis's calling was announced, brought to my recollection the little warbling voice I had heard five years before—“Is old Mynheer then still alive?” thought I—“on the morrow I will call for old acquaintance sake.” I had with me, English paper, which I could either exchange in Amsterdam or at Hamburgh, to which place I was travelling. The morrow was as fine a day as Amsterdam ever witnessed in June. Again I trudged the “Rokin,” every house of which was painted in the same style and colour as when I last passed; indeed, so little change had taken place, that I even began to fancy that I met the very same people in the street, I had met there five years before; it is true, every now and then a rather spruce *Engländer* insolently sauntered along, but, save the sight of these—the fine weather, and the stench of the canals, no one could have pointed out an existing difference. On entering ‘den heer Veerhuis's,’ there was the old fellow at the very table I left him, and although it was as I have before said, the month of June, there he was, all wrapped up in flannel—the same, in fact, as when I last saw him; there was the perpetual boiling silver coffee-pot before him, and from appearances, there were before him the very same bags of coin. He took his sips of coffee at the same regular intervals—and there was no *change* with this money *changer*. I looked next for the young man—he was not there. The office was full of people, and I had to wait my turn; I had scarcely been in the room two minutes, when the self-same note was again heard. “Life let us cherish,” was warbled most melodiously. I was now, more than ever, determined to have some explanation with the man who acted as money changer, respecting these sounds. The little melody of “Life let us cherish,” was no sooner finished, than the same warble commenced, and went through, with the utmost precision, the little air of—“Save ye my father?” when I heard this, I must own I was astonished beyond measure; I most minutely scrutinized, with my eyes, every thing in the room, and again I decided there was nothing there more musical than silver and gold. My turn came, I handed my English Bank notes to the man who was the cashier, as he may be termed, I looked hard at him, and he looked stedfastly at me, our eyes recognized each other—it was the same, the self-same man that cheated me out of the stiver and a half, five years before, from a stripling, he had become a full-grown man. He took my notes and handed them to Mynheer Veerhuis;—“The exchange is 12 7-8,” said I. “We do not want English paper,” said the old cripple, “but we will give 12 5-8, if you will.” I had gained a little experience within five years; I knew better the value of money, I was

vexed with the attempt to cheat me, and the man handing me back the notes, and the office being crowded, caused me to forget to ask who was the little charmer. I was already in the street, and was proceeding to the house of a merchant, with whom I had an appointment, when I recollected that I had not asked from whence Mynheer Veerhuis's music proceeded. I was returning to the money changers, when taking out my watch, to my surprise, I found the hour I had named for the appointment was at hand.—“Life let us cherish,” and “Saw ye my father?” were forgotten, and in less than a week, I was in Altona.

In the year 1825, I was returning from a northern tour, when after traversing North Holland, I was again at Amsterdam—and again at my old friends at the “Wapen van Amsterdam.” Having more time on my hands than I had when I last visited the city, I was determined to satisfy myself as to the music of Mynheer Veerhuis: so, after having well overcome the fatigue of my journey, I repaired to the *vechslers*, as I had heretofore. There was the same board over the door, and on entering the counting-house, there was every thing just as it was in 1813; there was a person counting the apparently self-same bags of coins at the table, with the perpetual silver coffee-pot alongside him; and there was the same man changing the money at the counter—this was my first impression: but on looking stedfastly at the cashier, I discovered that he was not my old acquaintance, and then, I looked at the little old fellow, wrapped up in flannel, as I thought; but to my astonishment, I found my old friend that cheated me out of the stiver and a half, had taken the old man's place. I had scarcely recognized him as such, before he came towards me, and though he was a jew, and had cheated me out of a stiver and a half, I felt as though I should have liked the man, merely for old acquaintance sake. After having politely asked me what he could do to serve me, he observed that we had been acquainted many years; this led him to remark that his father had been dead eighteen months, and that he, Jan Veerhuis, was then master of the establishment, and that having become possessed of a large property, he meant shortly to retire from business altogether. Whilst thus conversing, the same little voice which I had twice before heard, again commenced, but the air this time was *not*—“Life let us cherish,” *neither*—“Saw ye my father,” but it was our national anthem, which no Englishman can hear in England, much more, unfriended in a foreign country, without feeling enshrouded with a glow of loyalty; and as the little warbling voice continued, a pause in the conversation ensued. Unknowingly, I mechanically took my travelling cap from my head, and foolish as some may think me, would willingly have chimed chorus with the little warbler, to the last stanza, but no sooner was my rough voice echoing in the room, than the shrill notes ceased, and I alone was left to finish “God save the King.” A silence of some moments followed, Mynheer Veerhuis stared at me, and as I was placing my cap on my head, I emphatically ex-

claimed—"For Heaven's sake, Mynheer, do explain to me what charm that is I have just heard; eleven years since, when I first came to Amsterdam, I heard it, and it amazed me—with the curiosity of youth, it really vexed me, because I could not discover from whence the sound proceeded, and, now that my boyish days are over, I feel extremely inquisitive."

"I see your astonishment," said the money changer, "and will soon satisfy your curiosity;" thus speaking, he took his chair, and making it serve as a step to place him standing on the counter, taking something from the ceiling in the inner side of the iron grating, which I could not see from where I stood, he descended, and to my astonishment placed before me a small dingy little bird-cage, not eight inches square, in which was roosting—a blind bull-finch: the mystery was explained! "This little bird," said Mynheer Veerhuis, "was given to my father by the Dutch smuggler Donderkin; he received it from an English accomplice of the name of Wormsley, but as you seem interested, and as it is near "Change time," if you will accompany me to the *Societite*, I will tell you some interesting particulars relative to the little bird. I have often been pleased with the music of the songster, but till now, never knew the popular airs he delighted to warble, were those of your country."

Reader, if thou likest the introduction to the mysterious bull-finch, thou perhaps shalt have its history in some future number of this work.—Till then, adieu!

H. M.

A SONG.

Let the minions of Mahomet gravely descant,
In rapturous lays of devotion;
Let the warrior's bosom, for victory pant
In his wing'd wooden walls on the ocean;
But, tho' conquest is precious in liberty's cause,
And the Turk's dream of beauty is sweet;
O, give me to live under equity's laws:—
My protector be Albion's fleet!

Huzza!

My protector be Albion's fleet.

Let damsel's delight in the silk-worm's bequest,
And the jewel's that spangle their tresses;
Let misers be proud of their gold laden chest,
Which ne'er yields relief to distresses!
I care not for jewels, for gauds, or for gold,
But I honor, and gratefully greet
The birth-place of Hampden, (blest patriot bold!)
The nursery of Albion's fleet!

Huzza!

The nursery of Albion's fleet.

H

ALBUM TRIFLES FOR FRANCESCA.

IV.

Oh! pass but lightly o'er the sod,
 'Tis sacred ground we tread;
 Where on the flowers, like holy tears,
 The dews their fragrance shed.
 And where you sad funeral tree
 Its lonely vigil keeps,
 Beneath the clustering violets bloom,
 The unrecorded sleeps!

Perchance his mother's memory dwells,
 Upon her offspring now,
 Perchance she deems her lips once more,
 May press his pallid brow:
 Perchance unshaken, yet remains,
 Some gentle being's trust,
 Alas! that earthly hopes and loves,
 Should thus be doom'd to dust!

He left his home with prayers and tears,
 But prayers and tears were vain;
 For round the hearth there wants a link,
 Of that fair household chain.
 But though it was a stranger land,
 Beheld his setting sun,
 Oh! there are faithful hearts that shrine—
 The unrecorded one!

V.

Are the songs hushed, in which our voices blended,
 Or is another chaunting now those lays;
 And do they bring the joyance that attended,
 Their cadences in the now bygone days?
 Do they not waken in thine eyes of jet—
 The tear drops of regret?

Ah! o'er thy loved guitar another leaneth,
 And his lips breathe those melodies with thine,
 Whilst every gentle pause that interveneth,
 Flings o'er his heart the smiles, that erst were mine:
 And I, the parted one, am doom'd to be—
 Forgotten thus by thee!

Must the Lethæan wave my mem'ry cover,
 As if it were indeed a worthless thing;
 And all the bright hopes of my youth be over,
 Blighted like roses in their earliest spring?
 Must my mortality's last fragments have—
 Unwept a nameless grave?

Well, be it so, if it can give thy bosom,
 The balcyon calm that I would wish for thee,
 If it can make the flowers of pleasure blossom
 Around thy path—it is enough for me:
 Be thine the wreaths of happiness—be mine
 Whate'er the fates design!

THE SHIP.

The ship—the ship—the gallant ship !
 She rides upon the main,
 And to her sails, the fresh'ning gales
 Sing out their wildest strain.
 Adieu to shore—adieu to home—
 Adieu the loved one's lip,—
 We are borne away on the dancing spray,
 By the ship—the gallant ship ?

The restless waves are bright and fair,
 Beneath the sunny ray,
 As sorrow's brow, a smile will wear,
 If beauty cries—"be gay !"
 And with the hope of future wealth,
 We speed us o'er the tide,
 As if the wealth we seek, possess'd
 No other home beside !

But 'tis indeed with heavy hearts,
 We tear us from the shore,
 For there were ties, we fondly hoped
 Would last for evermore.
 Still, still, upon the rolling sea,
 The festal cup we'll sip,
 And toast the home, from which we roam,
 In the ship—the gallant ship !

ANGLO-TASMANICUS.

British Channel, August 1832.

ON AFFECTATION.

My gentle Reader, was it Sir Richard Steele ? or equally humorous Smollett ? or immortal Addison ?—or, if neither the one nor the other of them, pray who was it, by whom it has been truly said that "no man ever made himself ridiculous by appearing in his real character ?" No matter ! perhaps your memory, like mine, is less retentive than it was in our gone-by youthfulness ; but why do I presume to say *our* ! perhaps you are yet encircled by all the brightly beaming joys of adolescence ;—joys which when time shall have removed them from you, (as he has from me,) never, never can return ! By the bye, this reminds me of a modern poet's beautiful reflection—

"Another year fresh fruits and flowers will bring,
 Ah ! why has happiness no second spring ?"

but all this is digressive. For, it matters not (as already observed)

ever, I must presume to differ; for I assert that the object is to deceive! If it be not, let the lady so disguised as I have mentioned, ingenuously say to her desired spouse and much-enamoured lover, "my dear Alfred!" (Charles—Edwin—Frederick—Henry, or whatever his name may be) "I believe you regard me, and I certainly am not unconscious of your attractions; but much rather would I that our connexion should now innocently terminate, than that hereafter, when too late, you should have occasion to reproach me with duplicity: In truth then, the delicate crimson that mantles on my cheeks, and these glassy curls of perfumed auburn which you so rapturously admire, I purchased at Gosnell's, in Bond-street!—this voluptuously swelling bust of mine, (for indeed I paid for it) which, had I not determinedly frowned, you would ere now have amorously dared to press, was made in Paris!—and my hips (very handsome—are they not?) were rendered plump by *Hames*, of Leicester Square!" Thus let her speak, and if her wooer's love sustains the unexpected shock of so transmogrifying a disclosure; if he will then espouse, all's well! and I wish them happiness. But if he be cajoled by all or any of such meretricious adornments, and should wed her in the faith that they are her's by nature,—then I say she deserves to be universally despised for degrading her own sex, and insulting the other.

Besides, returning to the cork-leg, what right, or shadow of such, I should like to know (if indeed there be any) has a man to be ashamed of a misfortune? If when struggling for his native land, he has left a limb on the field of battle, he ought rather to be proud of disclosing his loss—than solicitous to conceal it. And for my part, I never behold a soldier, sailor, or marine, deficient of a leg, without finding his wooden substitute appeal to the best feelings of my nature, and considering it as an affecting, though speechless monitor, to awaken gratitude for my country's defenders.

Affectation, most unfortunately, however, is not confined to personal disguise; but it depraves conversation—dishonors literature, and contaminates life. Even the dome, dedicated to our Maker, is notoriously prophaned by it, no less than perverted into a theatre for beauty to display her dimples, and brainless coxcombs their bronze in. I may go still further, and pronounce without the slightest cause to apprehend contradiction, that before now, it has been painfully witnessed to degrade the very pulpit!—and never, I may in conclusion add, can affectation be more disgustingly displayed, than by an ordained clergyman, who is, specially emboldened by a most solemn oath, to be meek and lowly as was his Divine Master,—and who should preach so as to edify the ignorant and confirm the wavering; rather than mincingly articulate (with all the *tinsel* embellishments of dramatic attitude and gesticulation) some grandiloquent rhapsody of "incomprehensible jargon," more calculated to excite in the bosoms of male fools and panting misses, most tender admiration for the youthful orator's all-captivating eloquence and pathos, than to teach one previously untaught auditor, the way that conducts to Heaven.

E.

FITZGERALD.

I do not even remember his having been present.

LONDONDERRY.

He was in the chamber, however, with the others of the Council who had been summoned, and who expected your arrival, and I believe afterwards much regretted that he had not been absent.

FITZGERALD.

My capture I should rather have imagined a cause of triumph to him.

LONDONDERRY.

Whatever might have been his real feelings, he certainly did not wish them to appear to you when you entered, for he advanced with an air of friendship, and offered you his hand.

FITZGERALD.

What then ?

LONDONDERRY.

You presented him your foot, and told him, that was fitter for him than what he had the effrontery to expect.

FITZGERALD.

One of the Chiefs of that faction who ruled Ireland by bribery and terror—the purse and the bayonet, was wrong to look for better treatment from me. But what could induce him to offer such a shew of kindness to one, who was devoted and destroyed by that devotion to a party who sought, and would be satisfied by nothing less than the destruction of his.

LONDONDERRY.

The respect in which he held you. The entire tenor of your life—the content in which you lived in privacy and retirement, on a small income ; your enjoyment of domestic tranquillity, and the high rank which your birth ensured you. All convinced us that ambition was not the motive which induced you to embark in the perilous enterprise which caused your death. Your persuasion that it was one of honor and patriotism, however we might differ from you in opinion, was enough to satisfy us that you acted from principle, and may account for that advance from Beresford, which you so decidedly repelled.

FITZGERALD.

You did me no more than justice in the estimation you formed of the considerations, which induced me to risk my life and fortune in what I believed to be the cause of my country.

LONDONDERRY.

How could you have ever entered into an adventure so dangerous, hopeless, and unjustifiable.

FITZGERALD.

I admit the justice, my Lord, of but one of the terms which you apply to it, and that is the first. It was at one period as hopeful a plot as ever exploded, and at all as justifiable as any which ever gained for a successful hero the applause, or for an unfortunate one, the regret of his country.

LONDONDERRY.

You speak too favourably of a commotion, which was one of the many ebullitions, caused by the principles of liberty and equality, and those wild republican theories in Europe, and particularly in France, where they made so fearful a devastation.

FITZGERALD.

I can only allow your representation with regard to Ireland, to apply to the Province of Ulster. The portion of its inhabitants, which were most numerous, and many of them wealthy and educated, who entered into the society of United Irishmen, were indeed chiefly actuated by the causes you assign. The better class were independent, and the lower fully employed and well paid—their religion which was Presbyterian, and unincumbered with a pompous, and pharisaical priesthood; their character, cool, calculative, and penetrating, which led them to despise the trappings and assumption of a worthless Aristocracy, and a certain independence of soul, which is inseparable from such feelings, led them to receive the new light, which then threw the extremity of its first glimmering rays on Ireland, with an unshrinking gaze, and their inducement to attempt to separate the countries, arose more from wishes to establish a republican form of government, than any aversion they entertained to a connexion with England.

LONDONDERRY.

I am glad to find we agree so perfectly in our opinion on the cause, though we may not on any other consideration, of the rebellion of the year 1798.

FITZGERALD.

You shall presently find we agree, but very partially even in that point, but before we investigate it any further, I must remind you of a matter of fact, which just occurs to my recollection, and which I shall no doubt readily recall to yours.

LONDONDERRY.

Probably—to what do you refer?

FITZGERALD.

Your early speeches in the Irish Parliament, which appear to have been delivered under the most powerful influence of those principles, which I attribute to the inhabitants of the province, in a county of which you had your birth.

LONDONDERRY.

I was then very young—fresh from College—my head filled with ancient lore, and some of the wildest of modern speculators. But I soon found the error of my way, and reformed accordingly.

FITZGERALD.

History will record with what consequences; for the other combustibles which formed the train, which sprung the mine of 1798, you must look through Leinster, Munster, and Connaught: to the oppression of centuries, by the Penal Laws—the exactions of tythes—a line of demarcation, distinctly drawn by the difference of religions between the Irish and English; and above all, to

a spirit of resistance, which has maintained the struggle with varying efforts, since the invasion of Henry the Second, and what is more, which ever shall continue to prolong it.

LONDONDERRY.

I have latterly inclined to that opinion, and to doubt, whether the Union, (the grand object of which was to allay that spirit, and combine the discordant elements into a quiescent conjunction,) shall ever accomplish its expected results.

FITZGERALD.

There were, however, enough who never doubted even when you first proposed the measure. But I have answered you as to the unjustifiable nature of the conspiracy, and I now must combat your assertion of its hopelessness.

LONDONDERRY.

Surely you will not maintain that to have been ever promising, which was put down in two or three months, with the loss to the Government of a thousand or two lives, although to your party of some ten or twenty.

FITZGERALD.

I must recall your attention to two years previous to the period you speak of. Pray can your Lordship recollect what were your feelings, when on one of the latter evenings of December, 1796, I now forget the exact one, but I believe a few after Christmas, the despatch arrived at Dublin Castle, with the intelligence, that three French ships of the line were anchored in Bantry Bay, and some of the troops had landed?

LONDONDERRY.

I shall answer you candidly, and in doing so, must use a nautical metaphor, as the most appropriate to the subject. I was taken most confoundedly aback, and to own the truth, was fully as much on the *qui vive*, or rather the *qui va la*—as when Canning levelled his first pistol at me.

FITZGERALD.

You had sufficient cause—and more than at that period you could have suspected.

LONDONDERRY.

Half an hour after reading the despatch, we felt that we trod on a volcano, that might be expected every moment to burst forth. We believed, as it afterwards proved, that the ships which had appeared might be but part of the force, which sailed from France, and we also thought it highly improbable such an attempt could be made without previous concert with the malcontents around us.

FITZGERALD.

Could you have imagined that ten thousand men—a proportionate artillery, and Hoche, the General, who stood highest in reputation in the French service, then hovered on the coast of Ireland?

LONDONDERRY.

No. Neither our penetration or our fears could suggest that affairs wore so serious an aspect—

FITZGERALD.

Or that the United Irish amounted in sworn members to three hundred thousand men ?

LONDONDERRY.

That we could less have suspected—

FITZGERALD.

What were your means of resistance ?

LONDONDERRY.

About twelve regiments of infantry and cavalry, thirty-four of militia, and two of artillery.

FITZGERALD.

We are now discussing the subject as a passage in the History of Great Britain, and therefore, we should discard all prejudice and misrepresentation ; and I must own, I think the gravity with which you mention thirty-four regiments of militia amongst the supports of the Government, more suited to an interview of diplomatic finesse, than dispassionate enquiry, particularly with one who was a chief actor on the stage, the scenes of which he recalls.

LONDONDERRY.

I could answer for the Fermanagh, Cavan, Derry, Donegal, Antrim, and surely of the Down, of which I was colonel.

FITZGERALD.

And I for the Kildare, Wexford, Tipperary, Wicklow, and many others of which I was not. In a word, you might have depended on about eight or ten regiments, most of which you have named, and the remainder were either distinctly pledged to us, or awaited the course of events to declare themselves, to which, the landing of the force embarked from France, would have at once decided them.

LONDONDERRY.

Against which we guarded at any future time, by transferring them with as much speed as we could to England.

FITZGERALD.

What of the artillery ?

LONDONDERRY.

These, dispersed in some detached forts through the kingdom, which were but few in number, were faithful ; but the far greater proportion at their head quarters at Chapel Izod, from their vicinity to Dublin, and being thus accessible to the disaffected, we knew were not to be relied on.

FITZGERALD.

“ THE LINE ? ”

LONDONDERRY.

That portion of it, who were Irish by birth and Catholic by religion, and which we might reckon at least at two-fifths, though not actually tampered with by the agents of the conspiracy, we could put no confidence in, and one regiment was, to a man, your own.

FITZGERALD.

Yes ; the 29th Light Dragoons.

LONDONDERRY.

Three months after, however, we had ascertained the fact, their quarters at Chatham presented a scene they little expected. They remained in perfect security that their treachery was undiscovered, when one day, during a morning parade, two regiments of infantry formed in their front and loaded with ball cartridge. The King's letter, which stated their disaffection, and ordered their punishment, was read—the greater part of the men dispersed in other regiments—their ringleaders sent to those of the West India Islands, and several of their officers, amongst whom was Colonel St. Leger, the brother of Lord Doneraile, put in irons and deported as prisoners from England.

FITZGERALD.—Have you any knowledge of St. Leger's destiny? I have often endeavoured to obtain it, but could never succeed.

LONDONDERRY.

I cannot satisfy you—I was then Secretary of State for Ireland, and no memorial of his fortunes, therefore, passed through my office, and I own I did not feel interested to obtain it, for my attention was otherwise occupied—so far I think I can inform you, that he passed “beyond the seas.”*

FITZGERALD.

To close the detail of your means of resistance, I shall only add, that on more than one occasion the guard of the Castle of Dublin, the residence of the Lord Lieutenant, has been mounted by a majority of united Irishmen, who received the pay, had been long in the service, and were amongst the best of the troops of Great Britain.

LONDONDERRY.

It is but too true, and you may guess my feelings, when, as I have sometimes rode slowly through the gates, on coming in from the Lodge in the park, and fixed my eye steadily on the centinel who saluted me, I thought I could discern in a certain wavering aspect and assumed vacancy of gaze, the indications of treachery, and the ill-disguised surface of treason.

FITZGERALD.

It is more than probable you were right in your surmises. But to conclude my answer to your assertion of the hopelessness of our cause, let me ask you, with the share of your twelve regiments of the line, which was faithful, and your six or eight of orange militia; had our ten thousand French landed—our twenty-five regiments of militia joined them, and our three hundred thousand irregulars turned out, where would you have found yourself at the end of three weeks.

* The writer once happened to relate this anecdote in the presence of the late Mr. B. Walford, of Hobart Town, when his astonishment may be imagined at the latter stating that he knew Colonel St. Leger well, and had often seen him at Norfolk Island, when in moments of despair of ever being released from such a sequestered and remote scene of imprisonment, he would present his breast to the Commandant, and demand that he should order him to be *fired on*, that he might die the death of a soldier!

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

It is a very common error to suppose that the first appearance of the English language was in the reign of Alfred, and that the language of the Anglo-Saxons was the same as that of the Anglo-Normans. The language of the Anglo-Saxons was a very different language from that of the Anglo-Normans, and it was not until the reign of Henry II. that the English language began to take its present form. The language of the Anglo-Normans was a very different language from that of the Anglo-Saxons, and it was not until the reign of Henry II. that the English language began to take its present form.

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majority of the population, and would, in that event, persecute the Presbyterian. The militia of the two countries were interchanged—rewards offered—spies employed—traitors caressed and encouraged—the troops placed at free quarters, and finally, a considerable number of the Union, forced into the field in despair. Burning, shooting, cutting down and hanging, were then the order of the day; and we gave the country such a taste of civil war, as we judged would prevent at least, the generation which experienced it, engaging any further in such designs.*

FITZGERALD.

Cautery, phlebotomy, and strangulation, are certainly not to be classed among those remedies which are termed emollients, and indeed ever afterwards, when you were called to perform the part of physician to the State, your practice invariably inclined to what is usually termed sharp.

LONDONDERRY.

Why did you not withdraw from the conspiracy, when you found all chance of foreign aid to vanish?

FITZGERALD.

Such a course I considered dishonorable. Mirabeau called Pitt, the "*Ministre Préparatif*," from the number of plans which he at that period entertained without ever putting them into execution, and I thought it not impossible I might be considered a soldier of the same nature, had I declined drawing my sword, after four years of plotting and combination.

LONDONDERRY.

I should have rather seen you unsheath it in the command of the expedition against Cadiz, which was once proposed by the British Government, and the direction intended to have been intrusted to you.—But who is he who stalks so gloomily along, and bends on us such a sinister and threatening aspect?

FITZGERALD.

Ryan; he was the first that entered my room of the party sent to arrest me in Thomas Street, and whom, I despatched, after a contest of but a few seconds.

* Some of those who escaped in this disastrous issue were more fortunate in other countries than their own. Mc'Nevin, of the Directory—was afterwards Colonel in the American service, and was complimented with the command of the guard of honor which was assigned to Lafayette, on his visit there. Grey, who fought at Arklow and Ross—became Major-General in the same army. Emmett—and O'Connor, of the Directory—the former Attorney-General of the State of New York—the latter Lieutenant-General and Peer of France. Aylmer, whose life was spared at the intercession of his relative, Sir Fenton, on condition of banishment, entered the Austrian service—was present at most of the grand actions between Napoleon and the Coalition—and afterwards was selected from the Austrian army as being a native of Great Britain—to instruct the British cavalry in a new sword exercise. This he did with such effect, that the Duke of York presented him an ornamented sword, and when he wrote the letter which accompanied it, little suspected he addressed the pardoned and expatriated rebel of 1798.

LONDONDERRY.

Swan, who succeeded him, I believe nearly experienced the same fate.

FITZGERALD

He fell, all but mortally wounded, on the landing place, where I encountered him on rushing out from my bed chamber; yet, with a strength which astonished me, clung to my feet, in order to impede my flight, and while I was endeavouring to disengage myself, Sirr, who was ascending the stairs, discharged the pistol, which caused my death a few days afterwards.

LONDONDERRY.

Our object, however, was to have taken you unhurt. Of the Council, before which you were immediately after brought, there was not a man who would not have used his influence with the British Government, to have commuted your punishment for confiscation and banishment, and when I consider the rank, influence, and connexion of your family, who, doubtless, would have strained every nerve to assist us, I think it most probable we should have succeeded.

FITZGERALD.

Although the result was so different, from what you contemplated, I shall ever hold myself indebted to you for your intentions.

LONDONDERRY.

Sirr was confidential with respect to them, and as you were known from the character you established in the American war, not to be one of those men, who "calculate the bullet," resistance was thought more than possible. On the way to your place of concealment, with the party of nine men and two officers, to whom, with him, your arrest was entrusted, and who proceeded in hackney carriages, he agreed with his two assistants, that they should together, and with the greatest silence, approach your room—enter it instantaneously, and by the superiority of force, and the surprise, probably overawe any intention of defence, which you might entertain.* This plan was assented to by Swan and Ryan, and in consequence, on their arrival, Sirr proceeded to dispose of the party as sentries around the house, so as to prevent all ingress and egress, and had done so, and was about, as he expected, to join his companions, and put their plan in execution, when he heard the noise of the struggle on the stairs, rushed up and found no resource was remaining to save Swan, defend himself, and detain you, but the use of his pistols.

FITZGERALD.

I have ever yet been ignorant of these circumstances. But what could have induced the other two to act in contradiction to their preconcerted arrangement.

* Fact.

LONDONDERRY.

I can only conjecture, and the surmise is, that Ryan might have intended to claim the large sum offered for your capture, as his own, without any division with his companions had he singly succeeded in arresting you.

FITZGERALD.

If it were so, he met a reward he well deserved, and was the just victim of his base design—but what of Sirr? I think he has not yet descended amongst us.

LONDONDERRY.

He still lives—calumny has been busy with his reputation—but by all who know him, he is regarded as a man of courage and humanity.

FITZGERALD.

As such I shall acknowledge him when I meet him here, although it was my fate to fall by his hand. But let me ask you of one whom I believe you slightly knew, and respecting whom, I have in vain enquired, for many years, amongst those whom the fatal sisters daily add to our numbers.

LONDONDERRY.

To whom do you allude?

FITZGERALD.

Lady Fitzgerald.

LONDONDERRY.

When I last heard of her which was not more than a year since, she was in good health, residing on the Continent, and lately married to a merchant of Hamburg.

FITZGERALD.

What do I hear?—Pamela*—married! Faithless! Foresworn! Oh woman! who shall be secure that they shall not be forgotten by thee!

LONDONDERRY.

Nature, my Lord, never formed you to be forgotten by men—and certainly not by a woman. I believe, in her union, she was chiefly directed by the advice of Madame de Genlis, and never for a moment led her husband to suppose he gained by his marriage more than her hand.

FITZGERALD.

Her heart I certainly once believed was mine—not only then but for ever.

LONDONDERRY.

You did her, I am convinced, no more than justice. She was, indeed, worthy the solicitude you express respecting her, and the rarest example I have ever met of the elegance of a court, united to that simplicity which romance writers describe as existing but in a

* She was the reputed daughter of Madame de Genlis and Philippe Egalite, father of the present King of France.

cottage. The former was the effect of her education in a court, and the latter the offspring of her pure and single heart.

FITZGERALD.

I am satisfied—when I first heard your intelligence I thought I beheld the portrait which Hamilton painted of her as a Medusa, and I felt the serpents which he entwined in her hair curl round my heart in a pang of jealousy. But it is past, and I rejoice she has found a secure haven, after the storms she encountered with me. Is her husband one with whom she is likely to experience tranquillity and happiness?

LONDONDERRY.

I should judge so—so far as riches can ensure it, she has every chance, as he is a man of great wealth. He is, too, an admirer of all, and a proficient in some of the fine arts, and I have heard possessions that amenity of manners and disposition, which is almost inseparable from such a character.

FITZGERALD.

Can you give me any information of my son Edward Fox Fitzgerald's destiny?

LONDONDERRY.

The attainder has been reversed—and your estate restored to him. He is now a junior Lieutenant in the Light Dragoons—beloved by his regiment, and remarkable for his daring horsemanship in the chase.

FITZGERALD.

Again! More tortures! My name renounced by my wife, and the principles for which I fell, by my son!

LONDONDERRY.

You forget that you yourself held a commission in the Army of the same Government in which he now serves.

FITZGERALD.

Yes, but my father did not fall in resisting it as his has done. Yet why should I disquiet myself with what passes in a world which I have so long quitted, and in which my fortunes were so adverse. Adieu! my Lord—I go to forget in the society of those kindred spirits of all ages who have bled for their country, the unlucky fate which crossed my purposes and shortened my career.

LONDONDERRY.

Before you depart let me request your friendship. You are, I well know, too high-minded a man to consider the conflicting ranks in which we formerly were ranged, as any obstacle to doing so; and nothing could so much gratify me, after that life of ambition and intrigue, on which I now look back, as we re-call a feverish and troubled dream.

FITZGERALD.

I hope you will not think me too candid when I inform your Lordship, that I cannot comply with your wishes. I do not advert to the passages in your early public life in Ireland, of which being both successful and adverse to mine, I cannot be considered an

impartial judge. But when I reflect on those subsequent to my death, and during your holding office in the British Ministry, I find it impossible to accede to your desire. Your six Acts—your gratuitous and volunteered avowal of the exchange of an Indian writership for a seat in the House of Commons, from which we may fairly assume, that if you dared you would have framed laws to legalize corruption—your employment of spies and informers—a class of traitors unknown to Englishmen, and the result of your practice and experience in our affair of 1798—your entrusting the reputation and fortunes of a British Army of thirty thousand men to the Earl of Chatham, who had never before seen a shot fired, and your unblushing defence of the ruinous result in a House of Commons, the majority of which were so barefaced as to cheer your speech—your allowing Sir Eyre Coote's despatches for orders to evacuate Walcheren to remain unanswered, while the troops under his command were dying by twenties and thirties every day, and you were so much occupied with endeavouring to discover the author of Mr. Canning's application to the Duke of Portland for either your or his dismissal from office, that you neglected for the period of a month to send an order for their re-call—your restoring Pondicherry to France at the treaty of Chatillon, when she had neither power to enforce, a right to demand, or an equivalent to offer for such a sacrifice—one which must be dearly resumed in some future war, at the cost of the treasure and blood of England, even if these shall remedy the evil, which such a means of concert with the native Powers may afford to a country, which will ever remain the enemy of Great Britain.—All these, the remembrance of which, or even a part, are surely enough to satisfy your Lordship, that with the opinion which I must entertain of them, a shew of friendship on my part must be hollow and insincere—unworthy of me to offer, and disgraceful to you to receive.

LONDONDERRY.

You have accumulated my errors with an unsparing severity, and I see we must choose a different path, and dissimilar society. We shall not probably soon meet again, but let me, notwithstanding your censure, assure you of my esteem. Little as you estimate it, I must still offer it to you.—Farewell.

FITZGERALD.

Adieu !

—M.—

A LEGEND OF THE PAST.

The hero and his trembling bride,
 Knelt at Saint Agnes' shrine ;—
 Rebellious to her father's pride,
 Which spurn'd brave Constantine.

And, as the priest the ring bestow'd,
 And, as he blest the twain,
 Down from the vaulted heaven flow'd
 Tempestuous sleet and rain.

Fork'd lightning flash'd the altar round,
 The raven's scream was shrill—
 And pealing thunder's wildest sound
 Was heard,—and all was still.—

Yes still ! save in Almena's breast :
 For agony rag'd there,—
 For she had left her parent's nest,
 Regardless of his care.

And oh ! thou holy man, she cried
 Take back the bridal guage,—
 Better, much better, I had died
 Than slight my father's age.

The hero gazed, the hero wept,
 Then smote his pond'rous mail,—
 When, 'cross the chapel, slowly swept
 A palmer tall and pale.

He saw the hero bend his knee—
 He heard him cry to heav'n
 " To her I love and Oh ! to me
 Each error be forgiv'n !"

Then rush'd the palmer into view,
 And threw aside his gown ;—
 'Twas of the Arab-desert's hue :
 A hope destroying brown !

But from his grey and glazed eye,
 No malediction gleam'd—
 He breath'd his pardon, with a sigh,
 Their grateful tears stream'd.

And then the hero and his bride,
 Knelt at their father's feet,
 O ! hallow'd then was all his pride ;
 Their transports all were sweet.

THE SOUL.

When coldness chills this suffering clay,
What fate awaits the immortal soul,
On wings of angels borne away,
Knows it—or limits, or controul ?
Where suns and systems disappear—
And nought exists but space or night,
Beyond the comets vast career—
May it not urge immortal flight !

Say shall a thought be e'er retraced,
Of those it loved or honored here,
Or are those memories all effaced,
That thrilled with joy or sunk with fear.
Are all its pleasures then no more ;
Its pangs, too, buried with the dead,
Hopes dazzling visions are they o'er,
Glory and pride, are they too fled !

If lost in guilt and doomed to woe,
Who shall its fearful lot relate,
Exiled from heaven to depths below,
And endless misery its fate.
What tongue shall speak its fearful doom,
Or tell the terrors reigning there,
The unknown horror of that gloom—
Its silence ! darkness ! and despair !

But if from crime and sorrow freed,
What joy the exulting soul shall feel ;
When soaring to that bliss decreed
To it—by the Creator's will !
Eternal—bright—ne'er suffering change,
Like to those stars, which never fall,
Throughout all nature shall it range,
Adoring the great cause of all !

TALE OF EMOUKA.

A restless disposition, excited by the feverish movements of aspiring vanity, too common with thoughtless youth, has ever driven me from situations in business, when an ordinary capacity might have realized perhaps a competency—at least the comforts of life.

The New World in the Southern hemisphere attracted my attention ; led on by authors who have published books more calculated to deceive than to give correct information of the real state of the Colonies ; men who, without the abilities themselves to convey to

the public facts, have employed kind writers to illustrate statements which bear little resemblance to the truth ; or Newspaper Editors, who, from selfish views have published accounts more in accordance with the beauties and advantages, described in volumes of fiction, than the stern realities, which the deceived emigrant has to encounter.

It would have been pointing venom at the New Colonies to deny these advantages, but under any circumstances, who has not been deceived by the statements promulgated in the Mother country ? The man with property may employ his capital at usurious interest ; the husbandman of industrious habits may readily obtain employment, and liberal wages for his labour, but the limited scope which opens to men of mercantile pursuits, possessed of small capital, presents but a narrow field for their exertions ;—connexion in business establishes a source of profit every where, but who can expect to form a connexion in a strange country, without considerable time and experience, perhaps the funds which at first might have enabled the trader to exist on his profits, dwindles away by degrees in his attempts to attain that experience.

Van Diemen's Land, with its delightful climate, and its grandeur of scenery, proved a contracted sphere for my exertions ; to improve under a warmer sun, I directed my course to the great country of New Holland, but the visionary anticipations of probable speculation were not to be realized even there.

New Zealand next attracted my attention, from its natural capabilities, and the prospect of its becoming a Settlement of great importance at some future period ; I therefore resolved to pay a visit to that country, convinced that the little means which I still possessed might be as advantageously employed among the savages as, among their more civilized neighbours.

I found it no difficult matter to form a connexion for receiving my timber and flax, at Sydney, where every merchant is an agent. I accordingly agreed with the master of a vessel for my passage, and the freight of such articles, as, from general information, I could learn were best calculated for traffic with the natives.

The sun had nearly descended on the horizon, overhung by a canopy of gorgeous clouds, when our Colonial-built brigantine hauled out of Sydney Cove ; the usual song of the sailors when heaving the anchor had ceased ; the parting of friends, if so they may be called at Botany Bay, was over ; and the vessel was under weigh ;—my baggage was adjusted, and every article put in the most convenient place, (an easy matter with men who have been many voyages) when I examined my berth, hung up my hat at the head of my bed, and with my travelling cap on my head, pulled myself up the cabin ladder to look around me on deck. The pilot stood consequentially at the wheel, and with an air of authority gave his orders for the navigation of the vessel down the Port, while the Captain walked about with his hands in his pockets, looking as a

sort of cipher on his own desk. The vessel had nearly reached Garden Island, a beautiful and interesting spot, situated in the centre of the Cove. The Englishman, who has lately sailed down this magnificent Cove, and observed the estate of Point Piper, must have been struck with the beauty of its parks and lawns; its *tout ensemble* may bring fresh to his recollection the residence and enclosures of an English nobleman. I addressed the Captain, a tall, rough, raw-boned Scotchman, who had risen in his profession; like the rest of his countrymen, in proportion, the further they travel south. He, like all Scotch sailors, who have been absent several years from their native country, had acquired a peculiar slang, and spoke a sort of English with a swaggering Scotch accent, which gave it the air of bravery; such was our Captain, and such men are generally found to be the masters of small trading vessels in the Southern seas. I saluted the captain. "A fine day this, sir, for a ride on horseback." "Curse the horseback," said he. "Then you don't like that gentlemanly exercise?" "I once had a ride," said he, "but hang the horse will ever get me on his back again." "Why? did you meet with any accident?" "Yes, I did, I'll tell you the whole story;—its a fact!" After squirting out a mouthful of tobacco juice, he began as follows:—"I was living with an uncle of my own at Berwick-upon-Tweed, where he lived, and I wanted to see my cousin at Stony-muir-riggs, where he staid,"—so says my uncle, says he, "you can take the horse with you to see your cousin. The horse was a sort of Galloway pony. I got very well on its back, and it went off very well; it kept along the road very smooth, till it saw a gentleman's chaise a-head. It went off—I stuck hard to it to keep it steady—it nearly capsized me—I took hold of its neck with my arms" (here he stood still, to show me the way he hugged the pony) "and stuck my heels into its side—its a fact!"—"Well captain," said I, "what did it do then?" "It ran as fast as it could till it got up to that there gentleman's chaise, and I fell right over its head;—its a fact! The gentleman told the fellow behind to help me up, as if I wanted any of his help! They ax'd me what was the matter. I told them to ax the pony! They wanted to help me on again; no! says I, I'll be hung if that there pony, or any other horse gets me on his back again. I walked him all the way to my cousins at Stony-muir-riggs, and I brought him home tied at the back of a cart—its a fact!"

On the seventh day from our leaving Sydney, the dawn had scarcely broken on the eastern sky, when the man at the helm sung out, "Land a-head!" I turned from my hard mattress, and in a few minutes was pacing the deck; all was quiet; the vessel right before the wind, with her studding-sails set; a turn or two left me nothing particular to observe but the man at the wheel, with his eye alternately fixed on the compass and the square-yards;—aft, lay a poor sailor, half a-sleep, coiled up in a coil of the running rigging. The sun began to dip out and in the ocean, his rays darting along the face of the waters, as the vessel crossed the bar of

the Hokianga river, on the north east coast of New Zealand; the thick mists hung heavy on the lowlands, but the lofty mountains stood rearing their heads above the clouds, glittering with the beams of the morning sun. As the powerful orb dispelled the mists from the land, and our vessel proceeded up the river, this interesting country opened to our view.

It would be no difficult matter for the emigrant Colonist who has passed the Sow and Pigs, or sailed through D'Entrecasteaux Channel, to stretch his imagination to a country studded all over with ever-greens; but to my countrymen, who have never migrated beyond Highbury Barn, to look down upon Epping Forest, some account may be interesting.

The bold and rugged coast is at intervals relieved by land, sloping down to the water's edge, covered with lofty pine; some of which appear to have started at once out of the earth one hundred feet at a stretch, where no branch has had time to issue from the trunk; other trees, such as the oak, of a dark sombre cast, the branches drooping like the willow, to shade the trunk with its grass-like leaves—and, where the sun's influence has burned the sap from its fibres, gives a golden tinge to the outer branches, and relieves the dark green body of the tree. Here and there are to be seen the green Thepackidie tree, with its grape-like leaves and clusters of fruit. The land on each side of the river varied its appearance, as our vessel cut through the quivering waters. The natives were seen at several places, near their houses, where small patches of land were cleared of timber and in cultivation. The vessel had sailed about eighteen miles up the magnificent Hokianga, when she entered the Wyma, a river which winds its course from the south east, and disembogues itself into the Hokianga. Here the brigantine dropt her anchor. The sails were scarcely furled when the vessel was beset by the natives, who had pulled off in their canoes and boats, loaded with potatoes, pigs, coconuts, and kaypackia, to offer in exchange for tobacco, and articles of European manufacture. The chiefs were well aware of the object of our visit, and the captain without any ceremony entered into an agreement, through his interpreter, for a ship load of pine spars and flax, for which he agreed to give them in exchange a certain portion of tobacco, gun powder, and muskets. These matters being speedily adjusted, I communicated to the chiefs my desire to become a resident in their country. The sparkle of the eye, and the softened curve lines on the faces of these bold warriors, convinced me that I was not an unwelcome settler. When the spot was fixed on, where fancy directed me to build my house, I found little difficulty in the arrangement with the chief to whom the land belonged, for the purchase of as much land, as would answer for my immediate purpose. With my three men, and several servants belonging to the chief, I soon completed a building for my temporary residence. I then landed my shipment, and stored my goods with all possible care.

To establish a residence among tribes of savages, the first and essential object is, to obtain the confidence of the chief, under whose protection, and on whose land the settler has fixed his abode. The next object is to procure a sufficient number of slaves (or cookies) to assist him in his operations, and attend him when required, or to man his boat. I found my adopted chief ready to assist me in all my wants. A short time made me familiar with the objects around me, and for a time felt it almost a relief to be set free from the artificial trammels of civilized life. The New Zealander is by habit and inclination a cannibal; still he has a manly sense of right and wrong; he possesses a natural freedom in his action and disposition, and many of his native usages and laws would not disgrace the codes of civilized Europe.

The chiefs soon fulfilled their agreement with the strictest integrity; there was no attempt at shuffling, and no Colonial tricks practised to evade the fulfilment of the contract on either part; the captain received the articles agreed for, and the chiefs were satisfied with their bargain. I took farewell of the captain and his crew;—and the vessel put to sea.

The Wyma river, on which I had formed my establishment, is of considerable breadth, and navigable for many miles into the interior. About four miles above the mouth of the Wyma, on the south side of the Hokianga river, is the establishment of the Missionaries at Mungungu. My visits were frequent on Sundays to hear Divine Service, to converse with the Missionaries, and secure the confidence of the people, among whom I had taken up my abode. Society has a charm every where, but in a country where signs, and a few imperfect words of the native language were the only means of communication, the revolving Sundays were welcomed, to enjoy the society at Mungungu. To draw a closer connexion with the natives, and to aid in refining them to civilized life, the Missionaries have taken under their protection the children of some of the chiefs at an early age, to rear them up, to teach them our language, and instruct them in the useful habits of the European. In the family of Mr. H——, at Mungungu, was a young native girl, above 14 years of age;—she had then been nearly eight years under his protection. I had frequently spoken kindly to Emouka; she was a lovely girl; her graceful carriage convinced me, if any of her relations were alive, they were (rangateras) or great people. My conjectures were confirmed. I learned from herself, that her father was a chief, who lived about fourteen miles up the Wyma. I ordered my boys to the boat; my mind was on the rack; although my hurried departure that evening could not facilitate my movements for the following day, when I resolved to see her father. I passed a restless night, and dreamed of the chief and the lovely Emouka. Next day I rose early, ordered the boys to make ready the boat, and having eaten an early breakfast, steered my course up the river. I arrived at the residence of the native chief, whom I found squatted under the shade of the Remma tree, smoking his

pipe. Apee was an old man ; he rose and received me with much kindness, and after some civilities having passed between us, I introduced the object of my visit. He pulled his mat up close to his neck, drew himself into a position of dignity, which brought fresh to my memory the manner of John Kemble, when last I saw him perform the part of Coriolanus, where he presents himself before Aufidius ; the toga being much in the same position as that assumed with the kytuka of the native chief. He signified to me that he would not control his child, but if she desired to live with me, he would not compel her to remain with her present friends. I told him that I thought her consent could be obtained, provided I had his, and find means to take her from the Missionaries, who would not willingly part with her. I spent the day with this bold warrior and his family, and smoked a pipe with him. Before we parted, he devised the means by which I might obtain Emouka. He offered to send his youngest son with me to Mungungu, when Eranga would ask his sister if she wished to live with me, and if so, the boy would take her to my boat, and then proceed to my own establishment. The plan appeared to me well conceived. I bid farewell to the old chief, with Eranga in my charge. I passed an unsettled week until the following Sunday. But "to-morrow and to-morrow creeps in this petty pace," and Sunday came. The sun rose that morning with golden splendour, and as he dissipated the mists from the mountains, I manned my boat to visit the people at Mungungu, and rob it of the lovely Emouka. My reception there was as usual kind, and the meeting of Eranga with his sister was affectionate. She was more than usually interesting that morning, or I thought so. The service of the Church passed over ; in the meantime the brother and sister had held a conversation on the subject of his visit ; I learned from him that she had given her consent, and in the evening every thing would be arranged for her being taken to my boat. I walked now and then under the verandah, in a restless mood until the evening, when at last I saw the brother and sister on the beach ; he lifted her in his arms ; carried her through the shallow water towards the boat, and in an instant she was concealed. I rushed into the house, bid farewell to the family, ordered my boys to the boat, and in another minute the six oars were plying—making her sides crack as she dashed through the rippling waters. Emouka was concealed with a mat, and could not be observed by any one from the shore ; but soon was released from her concealment. The smile of an artless woman beamed on her countenance as she looked around and saw the boat clear of the establishment at Mungungu. Her jet black eyes sparkled with joy ; she seemed to feel that she was relieved—like a school boy from his task. I took her by the hand and placed her near me ;—a native dignity accompanied her artless nature, and like a young bride a something of independence supported her in her flight. The southern sun had warmed the complexion of Emouka ; she was tropical but not dark. Her black hair flowed gracefully in ringlets

on her neck, and over her brow—but the luxuriant tresses of Emouka required no laborious hour at night to torture them into form. Had Canova desired to have rivalled the Venus de Medici in sculptured perfection of feature, Emouka would have proved an unrivalled study. Her brow was full, which gave scope to her arched eyebrows to expand; her nose was neither Grecian nor Roman—I would give it another name for fame to report, and call it the Siddonian. Her lips rose with undulating sweetness—the firm texture of the skin of this interesting New Zealander showed her bosom in graceful form, that even the loose skirt which covered her shoulders could not conceal its charms. The boat reached Mutakaraka, as the evening sky shed its sombre softness on my dwelling. On the following morning I rose early, and despatched Eranga to his father, with the information that his daughter was at Mutakaraka, and I should be glad to see him. The appearance of my parlour had improved under the busy hands of Emouka, and breakfast was set with cleanly neatness. After our repast, I had given orders for my boat to be manned; I told Emouka if her father should descend the river in my absence to detain him until my return; perhaps I should meet him. I had business up the river, but having to enter one of the tributary streams of the Wyma, where my sawyers were at work, we might not meet. I had just passed towards the beach when I observed a boat at a considerable distance, making towards Mutakaraka; I returned, and with my glass could plainly observe the Missionaries' boat. Emouka surprised me by her manner when I told her of their approach.—Although she had been several years with the Missionaries, and spoke English well, she now broke out in her native tongue, and extending her arms said, “They dare not touch me: I am not a slave. I am the daughter of a chief, and if they want payment, Apee will pay them for my learning.” I requested her to go into the bed-room, and when the we were seated, to show herself; I did not wish to conceal her. The boat arrived—I met the gentlemen on the beach, and invited them into my house; the common-place observations on the weather had scarcely passed, when Emouka walked through the apartment to the verandah; Mr. H—— observed her, and commenced a lecture on the impropriety of my conduct, and commented on the loss Mrs. H—— had sustained by the girl being taken from her. I readily admitted the goodness of his advice, but I had formed a sincere attachment for the girl; I had obtained her consent, and the consent of her father. Mr. H—— did not press the matter further, when he found me resolute and determined to keep possession. We parted, but not with the kindly feelings which usually attended our former meetings. As the Missionaries' boat directed its course along the broad Hokianga river, mine ascended the Wyma, when we soon lost sight of each other. I inspected the operations of my sawyers, and searched the bottom lands for some of the best pine trees, to which we applied the cross-cut-saw;—cut down with our axes some of the finest

spars, lopped off their tops, put them on the shoulders of the men to carry to the river, and in the afternoon returned home. I found the chief Apee waiting for me. Some refreshment was set upon the table, but Apee ate little and drank less, which is the habit of these people; spirituous liquors had not then been introduced with their baneful effects. He communicated to me through Emouka that he was aware it was the custom with the white people to be acquainted with their women a year or two before they married them;—his daughter would prove faithful to me. I knew well the advantage of the connexion while resident in New Zealand; but I likewise knew that were I to treat the girl unkindly my head was not safe upon my shoulders. He signified that on the following day he would visit me with his family, and his son Kyrakow and his family.

On the following day the chief Apee again visited me with his family at Mutukaraka; his boat was loaded with pigs, potatoes, coomeras, &c., &c.; likewise the boat of Kyrakow and his family with presents for his sister. It is the custom of the New Zealand chiefs to supply the wants of their children after marriage, until they acquire every comfort the parent enjoys. Emouka, by the established custom, was considered dependent on her father until my crops supplied me with every necessary. I accepted his kind offering, to prevent any misunderstanding with the old warrior. I devoted this day to my new relations, and entertained them in the best possible manner. I could observe a silent pride in the family, arising from their new connexion.

They know well the distinction between the Englishmen who bring property into their country, and the sawyers or workmen who are paid for their labour. The chiefs say—"It is to the white man who does what he is pleased to do, that we will give our daughters, for they will be brought up to read and write." But to the workman they say—"We will give you a slave or cookie; she will work like yourself." I was pleased with my new relations, and had every reason to feel proud of the abduction of Emouka, for in her I enjoyed a cheerful companion, and in my estimation a precious jewel. My table was not only to be supplied by her family with many comforts which had given me much trouble to procure, but her father had directed a tract of land to be marked off for me on the Wyma, for the dowry of Emouka.

Marriages are frequently entered into in Europe, from prudential motives, to secure an advantageous connexion, where the affections are seldom asked their consent—but here my affections were not only engaged to the native beauty, but I had acquired a connexion prudentially of the most vital importance. My household affairs began to assume a rigid system of economy in the conduct of Emouka; for when I requested her to make presents of my negro-head tobacco to her family—she did so sparingly; nor could I prevail on her to be more liberal. Her answer was, "Apee will return again."

I was not a little surprised with the mode of survey adopted in the measurement of the land granted to me by my friends. I have been accustomed to observe the chain, wheel, and theodolite systems of other countries; and therefore enabled to mark with distinction the acquirements in the elements of this science at New Zealand.

The corner posts being fixed on the land, the other posts are placed about 100 yards distant from each other, around the land; these posts are made flat with a tomakawk nearly a foot in breadth; and on each post is carved a face, which is red ochered over; around the neck is tied a piece of rope, which they intend to shew as symbolical of the land being conveyanced to another. The posts are all tattooed, and therefore held sacred. The land is afterwards delineated on a piece of paper, which is likewise tattooed, and on the paper is drawn as a signature, the tattooed marks on the face of the chief to whom the land belonged. This document is delivered to the settler, and acknowledged by all the other chiefs and their tribes. The grant by this means is as secure to the occupant as any grant with the signature of his Majesty's Representative.

I was led into a moral reflection on the origin of the plan of survey acquired by the New Zealander, and were I to trace it to any particular source, I might not stop until I had gone back to the first Surveyor-General on record, in ancient History. Joshua, who in his book, chap. the XVIII. verse 4th, when he directed the land to be divided among the tribes of Israel in Canaan, effected it by means of a map constructed on paper; he appears to have had an accurate knowledge of survey, which he no doubt had acquired from the Jewish Legislator, who received his education in Egypt, and was learned in all the accomplished arts and sciences of the Egyptians.*

A tract of land being now secure to me whereon I could keep a herd of pigs; I devoted part of my leisure time to procure a sufficient number. This custom is pursued by the chiefs at New Zealand, and boys are employed to attend them through the day; they feed upon fern, which grows in great abundance to the height of several feet; at night the boys bring them home and put them into inclosures; there are likewise domesticated pigs, which are fed at home, and grow to an extraordinary size. The keeping of pigs in herds is adopted in place of the common custom in the adjoining Colonies of keeping flocks of sheep; as sheep do not thrive at New Zealand, in consequence of the bad quality of the grasses. It appears that the first sheep brought to the Island did not live long; they either suffered from a peculiar season of the year, the bad grass, or from eating some poisonous herb. Cattle have proved to be a good

* Joshua expressly states, chap. i. verse 1., that the individuals sent out by Joshua to measure the land of Canaan were accompanied by *persons well instructed in Géométrie*, "who could not be mistaken in the truth from their skill in that science."

stock at New Zealand, but do not subsist alone on grass ; they are extremely fond of the leaves of the Thepackidie tree, and fatten on them. On this tree there grows a bunch of fruit, not unlike the small black English grape, but of a still smaller size ; the natives make a drink from it, by squeezing the berries through the leaves of the tree into a calabash ; this is a very delightful beverage in the summer, but the seeds of the berries are rank poison. From the berries of this tree the Missionaries make a sort of wine.

S.

(To be Continued.)

THE STRANGER GUEST.

AN ENGLISH TAPE.

There was in my neighbourhood a farm-house, which was remarkable, as well for the peculiarity of its structure, as the very beautiful country by which it was surrounded. It was very ancient ; and had the appearance of being of Saxon architecture. The farm attached to it was of considerable extent, and formed part of the estate of a nobleman, who had large possessions in the county, but who rarely visited them. As a young man, he was conspicuous for the generosity of his disposition, a nice sense of honour, and the mildness and affability of his manners. His classical and intellectual attainments were of a high order ; and his wit, like Yorick's, was wont to " set the table in a roar." He formed an attachment to a young lady, who, a month before the day fixed for their union, suddenly, and without assigning a reason for the alteration in her sentiments, married a nobleman of higher rank. He received the intelligence of her faithlessness without uttering a syllable, or betraying an indication of anger or sorrow ; nor was he ever known to allude to the subject ; but, from that hour, he was a changed man. He withdrew entirely from female society, and became a member of a fashionable club, where a great part of his time was passed. He engaged for a season in play ; but, although his losses were insignificant, he soon grew disgusted with the pursuit, and his companions. He then plunged deeply into politics, and was constant in his attendance at the house ; but the vacuum in his mind was too vast to be filled by such expedients. He then quitted England, and travelled rapidly through France, Italy, and Germany, but could not outstrip the phantom that pursued him. At length he took up his residence entirely on the Continent, and thus his talents

were lost to his country, whose senate he had so often charmed by his eloquence, and enlightened by his wisdom.

The management of his estates, in the meantime, was confided to his steward, Mr. Giles Jenkins; a man who, although he would have made a grenadier among Lilliputians, was but a Lilliputian among grenadiers, being in stature exactly five feet two inches. His sallow complexion and forbidding aspect, were by no means improved by an obliquity of vision, and a red nose, which latter decoration was obtained at the expense of his temperance. He had been originally bred to the law, to the tortuosities of which his mind was admirably adapted. Diminutive as was his person, there was room enough in his bosom for the operation of some of the fiercest passions that deform humanity. His indomitable arrogance, grasping avarice, and insatiable revenge, made him the terror of all who were subjected to his influence, particularly of the tenants, among whom he exercised the most tyrannical sway. He was, moreover, the most consummate hypocrite, and, as far as regarded his master, a successful one.

The farm, at the period of which I am writing, was tenanted by Andrew Hodson, whose ancestors had cultivated the same soil for more than a century.

Andrew had passed his fiftieth year; but the temperance of his habits, and the healthful nature of his employment, had protected him, in a great degree, from the inroads of time, and gave him the appearance of being much younger. His complexion exhibited the ruddy hue of health; and, although naturally fair, was imbrowned by the sun of many summers.

Andrew's wife, who had been pretty, and was then a very comely dame, was somewhat younger than himself. Her domestic virtues and acquirements were admirably adapted for a farmer's wife; and, although a shrewd, she was a very kind-hearted woman. They had two children, a son and daughter; the former about one and twenty, and the latter two years younger.

Frank Hodson, very like his father in person, was an industrious, good humoured lad; and, when dressed in a smart green riding frock, light corduroy breeches, and long leather gaiters, or leggings, as they are called, was a very likely object to draw a second look from the village maidens, or even from dames of higher degree, as, mounted on his rough-coated forester, he passed on his way to the market town.

Those who, in their estimate of a rustic belle, are unable to separate the idea of vulgarity from the character, would do gross injustice to Amy Hodson, both as regards the style of her beauty, and the gentleness of manner by which it was graced. Nature is no respecter of persons; and, in the formation of our race, has little reference to the stations we are destined to fill; since she as often bestows the fair heritage of beauty on the child of a peasant as on the heiress of a peer. Nor am I aware of any thing in the habits or occupation of a farmer's daughter, which has not a tendency

rather to improve than to impair the symmetry of the form. Amy rose with the lark, breathing as sweet a hymn on the portals of heaven, and returning the first glance of Aurora with an eye as bright, and a smile as rosy as her own. Nor is nature always aristocratic in dispensing understanding, and Amy's was an excellent one, on which the few advantages she had derived in point of education had not been thrown away.

The family, parents, and children, were bound together, not only by links of the strongest affection, but by the firmer bonds of religion, of which they had all a deep and an influential sense. The voice of contention was never heard in their dwelling.

Andrew Hodson, for many years had prospered in the world, but on the expiration of the lease, which had descended to him from his father, a reluctance to quit a spot which so many recollections had endeared to him, induced him to take the farm at a rent above its value; so that, instead of saving money every year as he was wont to do, he began to find it a losing concern. At length, however, the failure of a provincial banker deprived him of the few hundreds he had laid by, and placed him in circumstances of much difficulty. Thus it happened, that, in lieu of having his homestead surrounded by wheat-stacks, the growth of former years, his sheaves were transferred directly from the harvest-field to the thrashing-floor, and the produce was sent to market under all the disadvantages of a forced sale, to meet his Michaelmas rent. Again, if a horse died, or was worn out, he was unable, for want of money, to supply its place; and thus the strength on his farm became gradually so much reduced, that many acres of his land, which might have been made productive, remained uncultivated.

Andrew and his family met his reverse of fortune as became them, by the sacrifice of very many comforts, in which, under more prosperous circumstances, they were warranted in indulging. The old man exchanged his favourite hackney for a cart-horse, and superintended the operations of his farm on foot. Frank gave up his forest gallows to the harrow and light plough; and poor Amy's pony was sold to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had taken a fancy to it for his daughter. The privation, however, which they most lamented was the necessity of contracting, not only the scale of their hospitality, but the sphere of their charity. It is true, the wayfaring man never passed the door unrefreshed, nor the houseless wanderer unrelieved; and their hearth still shed its genial warmth upon the poor dependent, whom they had not the heart to displace from his seat in the chimney corner; but there were many who were left bitterly to regret that the liberal hand should ever be closed by the pressure of calamity.

Under the influence of all these inauspicious events, they had sources of comfort of which the world could not deprive them. The sound of the dance, and the voice of innocent hilarity, were no longer heard in their hall, but the still small voice of an approving conscience consoled them for the loss. Where a family are thus

united, their home, although it were a hovel, cannot be desolate. Instead of sitting down in despair under their misfortune, each strove to cheer and support the other beneath its weight. They had all been early taught to look up to their God, and to put their trust in His mercy and wisdom under every dispensation; nor, at the morning and evening sacrifice, were their hearts less fervent in their thanksgivings for the blessings which were left to them, than when they were showered down with a profuser hand. Another source of consolation was supplied to them in the uniform respect of those around them, who regarded their calamity with that silent sympathy which is worth all the condolence that proud prosperity ever dinged into the ears of the unfortunate. Often would the neighbouring farmers, aware of the difficulties he laboured under for want of strength upon his land, club together, each contributing a horse, and thus furnish him with the use of a team for several days, in the busy seasons of seed-time and harvest.

(To be Continued.)

Domestic Intelligence.

The whole of our Domestic Intelligence is extracted from the Journals of the Island with trifling alterations.

We learn that another ship-load of free females is on its way to this Colony; but under what auspices they are coming out, we do not know. Sincerely do we hope that Messrs. Fry and Co. have had no share in the collecting of this importation, but that a more judicious plan has been adopted than that in which they were concerned. We are sadly in want of female servants, and if the Commissioners for Emigration will send us some good, hard-working, respectful, and decent girls—and they may get many hundreds from England alone—they will confer a great benefit upon the Colony, and merit our warmest thanks. We shall look with some anxiety for the expected cargo: but knowing how these affairs are managed at home, we are not very sanguine as to its quality. However, *nous verrons*.

We were gratified the other day, with the view of a fine display of butchers' meat at Mr. Oakes's store, at the top of Elizabeth-street. We say gratified, because, although there is nothing very delightful in gazing upon immoderately "fat flesh," yet there is something very pleasant in contemplating the capability of the Colony, as evinced in this instance.

We consider Mr. Oakes one of our best practical patriots, and worthy of all praise in thus setting so good an example to his fellow-settlers. We must not, after this, send to Sydney for salt beef; we may now, surely, depend upon ourselves for this essential article of domestic use. By the way, there was a *pet* pig in the "show," which *only* weighed about 600 lbs. ! We never saw a finer or larger in England. Its price, as now dressed, is 7d. per lb.; beef 8d.; and mutton 4d.

A bullock driver, charitably supposed to have been in a state of intoxication, was found dead on Clarence Plains, the wheel of his cart having gone over him.

We understand that a plan and drawing of a new church have been presented to the Archdeacon by Mr. Peter Scott, a talented artist and architect of this town, and that they will very probably be approved of, and accepted by the Civil Engineer. We have seen some of the architectural drawings of this gentleman, at Messrs. Darke and Whitaker's office: they exhibit a very classical and elegant taste, with a beauty of style and execution, indicative of very superior talent.

We are happy to find, that the Mechanics' Institution progresses with spirit. We must call upon the friends and encouragers of Useful Knowledge, to contribute their assistance, either by lecturing, subscribing, or by the presentation of useful books, &c. The Lectures hitherto delivered have been highly interesting, but we think, rather too elaborate. As the Institution, however, becomes better known, this will be remedied by a fresh accession of Lecturers.

A valuable stratum of slate has been discovered in the vicinity of the Penal Settlement at Port Arthur, some specimens of which have been sent up to town. It is so fine and soft, that it will answer for cyphering slates, as well as for covering houses.

The thieves have been very active during the former part of the month, taking advantage of the weather, and the long dark nights. Two half chests of tea were stolen from Mr. Watchorn, in the rear of his store in Liverpool-street. The money drawer of Mr. Mason, who keeps the Whale Fishery, was carried off with its contents, and afterwards found thrown away empty, in an unenclosed new building, where the thief, probably, had been occupied in pocketing the cash. Eleven pounds were also abstracted from the writing desk of one of the officers in the barracks; and a drunken man, who had a sum of £40 in notes carefully fastened round his person, and had gone to sleep in his lodgings, had the pleasure on awaking and coming to his senses, to find himself relieved of his charge. The eyes of the police, however, are open, and the spending of their ill-gotten gains will, doubtless, ensure their apprehension.

On Wednesday, 12th June, an operation for cataract was ably performed at the Military Barracks, by Dr. Russel, in the presence of Doctors Bohan, Lloyd, and nearly every medical man in town. It gratifies us exceedingly to observe the candour and liberality evinced on this occasion by Doctors Russel and Bohan, in thus rendering their operation a matter of professional publicity. In England, all "hole and corner" Surgery has been long since exploded; and we hope soon to find it the same here. There can be no surer guarantee of a Surgeon's confidence in himself, than in the admission of his pro-

fessional brethren as spectators of his operations; and we feel obliged to the gentlemen whose names we have mentioned, for the good example they have thus placed before our Colonial Surgeons.

We observe by the reports of the trials in the Supreme Court, (published in the *Tasmanian*,) that His Honor, Mr. Justice Montagu, has, by the exercise of his authority, imposed a fine of £20 upon the Sheriff, for the nonattendance of some proper officer of his department in the Court. Mr. Young, who usually gives general satisfaction, had not long left the Court, as our reporter informs us; but as he was not present, when his assistance was required, His Honor, very properly, we think, imposed the fine in question. We do not advocate the judge's part in this business out of any feelings towards himself or Mr. Young, individually; but because we think, that when public officers receive large salaries,—and these, too, for no very laborious services—the least they can do, is to perform their official duties with alacrity and without inconvenience to the public, who pay them. This gentle infliction of His Honor may act as a useful hint to the officials connected with his court,—and we sincerely hope it will.

We are glad to find that Mr. Griffiths, the contractor for the long-talked of bridge over the North Esk, in this town, is not sleeping over his job. Considerable progress has been made in driving the piles; and the work continuing to proceed as rapidly as it has done since the order given to Mr. Griffiths, a very few months will elapse before we have to record the completion of this much-needed passage over the Esk.

Some rogues contrived to enter the dwelling-house of the Rev. R. Davis, the Chaplain of Norfolk Plains, one night, lately, and carried off a considerable quantity of linen, and other articles, among which, we hear, was the communion plate.

Captain Stirling is on his return to resume the Government of the settlement at Swan River. He has obtained the acquiescence of the Home Government to his request, as regards a supply of prisoners to the Swan; and we may now look forward to a more rapid improvement in Western Australia. We are glad to record this intelligence, for, the

more widely our countrymen are spread over the islands of these Southern seas, the better, eventually, it will be for all of us.

We have seen the first of a series of Lithographic views, now publishing by Messrs. Wood and Deane. It is drawn by Mr. Atkinson, and printed at Mr. Melville's press, and is by far, the best specimen of Lithography we have yet seen in the Colony. It represents a part of Campbell-street, opposite the Union Tavern, presenting views of the houses of Mr. Gellibrand, Mr. Lowe, Captain Wilson, &c. The drawing is executed in a bold, masterly style. We may now certainly affirm, that our Lithographic press is in excellent working order.

We have lately observed that it is no unusual occurrence for "boys" to be brought up to the Police-office for drunkenness. When the Temperance Society was established, we hoped, from the well-known zeal of its most active members, that this hideous vice would receive a salutary check: we regret to find, however, that no alteration has occurred. People get drunk, as usual, and publicans get rich; fines are levied, and prisoners punished: May we hope that the members of the Society in question will exert themselves? They have a wide field for the exercise of their philanthropy, and might, we are quite sure, render an important benefit to so-

ciety, by instituting some substantial and sober plan of reform.

Lieutenant Desborough has returned from Sydney by the *Defiance*, schooner, the Government there refusing to interfere in the case. We understand, that some irregularity in the proceedings at the Police-office here, previously to Lieutenant Desborough's departure for Sydney, will be made the grounds of a civil action by that gentleman. The error is imputed to the Magistrate who issued the warrant for his apprehension.

Notwithstanding the heavy state of the roads, and the pressing nature of the farmer's home-avocations at this season of the year, there has been a plentiful supply of wheat in the market since our last. This, as much as any thing, evinces the scarcity of money, which is felt every where throughout the Colony; and, even with all the difficulties attending the conveyance, only 4s. 6d. per bushel can be obtained for wheat, 4s. for English, 3s. 3d. for Cape barley, and 3s. for oats.

Our venerable visitor, the Archdeacon, left this Colony on the 25th ult. in the *Jupiter*. His Sermon, preached on Whit Sunday for the benefit of the Hibernia survivors, is now published, and will remain with us, a favorable specimen of its author's somewhat peculiar style of pulpit eloquence.

Gardening, &c.

AGRICULTURE.

July.—Wheat, barley, and oat sowing, must be continued all this month, and land be prepared for peas, for a general crop of which, any time before the middle of August, is sufficiently early. This is generally a good time for breaking up new land; which should afterwards lie just as the plough has turned

it up, until the next season. By this means, the sod becomes rotted, which has the effect of a dressing of manure.

GARDENING.

No particular observation to make, with respect to the routine of this month, at all varying from what has been said for May and June.

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVALS.

JUNE 18.—The schooner *Harlequin*, from Sydney, with a general cargo. Passengers, Mr. Henry Betts, Mr. M'Killop, Charlotte Bingham, David Hayes, and John Black.

19.—The schooner *Defiance*, from Sydney. Passengers, Lieut. Desborough, Rev. Mr. Manton, Mrs. Manton,

Mr. Furlong, Mr. Cohan, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Carr, and Mr. Swift.

The ship *Strathfieldsay*, 476 tons, captain Jones, from Dublin, with a general cargo. Passengers, Messrs. Ferguson, Fatlow, and Corry, and the Misses Graves, Black, and Collins, with 309 in the steerage.

26.—The ship *Warrior*, Captain

Stone, from London 18th March. Passengers, the Rev. Mr. Palmer, (Rural Dean) and family, Messrs. Nicholson, Markland, Briddon, Kebble, Johnson, and Orr, Miss Owen, Miss Pricker, three Misses Palmer, with 42 in the steerage, besides Mr. Stiles, Mr. and Mrs. Barton and three children, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Clarke, Mr. Steel, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Henry, Mr. F. Stiles; and 36 in the steerage for Sydney.

30.—The ship *Jane*, 272 tons, Capt. F. Tappen, from London, with 113 female prisoners. Surgeon Superintendent, R. Dunn:

DEPARTURES.

JUNE 2.—The Colonial brig *Tamar*, for Macquarie Harbour.

4.—The Colonial brig *Isabella*, for Port Arthur.

7.—The barque *Henry Porcher* for Sydney, with part of her original cargo and passengers, and the following from this Port:—Mrs. Barnes, Mr. Joseph Widows, Mr. Robert Kerr, and Mr. M'Kenzie and child.

10.—The ship *Lotus*, for Sydney, with 18 of the passengers saved from the wreck of the *Hibernia*, Miss White, and Mr. James Browne.

19.—The cutter *Blackbird*, for Sydney, with a cargo of vegetables and apples.

25.—The ship *Jupiter*, for Sydney. Passengers, the Venerable Archdeacon Broughton and family, H. G. Harrington, Esq., Lieutenants Otter and Crawley.

Colonial Appointments.

Major Schaw, to be Assistant Police Magistrate in the Police district at Bothwell, vice D'Arcy Wentworth, Esq.

Mr. Robert Hawkins to be division constable at Little Swan Port, Police District of Great Swan Port, vice Mr. Buxton—to take effect from 8th of June.

Mr. Archibald M'Intyre, to be Postmaster at Fingal, in the Police district of Campbell Town.

Mr. Thomas Furlong, to be Chief District Constable in the Police District of Great Swan Port, vice Mr. Adam Amos, dismissed.

Mr. William Johnson, to be Postmaster in the Police District of Brighton, vice Mr. Wm. Hutton, resigned.

The Sheriff has summoned the following Magistrates as Assessors for the

service of the Civil Side of the Supreme Court, on the days marked opposite their respective names:—

Tuesday, 9th July, at 10 o'clock A. M., John Bell, Esq., J. P., William Sorell, Esq., J. P., James Scott, Esq. J. P.

Wednesday, 10th July, at 10 o'clock A. M., Charles Swanston, Esq., J. P.; Charles M'Lachlan, Esq., J. P., John Beamont, Esq., J. P.

Thursday, 11th July, at 10 o'clock, A. M., John Montague, Esq., J. P. James England, Esq., J. P., Joseph H. Moore, Esq. J. P.

Saturday, 13th July, at 10 o'clock, A. M., William Gellibrand, Esq., J. P., John Bell, Esq., J. P., William Sorell, Esq. J. P.

Marriages, Births, &c.

BIRTHS.

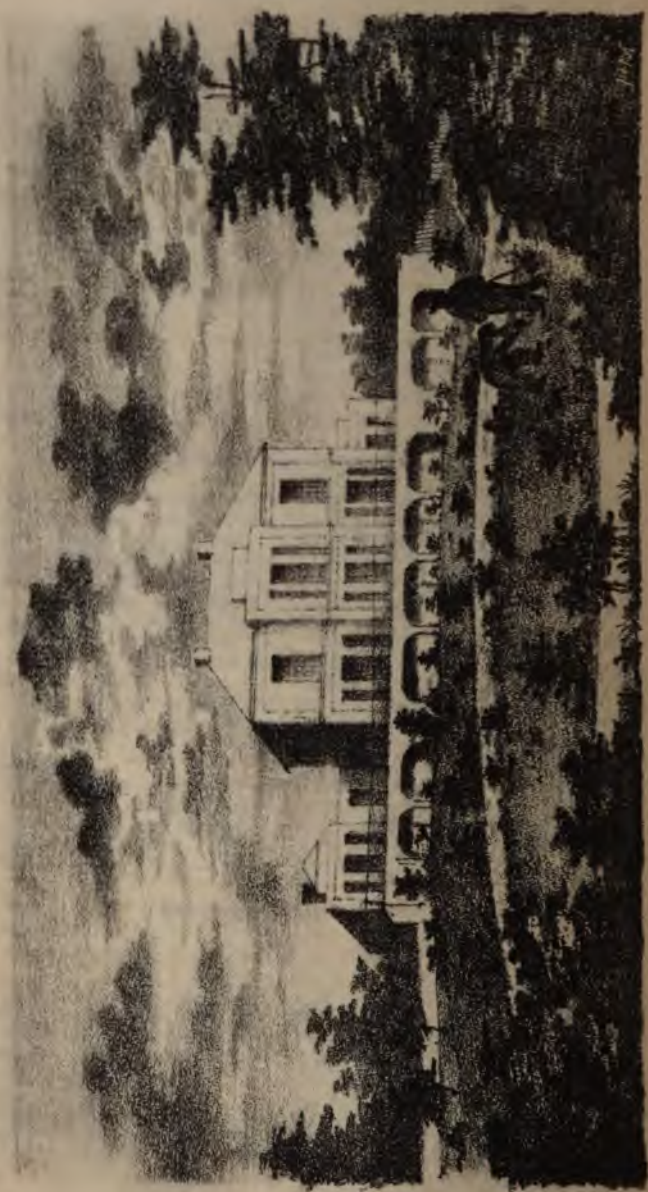
On Saturday 1st June, the Lady of W. A. Bethune, Esq., was safely delivered of a daughter, at Dunrobin.

On Sunday, 16th June, Mrs. L. Dickenson, of Melville-street, of a daughter.

On Monday, 17th June, at Launceston, Mrs. P. W. Welsh, of a daughter.

DEATH.

We are extremely sorry to announce the death of Mr. Wells, at the Cornwall Bank, occasioned by lock-jaw, in consequence of a sudden change of temperature. But at the same time, we have to congratulate the Colony upon the fact, that this is the first instance of lock-jaw occurring here, without being caused by wounds.—*Tasmanian*.



The Residence of W. H. Wilson, Esq. S. E.

THE
HOBART TOWN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

AUGUST, 1833.

[No. 6.

ON EMIGRATION.

WITH SOME REMARKS ON THE SHIPMENT PER "PRINCESS ROYAL."

The tide of emigration has set in so strongly towards this Colony, and has added of late so numerous to its population, that the subject is one of no trifling importance to every one connected in any degree with its interests. Judging, indeed, from what has recently appeared in the Newspapers, we are inclined to believe, that the attention of the people is a good deal directed to the consideration of Emigration; at all events the subject merits attention, and we shall devote a page or two to its discussion.

It is very certain, that Emigration, judiciously carried on, would not only materially benefit the Colony, but conduce, at the same time, to the advantage of the Emigrant, but as Emigration is *now* performed, it is fraught with all manner of mischief, and this is dependent upon a cause which is continually operating to nullify its best and wisest ends. This cause has its origin in the supineness of the Home Government, arising, we must think, from ignorance of the actual state of the Colony, and, in some measure, from that indifference, which is natural to all great men, when the object is not immediately within scope of their cognizance. This supineness is productive of both a remote and an immediate evil;—as a proof of the former we may adduce the iniquitous schemes, practised at home, by a set of sharpers, who, under false pretences, allure persons to emigrate, merely for the sake of pocketing their passage-money; and in proof of the latter, we have only to allude to the Government system of sending out Pensioners, and the only other folly which they have *yet* committed,—the shipment of the free

females, by the *Princess Royal*. On each of these practices, we shall presently offer some remarks—occupying ourselves at present, with a few observations on Emigration “in general.”

From the wretched condition of the lower orders at home—Emigration has for some time occupied the serious attention of the British Government: and, in order to facilitate its operations, a board has been formed, under the title of His Majesty's Commissioners for Emigration. The individuals composing this board are men of high political integrity—the Duke of Richmond, Lord Howick, Mr. Ellis, and another gentleman, whose name we do not recollect, while Mr. Elliott, brother to Captain Elliott, Secretary to the Admiralty, acts as secretary; and to these gentlemen are referred all matters relating to the important subject of Emigration. We have conceded to these Commissioners the virtues of high political integrity; but, we humbly conceive, that these are not the only virtues requisite for the proper performance of the duties necessarily attached to an office of such great responsibility. His Grace of Richmond is Post-Master-General of the United Kingdom—my Lord Howick is Under Secretary of State for the Colonies; both appointments, we opine, demanding the whole and undivided attention of their occupants; indeed we do not think that any of these honorable Commissioners have the time, even if they had the inclination, to attend to the duties of their appointments. We do not say this heedlessly; for by their fruits shall they be known, and of what quality these fruits are, we shall presently very clearly perceive.

In considering the probable benefits of Emigration, it is too much the fashion at home, to calculate only upon those advantages, which the Mother Country is likely to derive from the actual abstraction of so much surplus population. The destination and welfare of the Emigrants themselves, are seldom weighed with sufficient attention:—they are starving at home—they cannot meet a worse fate abroad; at all events, their abstraction is a measure of useful expediency; and away they go to Van Diemen's Land, or America. Every plan of Emigration, which has emanated from the Government, is strikingly illustrative of this narrow policy. Nothing, we conceive, affords a more decided proof of this, than the mode adopted of sending out the old soldier pensioners. That the Government is a gainer by this proceeding is sufficiently obvious; and the accomplished financier, who hit upon this sage method of diminishing that political incubus, the Pension List, evinced a degree of enlarged philanthropy, every way worthy of his age and country. The plan adopted towards these Veterans is to advance them a certain sum, by way of a commutation of their pension, by which they may pay their passage, and have a few pounds in their pocket, when they reach this Colony.

If we rightly understand the principle upon which pensions have been awarded to these persons, we take it for granted, that, unlike certain sinecurists, whom we could name, they must have in

some way or other earned them. The title of "Ould Veteran," implies a servitude of no ordinary duration; and, after spending the best part of their lives in the service of their country, they are humanely transported by the Government to this remote place, to begin the world anew, and with diminished powers of exertion. There is a degree of refined cruelty in this plan, which is by no means creditable to the British Government; for the Veteran, in very many instances, is not even so certain of subsistence as the Crown prisoner; and as to labour for his subsistence—what labour can be possibly expected from an old, worn-out soldier! But supposing the soldier *not* worn out, he is still a soldier, and unfitted for the active agricultural occupation, so requisite in a Colony like this. What, then, is the consequence of these Veteran importations? The Colony is encumbered with a quantity of "useless trash," who soon contrive to drink away the remainder of their commutation money, and then become dependent upon casual charity for their actual subsistence. But the Mother Country is relieved of them, and the Pension List eased of an item.

But it is not merely by the useless or incapable quality of the importation that the Colony is made to suffer: it has to defray a portion of its own expence,—a certain sum being appropriated out of the monies received for the sale of Crown Lands. Here, again, is an egregious error on the part of our Legislators at home. By abolishing the granting of Land, they have destroyed one great inducement to the really industrious and respectable Settler; and although the amount of the Crown sales may look very pretty upon a balance sheet of accounts, it is, in truth, but so much capital abstracted from the Colonists, and of little or no use, as an addition, to the circulating medium of the Colony.

The most extraordinary transaction as regards Emigration, in which the Home Government has been concerned, was the importation of the free females, *per Princess Royal*. The mode in which this was effected explains very intelligibly how little the Emigration Committee care about the proper performance of their duties; and as a brief account of this curious importation may prove interesting, if not instructive, we now subjoin it,—merely observing, that it is derived from sources, which we can rely upon as perfectly authentic.

The great disproportion of the female to the male population of our Australasian Colonies has long been a subject of serious consideration with the British Government. In order, therefore, to supply so important a deficiency, His Majesty's Commissioners for Emigration determined to send out a number of *respectable* females, between the ages of sixteen and thirty, the majority of whom were to be collected from the agricultural districts, where it is known, that there are many young women, who, having been brought up in such a manner, as to be well qualified for the duties of servitude in the family of a farmer, are unable to procure at home such situations, or to gain, even, an honest livelihood, and who would, therefore, gladly avail themselves of an opportunity of emigrating

to a Colony, in which they could rely upon the means of immediate and profitable employment.

The plan originally adopted by the Commissioners for facilitating the accomplishment of this truly benevolent purpose, consisted in appropriating a certain sum, arising from the sale of Crown lands in the interested Colonies, to defray a moiety of the expence (about £8) of conveying a certain number of Female Emigrants to the Colonies in question,—the other moiety of the passage-money to be paid by the Emigrants themselves. This, we say, was the original plan : but in the instance, to which we now more particularly allude, this plan was entirely superseded by the total defrayment of the expence of the passage by the Government, who, in April 1832, took up a ship, the *Princess Royal*, commander, Joseph Greenwood, which they victualled with public stores, precisely on the principle of a prison ship, contracting, as in the case of convicts, for the conveyance of two hundred passengers, at the rate of £3 13s. 4d. per ton freightage.

It was evidently the intention of the Government to do their business very handsomely ; for, in addition to the engagement of a Surgeon, they provided a Matron and Chaplain, the former being accompanied by her daughter, the latter by his wife, while the surgeon took with him a wife and child—the passage of the whole being defrayed by the Government, at the rate of £78 each for the males, £50 each for the females, and £20 for the Doctor's child. This, however, was the only remuneration, which these individuals received for their services, with the exception of an optional gratuity of £20 to the Surgeon, dependent upon the award of the Lieutenant Governor.

This arrangement of conveying the Emigrants, free of all expence, was productive of considerable mischief, by opening the door to the embarkation of a number of indigent and unprincipled persons. In addition, too, to the latitude thus given to the encroachments of the disreputable, the Commissioners for Emigration authorized three *private, irresponsible* individuals, named William Fry, Thomas Wilson, and John Pirie, men of especial note in the good city of London, to seek out, search for, and supply this experimental cargo of two hundred free female emigrants. It is true, that these three private individuals were members of “ A Committee, associated for charitable purposes,” but they were living in London,—all their feelings and pursuits were identified with the trading interests of the metropolis ; and could the Commissioners, or any one else, suppose, that any one of these busy citizens would forego the chance of a single speculation, and hurry down to any of the great agricultural districts to beat up for recruits for this very interesting Emigration scheme ? And this, too, purely from motives of philanthropy and benevolence ? Philanthropy and benevolence are beautiful subjects for impassioned disquisition ; but they never have, and never will stand up and prevail against that Mammon of Unrighteousness, which is continually destroying the holy purposes of charity in the

shape of filthy lucre. Never before were the good intentions of Government more completely frustrated, than they were in this instance.

Instead of collecting a cargo of respectable females from the agricultural districts, what did these three London gentlemen do? In the first place, they went to the different institutions, set apart for the reception and reformation of those unfortunate females, who had fallen from the paths of virtue, and selected "at one fell swoop," more than half their cargo from amongst—certainly *not* the least, amiable—of these unfortunate creatures! What did they do next? Why they went to the different Work-houses,—to St. George's and St. Giles's, and to the Refuge for the Destitute, and the Chelsea School of Reform, and from these *appropriate* nurseries they actually collected some sixty or seventy more,—leaving, out of a cargo of more than two hundred women, and children, the astounding proportion of about thirty respectable individuals! Was this fair to the Government? Was it fair to the Colony, whose population this tremendous importation was intended to increase and improve? Was it fair to the Emigrants themselves? Very far, indeed, was it from being fair to any of the parties most intimately interested.

After a protracted voyage of great peril and disaster—for there does not appear to have been any proper controul or management on board—the ship was providentially preserved from destruction by stranding in a sheltered bay, more than a hundred miles from Hobart Town. The Lieutenant Governor, with his usual zeal and promptitude, immediately repaired to the spot, accompanied by the Chief Police Magistrate, and the Colonial *Aide-de-Camp*, and as he had been most favourably impressed, by sundry despatches from the Secretary of State at home, with the respectable condition of the cargo assigned to him, his surprize must have almost equalled his disgust, when the passengers by the *Princess Royal* were first presented to his scrutiny.* His natural shrewdness discovered, at a glance, the wretched, unmarketable quality of the consignment; and he quitted the ship, deeply prejudiced against all connected with her. But His Excellency was too well versed in the duties of his appointment, not to pay the most scrupulous and implicit obedience to his instructions from home. Every attention, therefore, was paid to the newly arrived Emigrants, and every assistance afforded to the ship in her disastrous situation. Dr. Thomson's steam boat was engaged to proceed to the wreck, and to con-

* One of the first startling indications of the quality of the cargo was an application to the Chief Magistrate for a search warrant, in order, if possible, to discover a portion at least of the property which had been stolen. On enquiry, however, we learn, that the two or three persons who suffered any loss in this way, have entirely to blame their own utter carelessness. We have reason to believe, also, that the losses alluded to were much and wickedly exaggerated by the persons in question, particularly as some of the property, alleged to have been stolen, was of such a kind as to have been easily discovered, and as easily identified.

these few worthy, but most unfortunate young women—deluded, as they were, by the glaring misrepresentations of Messrs. Fry and Company. Let us for one moment reflect upon the wretched condition of these unhappy exiles. There is implanted in the breast of every modest female, a certain sense of honour—fastidious, it may be, but still estimable—which renders her acutely sensitive to the degradation of any compulsory association with those, whose characters are open to animadversion and censure. What, then, must these deceived and misled young women have experienced in their five months' compulsory companionship with the inmates of penitentiaries and work-houses—of *this* horrid place, and *that* horrid place, when they had no means of escape—none, even of temporary separation from their abandoned associates? We really think, that the collectors of this strange and heterogeneous "*fry*," are answerable for much more than their consciences can ever reconcile. And will it be believed, that the Government, or rather "His Majesty's Commissioners for Emigration," contemplate the exportation of two thousand free females, precisely upon this precious plan? The *Red Rover* cargo to Sydney, was a portion of this number; but as they consisted of frisky young girls from Ireland, openly selected from sundry Irish Institutions—placed under proper control, and unconnected "intirely" with English "respectability," they have done much better than the "*Princesses Royal*." We observe, too, that the Government is advertising for more Female Emigrants,* in conjunction with the Society for the Refuge of the Destitute. Why cannot the Commissioners for Emigration do their own business without the meddling assistance of any society, or set of men? We presume they are paid for their very arduous and indefatigable, and most valuable services; they ought, therefore, to devote at least some time and trouble to the proper performance of their duties. Let us hope, however, that, in any future scheme of this sort, the British Government will duly and deliberately weigh and consider every point of their undertaking. The old and usual, and most convenient plan of official Emigration, will not avail here. It is not enough, that the pauper population of England should be purged of its surplus mendicity; or that the stews and brothels of the metropolis should be diligently searched and weeded of their superfluous inmates, because (thanks to the Home Government,) there is plenty of idle and useless trash—both male and female—already in the Colony. Respectable females, who will resolutely put their shoulders to the wheel, and fill situations ready to receive them, are much wanted, and would meet with immediate and ample encouragement. Such females would speedily receive pressing invitations from the most respectable and highly esteemed settlers; and we do not hesitate to affirm, that, eventually, their "domi-

* See our first number, p. 59.

of a particular establishment, or a favorite speculation. The only work, upon which the English reader can rely for authentic information, and the only one, which contains the best kind of information, is the *Van Diemen's Land Almanack*; and although this "little book" cannot be expected to contain *all* the information, that an Emigrant may require, it is sufficiently explicit for all ordinary purposes.

But we would not advise the Emigrant to bother himself with over much reading. We will just sketch an outline for his guidance, pledging ourselves neither to exaggerate on the one hand, nor under-rate on the other.

Putting out of the question the perils and privations incident to a voyage of sixteen thousand miles, the virtues and qualifications of an Emigrant, who desires to do well in Van Diemen's Land, need not be very miraculous. Industry, perseverance, sobriety and patience, with a tolerable share of judgment and caution—in one word, unvarying steadiness—are the principal; and if we add to these, a small capital of a few hundred pounds, the freaks of Fortune must be very capricious indeed, if their possessor does not succeed to his heart's content. But here, we may be stopped by the question—"Who but an idiot would Emigrate at all, if he had a capital of a few hundred pounds?" "No one, most assuredly," we readily answer, "who was impressed with the idea inculcated by the sagacious scribbler in *The Atlas*." But let us briefly put the following case:—Suppose an industrious, sober, and frugal farmer, after twenty or thirty years of downright slavery—fighting manfully, all the time, against a most frightful host of direct and indirect taxation, and striving "earth and heaven" to pay his way—with his wife, as sober, frugal, and industrious as himself, and some half dozen children, in every way worthy of their parents. Suppose such a man, we say, upon a timely consideration of his affairs, were to discover, that a perseverance in his unequal warfare would entail upon him certain and inevitable ruin, while, by the very simple mode of disposing of his stock, and regularly selling off, he could pay twenty shillings in the pound, and put some five or six hundred pounds in his pocket, to boot—would not such a man very materially mend his condition by Emigration? There cannot be a doubt upon the question; and we will briefly tell him how he would *best* mend it by coming at once, and as soon as he could, to this Colony.

On his arrival, his first object will be the purchase of some land—for the "good old times" of gratuitous grants are all gone by; and if he purchase his location from the Government, let him carefully select his acres. With the assistance of his sons, and that of the prisoner-servants, who will, in course of time, be assigned to him, he will soon clear enough land for a beginning. As we are speaking of an industrious and prudent man, we need hardly advise him to observe one important and material point—that is, to do a little at a time, and to do that little well. If his grant consist of a

[illegible]

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the situation.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources and timeline needed to complete them.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress to ensure that the project is on track.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing the outcomes against the objectives and goals and identifying any lessons learned for future projects.

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1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

we hope our friends at home, when they peruse our remarks, will form a more favorable idea of Van Diemen's Land, and a kinder notion of its inhabitants.

R.

AUSTRALASIA.

A Poem, which obtained the Chancellor's Medal, at the Cambridge Commencement, 1823.

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED,

Trinity College.

The sun is high in Heaven—a favouring breeze
Fills the white sails, and sweeps the rippling seas ;
And the tall vessel walks her destined way,
And rocks and glitters in the curling spray.
Among the shrouds—all happiness and hope—
The busy seaman coils the rattling rope,
And tells his jest, and carols out his song,
And laughs his laughter, vehement and long ;
Or pauses on the deck, to dream awhile
Of his babes' prattle, and their mother's smile,
And nods the head, and waves the welcome hand,
To those who weep upon the lessening strand.

His is the roving step and humour dry—
His the light laugh—and his the jocund eye—
And his, the feeling—which in guilt or grief
Makes the sin venial, and the sorrows brief.
But there are hearts that merry deck below,
Of darker error, and of deeper woe—
Children of wrath and wretchedness—who grieve
Not for the country, but the crimes they leave.
Who, while for them on many a sleepless bed,
The prayer is murmured, and the tear is shed,
In exile and in misery, lock'd within
Their dread despair—their unrepented sin ;
And, in their madness, dare to gaze on Heaven,
Sullen and cold—unawed and unforgiven.
There the gaunt robber, stern in sin and shame,
Shews his dull features and his iron frame ;
And tenderer pilferers creep in silence by,
With quivering lip, flushed brow, and vacant eye.
And some there are, who, in the close of day,
With drooping jaw, weak step, and temples grey,
Go tottering forth—to find across the wave,
A short, sad sojourn, and a foreign grave.

And some, who look their long and last adieu
 To the white cliffs, which vanish from their view—
 While youth still blooms, and vigour nerves the arm,
 The blood flows freely, and the pulse beats warm,
 The hapless female stands in silence there.
 So weak, so wan, and yet so sadly fair,
 That those who gaze a rude, untutored tribe,
 Check the rude question and the wounding gibe ;
 And look and long to strike the fetter off,
 And stay to pity, though they come to scoff.
 Then o'er her cheek there runs a burning blush,
 And the hot tears of shame begin to rush
 Forth from their swelling orbs. She turns away,
 And her white fingers o'er her eyelids stray ;
 And still the tears through those white fingers glide,
 Which strive to check them—or at least to hide.
 And there the stripling, led to plunder's school
 Ere passion slept, or reason learn'd to rule,
 Clasps his young hands, and beats his throbbing brain,
 And looks with marvel on his galling chain.
 Oh ! you may guess, from that unconscious gaze,
 His soul hath dream'd of those far fading days,
 When rudely nurtured on the mountain's brow,
 He tended day by day his father's plough ;
 Blest in his day of toil—his night of ease—
 His life of purity—his soul of peace.
 Oh, yes ! to day his soul hath backward been
 To many a tender face and beauteous scene ;
 The verdant valley and the dark brown hill,
 The small fair garden and its tinkling rill,
 The grandame's tale, believed at midnight hour—
 His sister singing in her myrtle bower ;
 And she—the maid of every hope bereft—
 So fondly loved—alas ! so falsely left.
 The winding path, the dwelling in the grove,
 The look of welcome, and the kiss of love.
 These are his dreams—but these are dreams of bliss—
 Why do they blend with such a lot as this ?

And is there nought for him but grief and gloom—
 A lone existence, and an early tomb ?
 Is there no hope of comfort, and of rest
 To the seared conscience and the troubled breast ?
 Oh ! say not so ! In some far distant clime,
 Where lives no witness of his early crime,
 Benignant Penitence may haply muse
 On purer pleasure—and on brighter views ;
 And slumbering virtue wake at last to claim
 Another being and a fairer fame.
 Beautiful land ! within whose quiet shore
 Lost spirits may forget the stain they bore.
 Beautiful Land ! with all thy blemished shades
 Of waste and wood, rude rocks and level glades,
 On thee—on thee I gaze—as Moslems look
 To the blest Islands of their Prophet's book !
 And oft I deem, that, link'd by magic spell,
 Pardon and peace upon thy valleys dwell—
 Like two sweet Houris, beckoning o'er the deep
 The souls that tremble, and the eyes that weep ;

Therefore on thee, undrying sunbeams throw
Their clearest radiance, and their warmest glow ;
And tranquil night's cool gales and gentle showers
Make bloom eternal in thy sinless bowers.
Green is thy turf—stern winter does not dare
To breathe his blast, and leave his ruin there ;
And the charm'd ocean roams thy rocks around
With softer motion, and with swifter sound.
Among thy blooming flowers and blushing fruit
The whispering of young birds is never mute ;
And never doth the streamlet cease to swell
Through its old channel in the hidden dell.
Oh ! if the muse of Greece had ever strayed
In solemn twilight through thy forest glade,
And swept her lyre, and walk'd thy meads along
The liquid echo of thy ancient song—
Her fabling fancy in that hour had found
Voices of music—shapes of grace around.
Among thy trees, with merry step and glance
The Dryad then had wound her wayward dance,
And the cold Naiad in thy waters fair
Bathed her white breast, and wrung her dripping hair.

Beautiful land ! upon so pure a plain
Shall superstition hold her hated reign ?
Must bigotry build up her cheerless shrine
In such an air—in such an earth as thine ?
Alas ! religion from thy placid isles
Veils the warm splendour of her heavenly smiles ;
And the wrapt gazer on the beauteous plan
Finds nothing dark—except the soul of man.

(*To be continued.*)

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

VOLTAIRE AND SHAKSPEARE.

VOLTAIRE.

Ah, my dear Shakspeare, how do you do. I am delighted to see you.

SHAKSPEARE.

Monsieur Voltaire, I am your very humble servant.

VOLTAIRE.

Where have you hid yourself this age ? Do you not know how glad I always am to meet you ? I could almost suspect you of avoiding me.

SHAKSPEARE.

Why, really Monsieur, you keep such high company, that I think it would be very presumptuous in me to intrude myself

on you or them. You are so surrounded with princes, dukes, duchesses, and folks of that description, that I think it best becomes me to keep a respectful distance.

VOLTAIRE.

Yes—yes ; as you say, they are so numerous, that they often become troublesome ; but pray don't let them keep you away. No matter who may be with me, I shall always be happy to recognize you.

SHAKSPEARE.

I feel very grateful indeed for your condescension, but really the personages you are so familiar with, are of so elevated a rank, that I scarcely can muster courage enough to avail myself of your kindness. I think it was but yesterday I saw a king detaining you by the lapelle of your coat.

VOLTAIRE.

I recollect ; it was that plague of my life, Frederick. The other day he stopped me, and as usual seized my breast button ; but looking behind him for a moment or two, to speak to Maurepas, who was passing at his back, I took the opportunity of drawing out my penknife, slipping it off, and mixing in the crowd. This was done in a moment, and when he turned his head, all he found in his hand was the button, with which to consult on those detestable verses of his, with which he so eternally persecutes me.

SHAKSPEARE.

Excellent.

VOLTAIRE.

The fact is, I find him a nuisance of a very serious nature ; and he presumes infinitely too much on the circumstance of his having been a king when on the earth. He has a variety of means, too, of boring his unfortunate acquaintances. I thought my head would have been split this morning, listening to him blowing the upper notes on a cursed new flute he had laid hold of.

SHAKSPEARE.

The acquaintance of a monarch is a great honour, and that is generally bought, Monsieur Voltaire, as you must well know, at a high price.

VOLTAIRE.

Yes ; but I have latterly taken a great fancy for bargains, and must therefore decline dealing with him. In fact I have made up my mind to give him a broad hint, and that very speedily, that I do not wish to be troubled any further with him.

SHAKSPEARE.

Indeed ! surely you would not go so far as that.

VOLTAIRE.

I certainly shall. He has not got the myrmidon here, whom he let slip at me once before, when we had a trifling misunderstanding ; and to be candid with you, I have an old grudge against him, notwithstanding our apparent reconciliation, for the manner in which he laid me and my niece by the heels at Frankfort, which I shall

some of these days satisfy in a friendly way. But again, my dear Shakspeare, I request you will not be so unsocial and shy as you have lately been, but that you will come amongst us, and in a word become one of our circle.

SHAKSPEARE.

I am honored by your notice, Monsieur Voltaire ; but really it becomes the son of a poor wool dealer to have a little modesty, when invited into such company ; and really, I—

VOLTAIRE.

Nay, now you display too much ; and you may take my advice on the point, when I tell you I was remarked myself once for diffidence and *mauvaise honte*, and that they very much injured my early prospects and progress.

SHAKSPEARE.

Ahem !

VOLTAIRE.

However, the applause I received, and the honours which were heaped upon me, I confess, soon cured these defects in my character. I corresponded *par par* with Kings and an Empress—received as many boxes from them, as would contain the stock of a respectable snuff dealer—and above all, was crowned with laurel at the *Comedie Française*.

SHAKSPEARE.

These were indeed honourable distinctions, Monsieur Voltaire. All I can boast of are thrown into the shade by them. Some indeed I think you would smile at, if not consider me disgraced by.

VOLTAIRE.

Nay, my dear Shakspeare, you wrong me there. But to what do you allude ?

SHAKSPEARE.

The first night of the performance of my first play, *Romeo and Juliet*, the boys, whom I had formerly employed to hold the horses of the gallants and rufflers, who frequented the theatre (when business came in too fast on me to perform it all myself), carried me in triumph through the streets to my lodgings in East Cheap, and kept bonfires lighted, and huzzas, deafening the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, until the sun rose. As to pecuniary patronage, all I ever obtained from the great, was a gift of one thousand pounds from the Earl of Southampton, when I was in difficulties, to complete the sum with which I purchased the little estate to which I retired in Warwickshire.

VOLTAIRE.

That testimony of admiration was certainly more to the purpose than your horse boys' acclamations. They certainly were not the best of critics, nor was their applause of the most refined and flattering description, or that which would raise a man much in his own estimation. But you must recollect, Shakspeare, that what I received was more the reward of my scientific efforts, and my studies as a natural philosopher, than of my productions in literature.

SHAKSPEARE.

So I have always understood ; for you know, of these matters I am entirely ignorant ; and indeed of others, which men of letters are versed in, nearly as little. I got but a smattering of Latin at school, and when Ben Johnson returned from Flanders, he used to make such a parade of his French, that I was forced to learn some in my own defence.

VOLTAIRE.

What a pity your education was so defective. Who can say, had you received the advantages in that way which I did, what you might not have accomplished. As for myself, you are possibly not aware that my works embrace examples of history, biography, epic, tragic, comic, and miscellaneous poetry, politics, ancient and modern, theology, criticism in all its branches, novels, satires, disquisitions on the fine arts, epigrams, letters on all imaginable subjects and translations.

SHAKSPEARE.

Wonderful !

VOLTAIRE.

Not to enumerate what I have done in the exact sciences, which I need not particularize, as from your deficiency in the preparatory studies necessary to comprehend them, the very name of my essays would scarcely be intelligible to you.

SHAKSPEARE.

I have no doubt.

VOLTAIRE.

I have always regretted my attention was so distracted by various pursuits, the public life I led, and the persecutions I endured, that I could never give myself up entirely, as I so much desired, to mathematical enquiries.

SHAKSPEARE.

I have heard it very generally lamented. But since I have been honored so far by your conversation, I must make bold to complain of some wrongs at your hands, which I have long desired to mention to you.

VOLTAIRE.

How ! wrongs ! Explain them. I am totally unconscious of any.

SHAKSPEARE.

In the first place, you have called my productions " monstrous farces which they term tragedies."

VOLTAIRE.

I own such a passage is in my works, but believe me when I assure you it is a—a—an error of the press ; and for these it is not fair to hold me accountable.

SHAKSPEARE.

Certainly. I beg pardon—

VOLTAIRE.

I admit I have charged you with playing the very devil with the unities, and often offending against *biensance* ; as for instance,

When you make *Othello* stifle *Desdemona* before the audience. But I must also remind you that I always admitted your knowledge of the human heart to be equal to any one who ever held a pen.

SHAKSPEARE.

I am much obliged by your compliment, but I cannot with any conscience accept it. The only time my judgment in that way was tried, was in the deer stalking affair, which forced me from Warwickshire. The fellow who gave Sir Thomas Lucy the information against me; was my bosom friend, and I had such an opinion of his fidelity, I could have risked my life on it. But with respect to the unities, although I own I did not much regard them, for I wrote for profit and not for fame, as I never dreamed my works would reach posterity, I still think you French writers are a little too strait laced.

VOLTAIRE.

No! no! We derive our rules from antiquity, and the best models. You must not dispute them.

SHAKSPEARE.

I shall not as to place and action, but as to time I cannot fully agree with you. If the strict rule be, that the performance on the theatre is to take up the same there, that the action represented would in real life on the great stage of the world, what are we to say, to that action being divided into five different periods, and all being suspended for the same number of quarters of an hour while the curtain is dropped? Surely this interruption does not take place in the real course of events?

VOLTAIRE.

Such intervals are necessary, to relax and refresh the audience, whose attention would otherwise flag under a continuous exertion of two or three hours.

SHAKSPEARE.

That I admit; but it still is a breach of your rule, and I do not think mine is greater, when I say it appears to me that it is perfectly sufficient to assign a day to each act, as the interval I speak of may be fully imagined to correspond with a night during which, as on the theatre, the action of ninety-nine hundredths of mankind is suspended by repose.

VOLTAIRE.

There is something in what you say, my dear Shakspeare, and I shall reflect on it; but what other charges have you against me, beside the little matter you have begun with?

SHAKSPEARE.

I don't agree with you, Monsieur Voltaire, in thinking it so minute; but if it be so, and an error of the press, I shall endeavour to accommodate you with one much larger, and which you can scarcely deny to be an error of the pen.

VOLTAIRE.

Indeed! pray do so—I am all attention.

SHAKSPEARE.

You thus translate Hamlet's soliloquy on suicide :—

Demeure, il faut choisir et passer à l'instant
 De la vie à la mort—ou de l'être au néant
 Dieux justes, s'il en est, éclairez mon courage,
 Faut-il vieillir cœurbé sous la main qui m'outrage,
 Supporter, ou finir mon malheur et mon sort ?
 Qui suis-je ? Qui m'arrête ? Et qu'est-ce que la mort ?
 C'est la fin de nos maux, c'est mon unique azile,
 Après de longs transports, c'est un sommeil tranquille.
 On s'endort et tout meurt, mais un affreux réveil,
 Doit succéder peut-être aux douceurs du sommeil.
 On nous menace, on dit, que cette courte vie
 De tourmens éternels est aussi-tôt suivie.
 O mort ! moment fatal ! affreuse éternité ?
 Tout cœur à ton seul nom se glace épouvanté.
 Eh ! qui pourrait sans toi supporter cette vie :
 De nos prêtres menteurs bénir l'hypocrisie :
 D'une indigne maîtresse encenser les erreurs,
 Ramper sous un ministre, adorer ses hauteurs ;
 Et montrer les langueurs de son ame abattuë
 A des amis ingrats, qui détournent la vue ?
 La mort serait trop douce en ces extrêmités,
 Mais le scrupule parle et nous crie, arrêtez.
 Il défend a nos mains cet hereux homicide
 Et d'un héros guerrier, fait un chrétien timide.

VOLTAIRE.

I own it is not exactly literal, but what are the words with which I preface the version. "Always recollect, that when you see a translation, you behold but an indifferent engraving of a beautiful painting. I here give you the Soliloquy of Hamlet, which is known to all the world, and commences with this verse—'To be, or not to be—that is the question?'"

SHAKSPEARE.

I am afraid your translation will not contribute much to make it known to all the world, and some suspicious persons might doubt, from the manner in which you render it, that it was very well known to yourself.

VOLTAIRE.

Master Shakspeare, if I, who have been favoured with the friendship of kings and nobles, and have been looked up to with respect by academicians, condescend to parley with one who has never gained those honors, it is but fitting that such a person should not forget himself.

SHAKSPEARE.

Monsieur Voltaire, I most humbly beg your pardon—

VOLTAIRE.

Enough ; proceed.

SHAKSPEARE.

I shall ; but I believe I had better dismiss the consideration of my own writings, as I shall then be probably the better able to attend to your admonition. For Mr. Addison, then let me say, that he complains of *Cato's* soliloquy being given to the French language, and through it to Europe, in the following shape:—

Oui, Platon, tu dis vrai, notre ame est immortelle,
C'est un Dieu qui lui parle, un Dieu qui vit en elle.
Eh d'ou viendrait sans lui ce grand pressentiment,
Ce dégoût des faux biens, cette horreur du néant.
Vers des siècles sans fin je sens que tu m'entraînes,
Du monde et de mes sens je vais briser les chaines
Et m'ouvrir loin d'un corps dans la fange arrêté
Les portes de la vie et de l'éternité.
L'éternité ! quel mot consolant et terrible !
O lumière ! O naugé ! O profondeur horrible !
Que suis-je ? où suis-je ? où vais-je et d'où suis-je tiré ?
Dans quels climats nouveaux, dans quel monde ignoré
Le moment du trépas va-t'il plonger mon être ?
Où sera cet esprit qui ne peut se connaître ?
Que me préparez vous, abîmes ténébreux ?
Allons, s'il est un Dieu, Caton doit être heureux.
Il en est un sans doute, et je suis son ouvrage.
Lui-même au cœur du juste il imprint son image.
Il doit vanger sa cause et punir les pervers.
Mais comment ? dans quel tems et dans quel univers ?
Ici la vertu pleure et l'audace l'opprime,
L'innocence à genoux y tend la gorge au crime.
La fortune y domine et tout y suit son char.
Ce globe infortuné fut formé pour César.
Hatons nous de sortir d'une prison funeste !
Je te verrai sans ombre, ô vérité céleste !
Tu te caches de nous dans nos jours de sommeil,
Cette vie est un songe, et la mort un réveil.

VOLTAIRE.

If I must own the truth, I think in the slight variations I have made, I have much improved both your originals, of which I have never given the slightest hint to, or claimed the least merit from, my continental readers.

SHAKSPEARE.

For which we feel both much indebted to you.

VOLTAIRE.

Beside, of Addison have I not said, in contrasting *Cato* with the *Cornelia* of Peter Corneille, that “ the latter is always striving to be a heroine, while the former never perceives that he is an hero.”

SHAKSPEARE.

That is indeed a very critical and well expressed distinction, and

also a handsome compliment. I could never light on any thing as flattering in your works to myself. You're describing great part of my ideas as "monstrous and fantastic," is very different from your critique on Mr. Addison.

VOLTAIRE.

Nay, you surely must mistake my meaning.

SHAKSPEARE.

I may certainly, for I am but a very indifferent French scholar; your words are "gigantesque et bizarre."

VOLTAIRE.

Agreed. Yet my dear Shakspeare, how came you to pass by the sentence? "There are such beautiful scenes, passages so sublime, and so heart-rending, spread throughout these—these—"

SHAKSPEARE.

"Monstrous farces, which are called tragedies."

VOLTAIRE.

Yes—yes; but you know that is an error of the press,—“that these pieces have always been performed with complete success.”

SHAKSPEARE.

And let me also add, that no dramatic poem written previous to mine, and but one of Ben Johnson's among my cotemporaries, has survived to the present day; while all that I have written, with scarcely any exception, are become stock pieces.

VOLTAIRE.

No Poet, I grant you, was ever in greater favour with his countrymen, than you are with the English; but I think it likely, if you are candid, I shall have as much to complain of your strictures on my works, as you of mine in yours. Pray commence with those in the dramatic line, and make no difficulty of speaking your mind.

SHAKSPEARE.

Excuse me, Monsieur Voltaire, I would not presume.

VOLTAIRE.

Nay! but I insist.

SHAKSPEARE.

If you do—I must beg you will let me give you the comments of others, which if you choose to hear, I shall correctly repeat.

VOLTAIRE.

I am satisfied—let me hear them.

SHAKSPEARE.

Your *Œdipe* and *Oreste* I have heard much commended. Well sustained characters—interesting situations—plots artfully developed—unities preserved—fine poetry and a classical style—all combine in these tragedies to demand the praise of the critic.

VOLTAIRE.

I expected no less. I should say such commendations were very flattering, but that I have long ago heard them, and that in fact the reputation of the pieces has been established for a century.

SHAKSPEARE.

In no small degree, as I have heard owing to those beauties in

the original Greek, which transferred to the French, form the chief ornaments of your dramas.

VOLTAIRE.

Psha! but let it pass. What say you or they to my *Zaire*? That surely is my own, and you have thought it worthy of being produced on your stage, where it is become a stock piece.

SHAKSPEARE.

Not exactly. Ben Johnson said the other day, that of the two passions, terror and pity, which it is the end of tragedy to effect, he did not see much to move the former; but that it was a very pretty tragedy, and with regard to the latter, he thought it might produce a great sensation on an audience of boarding school girls.

VOLTAIRE.

Impudent scoundrel!

SHAKSPEARE.

I was inclined to tell him he was so myself, but the fellow killed his man in Flanders, and it is not very safe to meddle with him.

VOLTAIRE.

But my *Orpheline de la Chine—Mariamne—Mahomet—Al-zaire*?

SHAKSPEARE.

I cannot say I have heard anything very particular respecting them.

VOLTAIRE.

And my comedy—*L'infant Prodigue*.

SHAKSPEARE.

The stupidest thing I ever read.

VOLTAIRE.

I have already, Master Shakspeare, been under the necessity of reminding you who you are speaking to, and I have to reprehend you for the second time. Beware how you indulge in these liberties any further.

SHAKSPEARE.

Monsieur Voltaire, I again must humbly entreat your forgiveness.

VOLTAIRE.

These freedoms are most presumptuous, and—

SHAKSPEARE.

Pray excuse my want of consideration.

VOLTAIRE.

For the last time let it be so, and observe that a third recurrence of such conduct ends our interview and acquaintance. But my historical works?

SHAKSPEARE.

I cannot presume to give an opinion on them.

VOLTAIRE.

Yes—but you may have known others to form them. Have you not heard Hume or Gibbon on the subject?

SHAKSPEARE.

Gibbon, as well as I can remember, considers them to belong rather to the class of annals than of history, and thinks them deficient in those profound reflections and expositions of the hidden causes of great events, which are the most interesting portions of the latter.

VOLTAIRE.

Aye! aye! The author of the decline and fall was a little jealous of the fame of the author of *Charles XII*, and the *Siecle de Louis XIV*.

SHAKSPEARE.

But, Monsieur Voltaire, how came you to give such a work to the world as the *Pucelle D'Orleans*? You have lost all sight of morality, or indeed common decency, in that production.

VOLTAIRE.

I can explain that affair to you in two minutes.

SHAKSPEARE.

Indeed!

VOLTAIRE.

The fact is, it was written for the sole use of the friars and nuns; but some copies escaped their hands, and a reprint gave the work to the public.

SHAKSPEARE.

The explanation is quite satisfactory and such as I did not anticipate.

VOLTAIRE.

You have no doubt read the *Henriade*?

SHAKSPEARE.

Yes. I was very impatient to do so, and passed the introductory discourse, to begin at once with the poem.

VOLTAIRE.

Well! how did you like it?

SHAKSPEARE.

I must own, I was much puzzled and could not make up my mind to consider it a very distinguished performance; but when I turned to your preface, I found my doubts all dissipated, and was perfectly convinced you there proved it to be fully equal to the *Jerusalem Delivered*, or the *Paradise Lost*.

VOLTAIRE.

Play writers can rarely form a judgment on an epic poem; it is a species of literature much above their sphere. You might almost as well presume to give an opinion on my theory of the *Moon*, of the *Rainbow*, and of my work on *Optics*.

SHAKSPEARE.

It would undoubtedly be very absurd in me to do so; but I lately heard Sir Isaac Newton mention them to Galileo in very explicit terms.

VOLTAIRE.

Indeed! what did he say?

SHAKSPEARE.

He expressed his astonishment at your weakness and impudence in attempting to gain the reputation of a man of science, by giving to the French nation, meagre epitomes of subjects which were entirely above your education or understanding.

VOLTAIRE.

You are a most impertinent rascal, and I deserve to be insulted by you for my folly, in allowing you to make so free with me. Henceforward know the difference between us, and don't presume to approach me. *(Exit.)*

SHAKSPEARE.

Exit in a rage, as Ben Johnson says. He endured my sneers at his literature, but the pure truth on the subject of his science was more than he could bear. But, who comes here? Spenser, Manutius Aldus, Caxton, and Wynkin de Worde—one author and three printers. I must join them, and strengthen the party of the poets. What a pity the philosopher of Ferney did not remain, and then the *sestetto* would have consisted of even parts.

A JAMAICA TALE.

The following attempt in the "Don Juan" stanza, is founded on an anecdote recorded in a work on Jamaica, which the author met with at the Cape, in the month of October, last year.

I.

Once on a time—I like the olden way
Of making the commencement of a tale,
For did I specify exact the day
Perchance in my historic facts I'd fail;
And with the critics I should have a fray—
Tho' that would but encrease my poem's sale;
I may be charged with lack of witticism,
But plead not guilty to anachronism.

II.

Once on a time, a lady in Jamaica—
No story now is good without a lady,
And when you tell one, you must ever make her
As lovely as the bright spring sun on May-day.
Then in the end you must describe how brave her
Poor tender heart—but don't exclaim, oh! heyday!
For of a broken heart I shall not tell,
A broken back will suit me just as well.

III.

This lady was a planter, but I fear
 That the word *plantress* would be more grammatical;
 She was suspicious of her overseer—
 Suspicion is a horrid vice—'tis what I call
 A feeling that will keep the weather ear
 And weather eye awake, in phrases nautical;
 Or rather magnifies each look and word
 To prove the truth of what we may have heard.

IV.

Suspicion in a woman too—good heaven!
 Suspicion in a man is bad enough,
 But to a woman, if a hint be given;
 For she is made of very different stuff,
 She will not rest awhile, or morn or even,
 Until she has of proofs a *quantum suff.*
 And then when link'd together, I don't mock you,
 They form th' elective chain by which she'll shock you.

V.

She tried all meads and manners theft in vogue,
 To prove the verity of what she thought;
 She keenly looked o'er his deeds catalogue,
 But they were all with honesty so fraught,
 That she imagined him too old a rogue,
 To be like young offenders easily caught;
 And then some other way she ponder'd o'er,
 To prove the wicked rascal robb'd her store.

VI.

I think I have not told you her complexion;
 She was a something of the Creole cast,
 But beautiful, like churches, whose erection
 Have been in ages long since gone and past;
 'Ere Nash * found out himself to be th' election
 Of kings and lords who make pretence to taste—
 But I do not intend to give you a lecture
 Upon the principles of architecture.

VII.

When I compare her to those churches, I
 Do mean not in the least to call her old,
 For I would rather be compell'd to fly
 Than be so ungallant, so rudely bold;
 Besides, a lady's age should ever lie
 Conceal'd, like dormice in the winter's cold:
 I've heard a saying oftentimes repeated,
 "Women and music never should be dated!"

VIII.

But there's not the least use for this digression,
 The lady that I speak of, she was young,
 And in her dark eyes glanced a sweet expression
 Of loveliness, as bright as e'er was sung,
 Somehow this imp suspicion got possession,
 And o'er her bosom his dark pinions flung:
 Perhaps the cause—but 'tis quite out of season
 To speculate upon a woman's reason.

* See this architect's churches, &c. in London:

IX.

She was a widow now—I cannot tell
The wherefore she was wedded not again;
But this I know, that many loved her well,
Yet all their love and courtship were in vain,
(Because the human heart is not a bell
To answer all who touch the chord or chain,)
For she encouraged them not e'en a day,
But sent them sadly, hopelessly away.

X.

She had the Creole shade upon her face,
And passing well the Creole tongue could speak;
So, with the aid of paint, contrived to trace
A rather darker tint on brow and cheek,
And finish'd her disguise by change of dress;
Then sally'd forth her overseer to seek,
To tempt him with some finery, which she
Had brought with her, to steal her property.

XI.

But whether he suspected her or not,
That is a question undecided still,
It might be simple honesty had got
A place within his reason and his will:
No sooner did the lady reach the spot,
And her few articles of trade reveal,
Announcing with a cunning look the cost
(Some things, tho' trifles, that she valued most),

XII.

That th' overseer broke out with, "bless my heart!
Think you my mistress I will rob for you?
I fancy you had better quick depart,
Or else my anger you'll have cause to rue.
The whip! the whip! begone ma'am, or you'll smart!"
And round his head the thong in circles flew,
And still, in spite of this, she gave not o'er
But urged and press'd his purchasing the more.

XIII.

It was indeed a very strange fatality,
That forced her on so positively then,
But sometimes it so happens in vitality
We're prejudiced against our fellow men;
And she was so convinced of his rascality,
She scarcely could think differently, when
She felt across her shoulders and her back,
The overseer's enormous whip come—thwack!

XIV.

"I am your mistress!" scream'd she—"That can't be,
My mistress never would disguise her so."
"I am indeed your mistress"—"I don't see
The least similitude between you though."
"I am, I am,"—she cried in agony,
But still unheeding down fell blow on blow;
Until her gown unpin'd, wide open flew,
And her fair bosom burst upon his view.

XV.

As if he were just rous'd to recollection,
 Down on his kness before her then he knelt,
 And vow'd he suffer'd the most keen affliction,
 That she the whip a moment should have felt.
 But she soon raised him from his deep dejection,
 Desired him to lead her where she dwelt,
 And passing jokes upon his roughness to her,
 Told him by hints she would allow him woo her.

XVI.

"A word unto the wise"—is't not in Lacon,
 Or in the proverbs?—but you know the rest;
 A hint in love can never be mistaken
 By those to whom the hint may be address'd:
 Go ask all learned authors up to Bacon,
 And they'll confess the truth on being press'd.
 And so the overseer, without a comment,
 Took up the hint, applied it in a moment.

XVII.

He looked at her, and she returned the gaze;
 He squeeze'd her hand, and she returned the squeeze;
 He said a something about lovely days,
 And she replied about the cooling breeze;
 And then like a soft gale that ever plays
 Upon the surface of some summer seas,
 A gentle feeling swept across his breast,
 Just ruffling it, then lulling it to rest.

XVIII.

But courtship is a tedious thing to tell,
 It is a tedious thing to undergo,
 I've seen enough of it, and seen it well
 Perform'd as courtships should be—so I know.
 I'd rather be a schoolboy, doom'd to spell
 A hundred words of "Entick," dreadful woe!
 Than now describe it, so I'll pass it over,
 And say they made a husband of the lover.

XIX.

Thus the whip gained him that great gift of life,
 A sharer of his sorrow and his pleasure;
 A being, who with every joy is rife,
 Or else a devil with torments beyond measure;
 Such is the nature always of a wife,
 Either a mighty loss or else a treasure;
 And sometimes wives are both, they bring their purses,
 But then their tempers are ten thousand curses.

XX.

So they were married—and in all its glory
 They tell this queer adventure o'er and o'er,
 And laugh e'en when together at the story,
 And at the singular disguise she wore;
 He vows too, if she's troublesome, before he
 Will bear it, he the whip will try once more:
 When I dare say the remedy won't fail
 To cure—thus endeth my Jamaica tale!

LINES

Written by George the Fourth, pending the Queen's Trial, on reading in Ecclesiastes—"All is vanity."

Youth, riches, health and power were mine—
The devil himself possessed me,
And while the Nation paid my debts,
Even heaven seemed to bless me.
I built the famous Brighton folly,
Its equal there is hardly ;
And though I was apparent heir,
I sometimes "flooded a charley."

Yet still I can recal no day,
Unvexed by a dun's clamour,
Or when my thoughts were free from dread,
Of Sheriff's auction hammer.
What tho' Mc'Mahons shifts and schemes,
Proved him at least no dreamer,
I passed no day untroubled by
Some blackleg, jade, or schemer.

I thought when poor old George's death
Refilled my emptied purse,
Times would amend—but now alas,
They tend from bad to worse.
The Queen holds out—she'll face the Lords,
My plots I fear I'll rue'em,
For but just now—Ben Bloomfield says,
She's sent a brief to Brougham.

—M.—

LETTERS HOME.

FROM ABRAHAM SCOTT, OF HOBART TOWN, TO ROBERT
CHAMBERS, STUDENT, IN LONDON.

No. I.

My Dear Chambers,

Here I am at last, after a most execrable voyage, safe and snug at the capital of Tasmania, *vulgo vocato*, Van Diemen's Land,—without one single soul to whom I can confide my hopes—my expectations—my sorrows—or my disappointments. And yet I am not unhappy. No ! The same buoyant and hilarious spirit,

which has still borne me through so much discomfort in England, still animates me with hope—still stimulates me to exertion.

How I wish you were with me ! And, yet, this is a selfish wish ; because, I am quite sure *you* would never bring yourself to like the “manners and customs” of our fellow-countrymen here. There is too much selfishness, as regards the mass—too much *exclusiveness*—as regards the select : but, I hope to explain all this more fully in my future letters.

How often have we, when pouring over some intricate dissection—(the minute distribution of the *Par vagum*, for instance,) paused to talk of the Islands and Colonies in the Southern Ocean ! We, then, *both* wished to behold—not, as we had hitherto beheld, “in a glass darkly”—but, as it were “face to face,” our distant settlements in Austral-Asia : and I remember, how we used to warm in our conversation, as we pictured to ourselves the wonders and interesting peculiarities of these curious countries. Alas ! Alas ! How different is the sad and sober reality to these gay pictures, which were conjured up by our vivid and enthusiastic imaginations ! You must not, however, imagine, that we are a Colony of savages, or that—as *we* used to think—the Bushranger prowls about for his prey, like the German bandit, or the Italian bravo. There is, I can assure you, but very little romance here, now-a-days. The Colony is civilized ; and is, therefore, softened down into a very dull, every day and most sombre reality.

You recollect under what bright auspices I left England,—and you almost envied me. It is true my prospects were encouraging ; and Captain ———, when he gave me his letters of introduction, imparted to me hopes, which will never be realized. But this is not our good friends’ fault. A series of incidents, of which no living person could have formed an idea, unfortunately intervened, and rendered my letters of introduction, with only one exception, perfectly worthless. As I expect our estimable, but rather volatile, young friend S——, will, when he has “passed the College,” bend his enterprising steps hitherward, I will briefly recapitulate the incidents in question ; and I beg of you to communicate them to young S——, and, if you like, to any other friend of your’s, who may have fixed his mind upon a migration to this Colony : they may serve, at my expence, as a beacon for his, or their guidance, and sincerely do I wish they may prove salutary.

You recollect the *very interesting* cargo of which I had the medical charge, as well as the strange mode in which this charge was confided to me by the Government. It was the expectations held out to me by the Home Government, which induced me to leave England ; and I have no doubt but these expectations would have been amply fulfilled, had not the “incidents” alluded to occurred. And what were these “incidents ?” The mere ordinary events of almost every voyage ! The Captain quarrelled with the Surgeon, and the Surgeon with the Captain,—and such was the disreputable irregularity on board, that the Government here could

not, with any thing like propriety, patronize any of the parties concerned in the expedition.

This, however, was not all. You know my blunt and *ante-humbug* temperament. For the display of this, so many unfavorable opportunities occurred, and I, accordingly very easily acquired the enmity of some of the passengers. These people—and, I should mention, that they were individuals to whom I had shewn every kindness within my reach—insinuated a variety of calumnious reports, which, in a place like this,—where calumny is so greedily devoured—were readily received,—and your humble servant looked upon as a very desperate sinner. It is said, that an acquaintance of one month on board-ship will enable you to acquire a more correct notion of a person's character and disposition, than that of one year on shore. I can amply corroborate this from experience most painfully and most bitterly acquired. If S—— comes out, as he intended, surgeon in a ship with passengers, pray impress upon him most earnestly, the following advice :—

1st.—To make a close bargain with the owners or charterers, or whoever may have the control, to understand strictly what is to be expected of him,—and, by no means, to exceed his agreement.

2d.—As regards the master or captain, as he is courteously called, to submit to him in no other way than as to the mere commander of the vessel :—to put up with no insolence,—to bend to no tyranny,—and above all, to afford no assistance over or beyond that of his mere medical avocations.

3rd.—As regards the passengers—to treat them all with distant indifference, and rigid impartiality. If any of the females suffer much from the tedious confinement of a long voyage, let him by no mean extend to them any little indulgence in the way of “ medical comforts” or otherwise,—for so surely as he does, so surely will he be calumniated for his pains—and most likely, by the very parties themselves.

4th.—As regards himself, let him be ever on his guard, and look on all with an eye of cautious suspicion. Let him not think, that because people “ speak him fair,” they think well of him ; but on the contrary, let him beware of such persons—he will not thus be disappointed and grieved at their subsequent discreditable conduct, ‘Tell S—— all this, and tell him it is the bitter fruit of his friend's experience.

I know not how it is,—but there is scarcely a ship arrives here from England, whose passage has not been characterized by discord and discomfort. This depends, of course, in some measure, upon the strange medley of passengers, which usually comprizes our emigration cargoes, and, in as great a measure, very often upon the curious composition of the generality of sea-captains. Thus, in a small and so unequally diversified a community as ours, the evil effects of these dissensions are more prominent and more painfully felt. I have considered these things a good deal, and have found, that there is in the people of this Colony—or, at least, in the major-

rity of them—such an insatiable appetite for slander, that they look as a matter of course, to every new arrival for fresh matter, wherewith to pamper it. You are political economist enough to know—and so, in truth, am I—that a demand creates a supply; and hence one great cause of the ill effects of these ship-board squabbles.

From this, you will see, my dear fellow, that our's is not *yet* quite a state of Arcadian simplicity. Alas! No! We are very far, I can assure you, from simplicity of any kind. Here the "one thing needful" is money; and here the old miser's pithy maxim to his hopeful son is strikingly illustrated.—"Get money, my son, honestly, if you can—but—*get it*." It was only the other day, that one of our few monied men (and he was formerly a prisoner) was boasting to me, that he had granted a most particular favour to one of his best friends by lending him some money at £15 per cent. ! But money is now—(remember the date of my favour,) very scarce; and great sacrifices have been made by needy persons in borrowing at exorbitant interest. The state of the "money market" here is altogether very curious. We have three banks in Hobart Town alone—all flourishing, as banks ought to flourish, gaining their profits by discounting short bills at £10 *per cent*. But then our "circulating medium" is very inconvenient. The banks issue notes—while the bulk of the silver currency consists of Spanish dollars, half dollars, dumps, and a very few rupees,* with still fewer British coins. A sovereign is a "sight good for sore een," and the difficulty in the way of small change, is often very serious. People say, that all this is caused by the mode adopted by the Colonial Government of locking up every shilling it can scrape together in the Treasury chest. There are now—so I hear—upwards of £40,000 in this same chest, waiting, I presume, to be transported to England, so soon as my Lord Goderich, or whoever else may now be Secretary for the Colonies, may think fit to order its transfer.

Who, do you think, is here? Why, our old chum Q—! Literally and positively practising in this very town as a most attentive and enthusiastic disciple of Esculapius! You recollect poor Abernethy's opinion of our friend! "You are a d—fine fellow, Sir—but you'll never make a fortune by your profession!" "Why not, Sir?" asked Q. "Because you have no humbug about you." "How then?" asked Q. shrewdly, "have *you*, Sir, made one?" "Come and dine with me," replied Johnny—pleased beyond measure with Q.'s smartness.

I heard this colloquy myself in the theatre at Bartholomew's, after lecture one day; and it was almost the last words, I heard our lamented Professor utter. I brought it to Q's recollection. "Ah!" said he, with a sigh "I wish I was there again." "And so do I!" was my cordial answer.

* We have dollars of 4s. 4d., and dollars of 4s.; the *dump* is 1s. 1d., and the rupee, which is now rare, passes for 1s. 6d.

And how, in Heaven's name, are ye all getting on together ; you and S—— and J—— and W. M ? A precious set of scamps, I warrant me, if ye have not hugely reformed. Which is the favourite nocturnal *rendezvous* at present ? The Rainbow, the Cock, the Cyder Cellar, or the Coal Hole ? O ! ye Gods ! What splendid recollections do these mere empty names conjure up ! *The Rainbow !* Are the steaks as radiant as usual—the chops as luscious ? *The Cock !* Is the stout as rich as ever—the Welsh “rare-bit” as savoury ? *The Cyder Cellar !* Are the glories of its poached eggs undimmed—the flavour of its punch undiminished ? *The Coal Hole !* Where are its kidneys—“and where, and oh where” is Mr. Rhodes's song ? Many a gay and glad evening have we had at these places, and many more, I hope, are yet to come.

What a *lion* I shall be amongst you ! By the time I come back again, I shall have been “round the world !” And if you will believe all I shall tell you, I shall relish my chops and enjoy my toddy with greater gusto.

You ask me to tell you the state of the Medical profession at the Antipodes. You shall have a full, true, and particular account one day ; and in the mean time, you must rest satisfied with my humble but sincere opinion, that it is just now very *Antipodean*, that is, very upside-down. Q—— sends his regards to you, and all our old chums. God bless, you, my boy, ardently prays your sincere friend,

ABRAHAM SCOTT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY YEARS.

——— I never heard
Of any true affection, but was nipt
With care ; that like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book—the rose.

MIDDLETON.

The recollection of my first journey into the interior of the Colony, most vividly reminds me of an incident, which, though many years have elapsed since its occurrence, yet I cannot think upon without feeling most sensibly the sting of sorrow. At the period alluded to, I had almost become a misanthrope. In my

passage through life I had witnessed amongst my fellow kind; nothing but dishonor, deceit and treachery. I probably expected from them, more than the frailty of human nature could admit; and viewed the actions of man with too refined an eye. Be that as it may, I was almost tempted to be disgusted with the world and its inmates; and endeavored to shun all society; and scarcely could I conceal a smile of contempt, when I saw men bent on procuring by any means, however vile and contemptible, wealth, honors and distinction, who 'ere the rising of another sun, would, in all probability, be crumbled with the dust.

It was with feelings such as these, that I determined on spending an evening at a gentleman's house, from whom, when in town, I had received a most pressing invitation. I was induced to do so, from a desire to witness a bush life, as well as to judge if the follies and vices of the world, had as yet penetrated the wilds of Tasmania. Night had spread her sable mantle, 'ere I reached my friend's dwelling. I was ushered into a small but neat apartment, and most cordially received by himself, lady, and three daughters. I had not for many years witnessed so cheerful a fireside. The young ladies were seated drawing, and made a motion to desist, but at my earnest entreaty they continued their occupation. Misanthrope as I was, I felt a glow of friendship insensibly stealing over me, and drawing my chair to the fire, I had an opportunity, unnoticed, of observing my young female acquaintances. The eldest was to appearance about eighteen, and there could scarce be more than a year's difference between each of the others. I know not how to account for it, but a feeling of presentiment frequently rushes upon the mind, which is difficult of suppression. I experienced such a sensation, on my attention being forcibly attracted towards the eldest of these young ladies. I dare hardly attempt to describe her; she was indeed, as bright and ethereal a vision, as ever hovered over this polluted world—seeming too pure to belong to it. Her beauty was not of that haughty, imperative character, which commands you to bow down before it, but bore in every trait, the impress of woman's most fascinating attributes—sweetness and delicacy. The bloom on her cheek, was as exquisite as the blushing tinge on an eastern shell, and her eyes, swimming in their own light, were of that pure blue, which Raphael has given to his cherubs. Her mouth was just what a woman's mouth should be—small, rosy, and expressive; her lips seemed made for kisses, and wreathed smiles, and the display of white teeth, and the utterance of kind gentle words—she was altogether one of those enchanting beings, whose image, though seen but for a moment, leaves an impression of witchery and brightness upon the memory, which no time or distance can efface. Yet there was an expression of sorrow as she turned towards me, and the keen observer could discern, that her bosom was a prey to some secret anguish. Her sisters were equally interesting, but there was something in this young lady, that stole round the heart like a spell of enchantment. A

volume of Bloomfield was lying beside her. I took it up, and observing the following lines—

'Twas thus, each soft sensation laid aside,
She buoy'd her spirits up with menaced pride;
Disclaimed her love, e'en whilst she felt the sting;

in that simple tale of Walter and Jane, slightly marked in the margin, I repeated them. The bloom on that fair girl's cheek turned to an ashen hue, and bending down over her drawing, a tear of deep anguish fell upon it. Alas! thought I, hapless maid, the worm of affliction has already nestled itself in thy blossom—could not seclusion, from the busy world, shelter thee from its baneful influence? Most forcibly did a passage in the heart rending story of Curran's (the Irish barrister) daughter, flash upon my recollection.—“The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and hood, among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of the heart is failed—the great charm of existence is at an end.” I have seen lovely women in the gay and courtly throng, I have been enchanted by their beauty; but never did I experience such a feeling of almost adoration, as when gazing upon that beauteous cottage girl. I would have sacrificed all this earth could afford to have restored her to happiness, and often does the remembrance of her loveliness fast drooping to the grave, cause me many a bitter hour. I felt upon quitting her, that I should never see her more.

It was in the commencement of summer, when I returned from Launceston. The mild tints of evening shone forth in mellow softness, and as I wended through the thickly studded plain, the stillness of all around threw a melancholy shade over the mind. I reached my friend's cottage. He was in a highly cultivated garden fronting it, and on perceiving me, advanced to greet me. I perceived but two female forms, at a distance, and my heart sank within me. I looked towards him and essayed to enquire for the fair girl with whom I was so forcibly struck on my first visit, but anticipating me, he led me towards a beauteous libernum, whose rich foliage o'er hung a small marble tablet. With an expression of mild resignation he pointed towards the marble—I bent over it. It bore simply the initials of the hapless girl, aged nineteen. And darkness and the worm were all that remained of one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty. As the dove will clasp its wings to its side and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so is it the nature of woman, to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. She is like some tender tree the pride and beauty of the grove, graceful in its form, bright in its foliage; but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth and shedding leaf by

leaf until wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest, and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt, that could have smited it with decay. How many bright eyes grow dim, how many soft cheeks grow pale, how many a lovely form fades away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted its loveliness. We are told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition that laid her low, but no one knows of the mental malady, that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.* Like this hapless girl they waste away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sink into the grave, the victims of a broken heart.

C.

SONG.

He comes no more!
 The flowers are blooming,—
 Their fragrant breath the bower perfuming,
 Even as of yore;
 But he, who used to gaze enchanted
 Upon me, when those flowers were planted,
 He comes no more!
 No more!
 He comes no more!
 With voice of power,
 Still thrills my lute at evening hour,
 Sweet as before;
 Ah me! 'tis now the mournful token—
 Of plighted faith for ever broken—
 He comes no more!
 No more!

A VALENTINE.

Is the early snow-drop fair?
 Does it love the frozen air?
 Fairer is that breast of thine,
 Colder, too, my valentine!
 Sweetly smiles the vernal day,
 Soon its sun-shine fades away:—
 Sweeter, are those smiles of thine,
 Falser, too, my valentine!
 Spring invites the opening flower,
 Nips it then with tyrant power:
 Cherished thus, were hopes of mine—
 Thus betrayed, my valentine!

P.S.—The above lines were written and transmitted to the young lady, to whom they are addressed, by a very amiable and highly-talented young man, whose addresses she had encouraged, but which were subsequently forbidden on account of the suitor's poverty. The unhappy young man, unable to sustain his disappointment, died soon afterwards, adding another victim to the heedless selfishness of woman.

LINES

Written under a sign of Brian Borhúe, king of Ireland, at Clontarf,
near Dublin, where he defeated the Danes, and was himself killed;
A. D. 1040 :—

Stop, sons of Erin! on this sacred strand,
Great Brian fell—but freed his native land—
In future times—should strangers re-appear,
Once more should conquest run its wild career,
Affright the soil—assail its spotless fame,
Despoil its children—nay, expunge its name;
Remember him—your sharpest falchion wield,
Gird up your loins—rush to the battle field,
There strike for freedom—fate itself defy,
Like Brian CONQUER—or like Brian DIE.

A TALE OF BLOOD.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 195.)

“ Out damn’d spot ! ”

About a fortnight after Mac and his dissipated patron had left the house of Mr. S., a boat from the Derwent was despatched with processes, issuing by authority of the Deputy Judge Advocate, from the Provost Marshal, against the goods and chattels of the three conspirators, for the amount of verdicts obtained in behalf of their devoted creditor.

The person entrusted to levy the executions was, in the then comparatively simple era of the colony, a man of no little consequence in the esteem of many, who elegantly christened him by the appellation of “ *Billy the Broker*,” and enabled him to eke out a somewhat nondescript existence for witnessing the marks of people, who could not write, to promissory notes, deeds of gift, warrants of attorney, and other valuable instruments for collecting accounts, drawing agreements, and, in a word, doing whatever he decently could, to keep the wolf of famine from the door. It is true that *Billy’s* costume was not generally quite so fashionable as that, which had been pressed by the metallic hot geese of a *Stultz*, and his court-end-competitors. It is also true, that his *chapeau* was occasionally, as is the Duke of Cumberland, crownless; whilst, at other times, the elbows of his coat conveniently afforded, in a hot

day, free admission to the wholesome sea-breeze; and his almost nominal boots were so much decayed fundamentally, that, as he really was something of a true philosopher, *alias* a laughing genius, he would humourously say it was *bootless* to reflect on them. But still, in seriousness, *Billy* was, by no means, either an useless or an unamiable man; his common-place acquirements, like those of Goldsmith's *Schoolmaster*, ("and even the story run that he could guage.") were valuable to surrounding ignorance; and, I am not aware, that his claim to the title of "God's noblest work,"—an *honest man*—was ever doubted, whilst I am convinced, that he would have generously shared his last shilling with any fellow creature, whom he had thought to require it. But enough of this!

The boat, under white and flowing canvas, after a delightful though protracted passage, reached her destination about eleven o'clock on the third night from her departure, when the ill-fated character just now delineated, struck off by a near and well-known cut, through the bush, forest, or wilderness, (call an unreclaimed and thickly wooded country by which name you please,) to the homestead of R., with whom he had long been acquainted, and for whom he had satisfactorily arranged some business with the celebrated lady of a *Lord*, not then residing in Macquarie-street.

"Welcome *Billy*! welcome!" good humouredly and quickly cried the settler, as (after being awakened by the angry barking of his faithful watch-dogs, "Bully, Boxo, and Paddy," and rubbing his half-closed eyes, whilst yawn after yawn denoted that he was really in want of rest,) he recognized his visitor.

"You're late though, eh!—little wind, I s'pose?" "No," replied *Billy*, "that's not the cause; I had to land several times, to settle matters for some of my *Camp-clients*."—"Indeed,!" said R., "well, my fine fellow, sit down; I'll make you all snug in a twinkling." Our man of business placidly did as he was bidden; his hospitable host tore off, without hesitation, a sleeve of his check-shirt for a *currency-wick* to a pannikin of fat, alias a *colonial luminary*. A long-handled frying-pan, filled with mutton chops, was speedily hissing on the recruited faggots; and, after the traveller had well supped, with the assistance of a fine wheaten damper, and an abundance of rich milk, he lit his diminutive *vade mecum* or wooden tobacco tube, lined with tin, and externally embellished with an inlaid heart, and other devices, composed of part of an old queen's-metal sugar-basin, and commenced puffing a cloud very comfortably. "Well, is that ere consarn all right?" inquired the host? "tis settled quite to your liking!" answered *Billy*, "she's not so black as some would paint her, after all. No! no! the old girl is not unfeeling,—she consents to your offer." "I'm d—ation glad of it, 'pon my soul," was R.'s polite confession; and, proceeding to a closet, whence he took two four-dollar notes, he gave them to his agent, who bowed in return almost as humbly as the abject slaves of Chinese despotism would crouch to his celestial majesty.

"I'm sorry," after a-while, observed R. "that I've not got a drop

of spirit in the house, *Billy*. "I have been keeping up *Jack's* alive for the last day or so with some of my neighbours, and the kegs are completely drained. But Mac, d'y'e see, shall be sent off in the morning for a supply; in the meanwhile, (pointing to an opossum skin bed-cover, coiled up near the fire-place,) make for yourself a shakedown; as to me, I can't keep my peepers open no longer, so, good night!"

"Adieu! all's well!" ranted out the broker, who, as passively as a Russian guardsman in Peter's, surnamed the Great, reign, laid down his pipe of consolation, unlaced his boots, and folding around his form the before-mentioned furry comforter, reclined before the ruddy embers, and in a few minutes was performing, rather sonorously, a snoring duet with his entertainer.

Time hurries on, however, both for the weary and the wakeful; not only for the victim, but for the murderer!—and *Billy*, awakened by the grateful orisons of chanticleer, arose, for the last time in this world, to gaze upon the glorious sun, as in a gold and crimson-tinted robe of majesty, he ascended above the previously mist-enveloped mountains; and, as that faintly azure mist itself curled up, waning paler and yet paler as it curled, until, it at last radiantly floated as a cloud of liquid and semi-transparent silver in the heavens! There is, gentle reader, a peculiar charm in the beauty of a fine morning, when the beholder can feast his admiring eyes on picturesque, magnificent, and lovely views of promontories, the sea, vales, rivers, and ever-green woodlands, such as abound in Tasmania; and hence, as poor *Billy* glanced from one attraction to another, he felt a rapturous, though but momentary elevation, beyond the grovelling feelings of common life. He knew not, that he was as a serpent in the path of wretches, who had doomed him to the slaughter; and that, ere night, he would lie like a pebble, a shell, or a fragment of wreck upon the ocean-beach, a breathless atom! No, all he knew, was, that the works of nature, as displayed before him, were most pleasing—that he had business to perform that morning—and that he did not care how soon he could have his breakfast, and the expected grog, so that he might prosecute his journey. To expedite matters, therefore, he contrived to make, seemingly by accident, a noise sufficient to break the slumber of a dormouse; and, lingeringly, with a gape, a stretch, and a few of those other queer grimaces, that show as plainly as words can "you have waked me too soon," R—, left his pallet, and dipped his head in a bucket of water.

"This here is always my way after a drinking bout," said he to the broker;—"I finds it vastly relieves me, you must know, especially if I follows it up by a *Doctor*, which, by the soul of my grandmother, I must have, and no mistake; so, *Billy*, just step to the mens' hut, will you, and tell Mac I want him."

On cheerfully approaching it, a piercing groan met his ear, and, on his opening the door, he beheld with consternation and alarm, writhing, apparently in dreadful agony, the man whose services were

required. "What's the matter, Mac?" he kindly and hastily asked, "say, can I assist you?" For a considerable while, the poor sufferer could not reply, except by a melancholy shake of the head, and by significantly pointing, first to a blazing log, and then to his stomach,—but ultimately, although with extreme labour, he indistinctly and gutturally half-articulated, *Mi-s-t-e-r S—! s-a-v-e—h-i-m, I'm p-o-i-soned!* "For heaven's sake," exclaimed the broker, "say, by whom?" The wretched man's only answer was, "*y-o-u're i-n i-n-O!*" and, with another heart-rending scream, his soul quiveringly winged her flight to the awful presence of that God, "to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid."

It would be needless to minutely observe on the confusion that ensued; suffice it, that R—, evinced a strong degree of sorrow, and in a way so natural and effecting, as to leave no doubt but that he had really been attached to the deceased; whilst, in the absence of the shepherd and the stock-keeper, to whom Mac's complaint at the early hour they had left the hut, seemed to be the cholic, Billy was sent off to apprise the nearest magistrate of the melancholy and mysterious circumstance.

With alacrity the broker departed, and, to save time, approached the coast by a foot-path, which wound round an almost impervious coppice of mimosa trees, when, after advancing within about a pistol-shot of high water-mark, he was hailed by one of the three wretches, against whom he had authority to act.

"You're in a cursed hurry!" growled the ruffian, "What's your news?"

"Poor Mac has been poisoned."

"Indeed! and are you sure he is dead? speak man!"

"Too surely," said the broker, "I saw him, when, some hour since, he breathed his last, with a pang I shall long remember."

"Pho! *not long*" (with a hideous smile, replied the callous miscreant,) "*not long!* life, you know's very unsartin."

"Yes, I am well aware of it," said Billy, "but methinks 'tis very awful to die by *such* a death," and, glancing at his companion seemed to add; "*you* hear of so dreadful an affair with wonderful indifference!" As these thoughts passed successively, the thinker could not but notice a malignant triumph, blended with something like blood-thirsty anticipation, evidenced by the scowling brow, distended nostrils, and deeply-hued lip of his interrogator. "I'm going at last," said he, "to inform the Coroner of the poor fellow's fate! But, perhaps, you'll be at home in the afternoon, should I call upon you?" "Not quite so fast, my covey," gruffly exclaimed his assassin, "not quite so fast, I say; I know what you've come from the Derwent for, and so does —, and —, who're now within hail." So saying, he *coo-heed*, and was instantly answered by a similar mode of Austral-asiatic signaling.

In a few minutes, the pure dew-drops of morning were crushed by the heavy tread of guilty mens' footsteps; and, at oft recurring

Intervals, the crackling of tempest-riven branches, as alternately mangled by iron-studded hunting-boots, bespoke the approach of the villain's confederates.

"Caught by G—!" triumphantly exclaimed he, as he saw them approaching, and pointed to the broker. "Well, dash me, if this *arn't* the devil's luck and our own too! what think you my boys?"

"Billy," said one of them, whose face betrayed less of bad feeling than that of his companions; "Billy, for the sake of all that is dear to you, give up to me the writ of execution; if you levy, I am done for!"

"Why, I should be sorry to hurt any man," answered the broker, "and *you* in particular, Mc —, as you're a family man; but, I've a duty to perform—an unpleasant duty, 'tis true, but"

"*I* must perform it," mockingly yelled the first of the conspirators, who, with an herculean grasp, compressed the unfortunate broker's throat, until, after some horrible convulsions, he passed from life to death—from time *into* eternity.

‡

(To be concluded in our next.)

A FRIEND.

He is a friend, who scorns the little sphere
Of narrow self, and finds a joy sincere
To see another blest, whose generous heart
To all around would happiness impart
If happiness were his; whose bosom glows
With warmth, the frozen stoic never knows.
Divine benevolence, where friendship reigns
And piety the sacred flame maintains.
This is the tie inviolate, which binds
In mutual friendship harmonizing minds.
A friend thus formed, is formed to give delight,
To brighten joys, and gild affection's night.
His heart exults whene'er his friend's rejoice;
And every pleasing power at friendship's voice
Awakes to life, and bids the transport rise
In grateful adoration to the skies.

But ah! how short the bright untroubled hour!
Soon clouds arise, and storms impending lour,
And oft they burst upon the fainting heart;
Then friendship shows her noblest, kindest art;
Sustains the drooping powers, and helps to bear
The well-divided load of mutual care.
If griefs oppress, or threatening woes impend,
Dear solace then, to find a real friend.
He is a real friend, whose passions know
The anguish of communicated woe;

Dinner.

Who feels the deep distress when sorrow mourns;
 And from his inmost heart the sigh returns.
 The kindred sigh conveys a strange relief,
 How cordial is society in grief!
 Less are the woes, and lighter are the cares,
 That gentle sympathising friendship shares.
 When humbly at the throne of grace we bend
 And ask its kindest blessing for a friend—
 When for a friend our warmest wishes rise,
 In holy breathings to the pitying skies—
 The sacred precept warrants these desires,
 And heaven will sure approve what heaven inspires:

Oh! may I make my friend's distress my own,
 Nor let my heart unhappy grieve alone;
 In sorrow may I never want a friend,
 Nor when the wretched mourn, a tear to lend.

DINNER.

"DINNER! what art thou, that thy savoury rays
 Can make the stomach from the centre roll
 Its whole long course!—a sad and shadowy maze!
 Thou midnight or thou noon-tide of the soul!
 One glorious vision lighting up the whole
 Of the wide world; or one deep wild desire,
 By day and night, consuming *cod* and *sole*;
 Till taste and relish, nay, till hunger's fire
 Desert the weary jaws—a cold and mauldering pyre!"

CROLY'S "ANGEL OF THE WORLD," altered:

"A good DINNER is the *summum bonum* of all earthly felicity."

HUME'S *ESSAYS*.

"Give me a good DINNER, and an appetite to eat it, and I will be happier than the mightiest potentate which this world can produce, surrounded by his satellites, and rioting in the indulgence of immeasurable power. Satisfied in this respect, I should pass my time in unalloyed happiness, and pity those whom fate had excluded from a similar enjoyment, as the victims of chance and the slaves of misery."

DR. JOHNSON.

"I do not think there can be any thing in the world of more vital importance to the high and aspiring energies of man than—a good DINNER: *Vide my Book on Cooks and Cookery.*"

DR. KITCHENER.

"*Nunc eadem labente die convivia quærit.*"—VIRGIL.

Reader! Dost thou love a good dinner? That liquorish sparkle of the eye tells me thou dost. And why should'st thou not?—seeing I have given thee some most encouraging examples of the great and the good, in favor of such a predilection. But to love an object is one thing—to possess it another: where, then, shall we hie in search of what Hume called—"the *summum bonum* of

earthly felicity." We must remember, that we are not now in London, and that we have not before our eyes the "glorious vision" of the Albion, or the Freemason's, or the City of London, or the Crown and Anchor—or any other of those splendid taverns, dear to the gourmand's memory. "Visions of glory!" spare *our* aching sight! *Ye past* born ages, croud not on *our* soul. Alas, Alas! We are here in quiet, dull, sedate Hobart Town, sixteen thousand miles from the scene of all these glories.

But, nevertheless, even here, in this same dull Hobart Town, a good dinner is sometimes come-at-able. It is true we have neither *calipash* nor *calipee*—nor the savoury haunch, nor, *exactly*, that enticing variety of *game*, which so delightfully embellishes an English dinner. We have substitutes, however, which, in skilful hands, are not by any means to be despised; and which would, perhaps, from their very novelty, prove more gratifying to a new arrival.

I remember once disputing most vehemently with a learned friend of mine—now, alas! no more,—touching the supreme felicity of a good dinner. He contended, and with more warmth and acrimony, methought, than became philosophy, that dining was a sad waste of time, a pastime idle and unworthy—"flat, stale, and unprofitable." He quoted, I recollect, divers tremendous passages from Hippocrates, Erasistratus, Asclepiades, Celsus, Paracelsus, Galen, Rufus, Abernethy, and, if I mistake not, even from the great Confucius himself, in support of this absurd and unnatural doctrine. Poor devil! I little imagined how feelingly he argued! I have since learned, that many were the days which passed by, leaving him pennyless, dinnerless, supperless! His extensive and, indeed, extraordinary attainments could not, at times, procure him even the evanescent gratification of a meal! With talents at once splendid and surprising, he often concealed, under the semblance of a stoical virtue, the pangs of hunger, and the galling bitterness of suppressed and irritated pride. He died young in years, but old in misery. His heart, too tender and sensitive to sustain the rude shock of an unsympathizing world, was broken, ere he had reached his thirtieth year. Alas! that such a spirit should have been so bruised and broken by a blind, unfeeling, and ungrateful world! But so it was; and I must return to my prandial lucubrations.

The Romans, both as to the time, place, and manner of their entertainments, were extravagantly magnificent. Their dinners, for such may we consider their grand meal of the ninth hour, were conducted in a style, every way worthy of the august masters of the world. Plutarch tells us that Julius Cæsar, in the dinners which he occasionally gave his friends, had no less than *twenty two thousand* seats, or *triclinia*. These, to be sure, were public dinners, but what feast in modern times could display so many as sixty-six thousand guests; for be it remembered that a couch, or *triclinium*, supported usually three persons. Verily, the feasts of our *grocers*, *goldsmiths*, *fishmongers*, and *vintners*; or even of our princes or

prime magistrates (of course we are speaking of "sweet home"); sumptuous and goodly as they each and every one may be, are no more to be compared to these stupendous displays, than is the dull and grumous flicker of a farthing rush-light, to the splendour of the sunnier sun at noon-day. But the Romans, who were a wise people, understood these matters peculiarly well, and could properly appreciate the beatific pleasures of full feeding. They adopted the plan most sedulously inculcated by my late worthy and facetious friend, Dr. Kitchener—peace be with him!—and paid their cooks handsomely; a plan to be recommended to all dinner-giving individuals.* In the time of the Roman Emperors, the salary was about one thousand pounds a year; and Marc Antony—the brave and generous Antony—once presented a cook with the unexpected gift of a whole corporate town, or *municipium*, solely because this Master Coquinarius had dressed a pudding to the decided satisfaction of the peerless Cleopatra. These were indeed the golden days of cookery.

I like to "dine out," when the dinner is good, and the company intellectual. Understand me, reader. I have no predilection for what are called "jolly parties," composed of ferocious devourers of "rumps and dozens," "legs of mutton and trimmings," and heaven knows what supreme abomination of the science of feeding! I like a mixed assembly of ladies and gentlemen; for what is a dinner without ladies? A world without a sun—a garden without flowers! The most pleasant parties I used to meet any where, were at R-----'s, the poet, where the radiant hospitality of that warm-hearted little man, radiant as his own laughter-loving visnomy, threw a lustre over the entertainment, which added a sharper zest to the viands, than could ever be bestowed by Dr. Kitchener's vile and heterogenous compost of the same denomination; or by this learned physician's pocket case of sauces. There, indeed, did one plentifully partake of the "feast of reason," as well as the feast of turtle and venison, and of the "flow of soul," as well as of the flow of Champagne and Burgundy, Lafitte, and best London Particular; for those petty jealousies—the proverbial bane of the *genus irritabile vatum*—were all lulled to sleep, as much

* This is merely a part of the learned Doctor's plan. In his *Cook's Oracle*,—a book, which, for the beauty of its subject—the instructive nature of its contents—the philosophy and deep learning displayed in every page—and, above all, for the sublime recipe for *tewah diddle*!—ought to be in the hands of every housewife in Christendom—are the following scientific directions:—"If you find your cook neglect his business—that his *ragouts* are too highly spiced or salted, and his cookery has too much of the *haut goût*,—you may be sure that his *Index of taste* wants regulating—his palate has lost its sensibility—and it is high time to call in the apothecary, who will prepare him by two days' aqueous diet, and then administer a *potio purgans*, regulating the dose according to the greater or less insensibility of his palate! Give him a day's rest—'purger encore!' let him have two day's rest after his second dose, and you may then hope to have at the head of your stoves a man altogether renovated."—*Cook's Oracle*, Introduction, p. 19.

by the urbanity and accomplished manners of the host, as by the excellence of the wines and viands. In short, it was a perfect Elysium. Where is it now?

I like even the formality of an English dinner, but I do not exactly approve of the mode of "*dishing up*." A learned friend has emphatically observed, that it is a sad mistake in the arrangement of British dinners, that certain of the most precious dishes are invariably introduced at a period when no gastrologer, who does not unite something of the practical powers of the gourmand, with his own theoretical skill, can do any thing like justice. Among these, game of all sorts may be mentioned; and, with reverence be it spoken, a roasted goose, although it may possess but a dubious claim to be classed among *game*. "They manage these things better in France." There, the goose after his kind, and the partridge after his kind, are seen to make their appearance at a more early and becoming stage of the procession: but here the roasted goose, amidst his flood of apple sauce, never appears. The thighs and liver of the goose, however, are learnedly made into pies; and, properly truffled, "*patés à foies gras*," are reckoned a most delicate article, well worthy of entering almost at the threshold of the feast. Shocking stories are told of the means resorted to by the French gourmets for the production of that enormous size of the liver, in which the chief charm of this dish is supposed to consist. But, indeed, we need not stray so far from home, for I was formerly very well acquainted with a humane gentleman in the west of Scotland, whose kitchen constantly exhibited a shelf of geese, nailed to the wall by the webs of their feet, quite close to the fire; in which situation there is no doubt but that they had as fair a chance for the liver complaint as the master of the house himself. Spallanzani, as we all know, made a series of experiments to discover how many pins, bullets, small nails, and such like things, a hen could swallow; and I think he and my west-country friend ought to have been subjected to some slight touches of the *lex talionis*. Had Dante known of them, there can be no doubt but that he would have lodged them together by the side of the main furnace of his infernals, the one nailed to a shelf, and fed with raw rum, that his liver might swell; and the other devouring cork-screws, bodkins, and metal toothpicks *ad infinitum*. And such a doom would not have been too bad for them.

But what has this to do with dinner at the Antipodes? Nothing! And who said it had? However, as you seem to wish for some learned dissertation on this very interesting subject, you shall have it; so, do not blame me if I should become tedious or impertinent.

I am now writing the day after the grand festival of St. John the Baptist—a day dear to the ancient and honorable fraternity of Free Masons,—and although I am neither a free and accepted Mason, nor a waiter,—alas! the while! at the Macquarie; yet I could tell you, most gentle of readers, every single dish which Mr.

Hodgson, in his excellent culinary wisdom, provided yesterday evening, for the members of the "Tasmanian Lodge, No. 313, W. W. D. Secretary." And yet I was sitting disconsolate and alone in my own quiet chamber, sick, sad, and solitary. But, like Sir Boyle Roach's bird, I possess, in these cases, the faculty of ubiquity; and although my corporeal frame was visible in my arm-chair to my most respected of house-keepers, old Mrs. Betts, my spirit was with the mysterious merry-makers at the Macquarie.

What a constellation of glee, good-fellowship, and fun, did it invisibly hover over! And had there been ought of earth clinging to it, the savoury *fumée* of a most excellent dinner would have tantalized it into a trance! But, what was the *dinner* compared with the *diners*? A mere speck on the vast ocean of enjoyment! There was brother R—, with his quiet, but deep, and often philosophical sarcasms; and A—, with his smart jest, brisk as bright champagne, and always embellished by a strong Irish brogue; while D—, and M—, and L—, and L—, again, with twenty fine fellows, each contributed his share to the evening's hilarity. Now this was really a good dinner, and yet it was in Van Diemen's Land!

On another occasion, my spirit hovered over another assemblage of "free and accepted Masons,"—members of the Union Lodge—"jolly good fellows every one," who were carousing, as all "jolly good fellows" should carouse, at that very excellent tavern, the "Freemasons'." At the head of this merry assemblage sat a portly looking personage, with good humour and fun so strongly depicted on his open countenance, that I was particularly struck with the expression. This was brother — — —, an eccentric and talented man, and the very life and soul of the party. *His*, were the jests, that set the table in a roar,—*his*, the repartee and the *bon môt*, that called forth spontaneous and universal applause,—and *his*, the presence which seemed to animate every one. There was a strong phalanx of worthy brethren here too, and this was another good dinner, although in Van Diemen's Land!

How comes it then, that the ancient and honourable fraternity of "Free Masons" not only pay such prime attention to the good things of this life, but also thus ensure them? Because, they consist of all the good fellows in the town, who know how to deport themselves accordingly. *This is THE SECRET!*

T.

THE STRANGER GUEST.

(CONTINUED FROM P. 274.)

One evening, towards the close of the summer, as Andrew Hodgson and his family were sitting at the window, they observed a horseman

riding along the road, which lay within a few yards of the house. Frank, whose admiration of a fine horse was in no degree diminished by the circumstance of his no longer possessing one, exclaimed to his sister, "Look, Amy! is not that a fine creature? what action he has! and see how he throws his feet out: a little ewe-necked, to be sure, but that is a sign of blood."

In the meantime, the traveller had arrived nearly opposite to the house. He was rather tall, somewhat in years, but sat very erect on his horse, whose appearance justified the encomiums which Frank had bestowed on it. The gentleman's dress consisted of a blue coat, not remarkable for its lustre, and of a fashion almost coeval with the wearer; it was buttoned close up to his throat. His legs were encased in riding boots, and his intermediate habiliment was of buckskin, which, however, did not fit its present proprietor quite so tightly as it did its deceased one.

"I wish, Frank," said the farmer, "you would keep that dog tied up," alluding to a small terrier which ran out at the gate, and barked at the heels of the traveller's horse. The animal reared in consequence, and then, in plunging, one of its feet alighted on a rolling-stone; it stumbled and fell, throwing its rider to the ground with considerable violence. The steed was soon on its legs again; its master rose more slowly, approached his horse, passed his hand over its knees, and then attempted to remount, but in vain, and he was compelled to lean against the saddle for support.

By this time, all the family were at his side, expressing much regret for the occasion of the accident, and apprehensions for the consequences. The stranger was with difficulty conducted into the house, and placed upon a sort of couch, where he remained for some minutes, without uttering a word, although his countenance was sufficiently indicative of his feelings, in which vexation appeared to predominate over pain. On his making a movement, which those around him interpreted into an attempt to rise, he was earnestly entreated not to think of quitting the house until the following day. He replied, in no very conciliatory tone: "No, no, you have me safe enough; I shall be your guest for some time to come, to my comfort, and no doubt to yours: and if that abominable cur be not hanged or shot, I think your house stands a fair chance of becoming an hospital." Frank expressed himself deeply concerned for the accident, but alleged that the dog had been tied up, and had broken its chain; he added, however, that the dog should not commit a similar offence, and, taking a gun from near the chimney-piece, declared his intention of destroying the culprit immediately. "I pray you, young gentleman, forbear," said the stranger; "what warrant have I that the animal is not mad? He may have bitten my horse, and my horse may go mad also and bite me. No, no, sir, tie the brute up again, securely, if you please, and, when he foams at the mouth, you may shoot him and the horse together." Perceiving that the gentleman was in great pain, the farmer inquired

if he would prefer being conducted to bed to remaining on the couch. He replied, "Yes," and the sooner you take me there the better, if you wish to have the assistance of my legs in transporting me, for they are growing confoundedly stiff, I can tell you."

As soon as the difficulty of conveying him to bed was surmounted, Frank, borrowing a neighbour's horse, rode off to the village for the assistance of Mr. Blandford, the only surgeon within some miles. He unfortunately being from home, Frank applied to me, supposing that a physician would answer the same purpose. It was a case scarcely within my province, but conceiving I might be of some use, I put a lancet in my pocket, and accompanied the messenger on his way back to the farm. I ascended to the apartment which the stranger occupied, and found him stretched upon the bed, apparently suffering very much from the effects of his accident. He regarded me, for some seconds, with a most acrimonious expression of countenance, and answered the questions which I found it necessary to put to him, at the least possible expense of words; differing very much, in this particular, from the generality of patients who have come under my notice. Every allowance, however, was to be made for his temper, the equilibrium of which, if must be confessed, such a tumble as he had met with was very likely to derange. I bled him, as a precautionary measure, and ordered some simple applications to his ankle, which had been severely sprained, and was much swollen. After assuring him that he need not entertain any apprehensions for the result of his accident, for that a few days' confinement would be the extent of the inconvenience, I promised to call on him again in a few days, and took my leave.

Agreeably to my promise, I called again at the farm, and found the stranger much improved, both in health and temper, although he was then very lame. He entered into conversation upon indifferent topics, in the course of which he dropped, as if incidentally, some questions regarding the character and circumstances of his host; in answering which, I bore testimony to the high respectability and worth of the one, and expressed my regret at the change which had occurred in the other.

The unremitting assiduity with which he was waited on by the family, combined, perhaps, with the improvement in his health, appeared to have wrought a material change in his behaviour towards them. His manner was most conciliating, particularly to Amy, who was frequently in attendance upon him. He never made the remotest allusion to his accident, until one day, when the unlucky cur, whose freak had occasioned it, happened to intrude into his apartment, he smiled, and remarked in reference to his own danger, and the sentence which had so nearly been executed on the dog, that their acquaintance had nearly proved fatal to both of them. He never mentioned his name, or dropped the slightest hint as to his quality, although there were some points in his conduct which did not altogether accord with the rank assigned to him

by Frank. As soon as he could walk about without pain, he mingled freely with the family, and apparently took an interest in their concerns, and the business of the farm. The only suspicious circumstance connected with him was his uniformly retiring on the approach of strangers, so that, in fact, he was never seen by any but the family and their domestics.

The reader will not be surprised on learning that Amy had a lover; nay, he would rather marvel, perhaps, that she had not half a dozen, which, by the way, she might have had, for aught that I know to the contrary. Certain it is, however, she had but one favoured lover, and he was Robert Hawkhurst, the only son of an opulent freeholder in the neighbourhood, who farmed his own land. Robert was a tall, good-looking young man—Amy thought him handsome—and his general bearing and habits of life were adapted to the wealth, rather than to the occupation of his father, who had bestowed on him a fair education, kept him a horse, and extended to him other indulgences, which, it is but justice to add, were well merited by his son. His father, who did not at first oppose the intimacy between Robert and Amy, had no wish, when he saw how matters were going with the Hodsons, that his son should involve himself in their misfortunes, and therefore had of late discountenanced, although he did not altogether forbid, his visits. But the prudent caution of age, and the generous devotion of youth, are somewhat opposite counsellors; and Robert, if he had not been too affectionately attached to Amy, possessed too honorable a mind to desert her when the tide of her family's prosperity was turning. On the contrary, it was his pride and pleasure to show to those around him, that the change in her circumstances had produced no alteration in his love. He always called for her on his way to church, and left her at the farm on his return. He would frequently put a side-saddle on his horse, a high-couraged but temperate animal, and take her for a ride, and he often observed, that he loved his bonny bay the better, for carrying his Amy so safely. In fact, it was remarked, that his attentions increased, as the fortunes of the family were verging towards the crisis of ruin.

It was within a few days of the period which the stranger had fixed for his departure, and while he was sitting with Andrew Hodson and his family, that the steward was observed approaching on horseback; when their guest, as was his custom, retired to his room, and, by accident or design, left the door communicating with the apartment he had quitted partially open. The visit of the steward was on no very agreeable errand, as may be imagined, its object being to demand payment of the rent due at the preceding quarter-day, the amount of which Andrew had used every exertion to raise, but in vain. The steward became pressing, and affected to lament the necessity imposed on him by the orders of his Lordship, to distrain for the money, if it were not immediately forthcoming. The farmer, on the other hand, pleaded for a delay of a few weeks, alleging the hardness of the times for agriculturists,

the very high rent at which he stood, and finally the severe loss he had sustained by the failure of the banker. The other, in reply, merely stated that the instructions of his master were imperative, and admitted neither of modification nor delay. "Alas!" said the distressed Andrew, "is there no method by which the sacrifice of my farming stock and furniture can be prevented?" "There is one way, Master Hodson," rejoined the steward, "at which I have hinted pretty strongly upon more than one occasion, but you either could not or would not understand me. You know I have long loved your daughter Amy, and if you will effectually favour my suit, I need scarcely tell you, that I would strain a point rather than that my father-in-law should be degraded in the eyes of the world by an execution being served upon his premises, and himself ejected from his farm." "What, Master Jenkins, you marry my daughter Amy!" said the honest farmer. "Ay, that I will!" responded the condescending steward, evidently mistaking an exclamation of surprise for an interrogatory. "Stop, stop, Master Jenkins," rejoined Andrew, "not quite so fast. Have you ever said any thing to Amy about the matter?" "Why, yes," said the other, hesitatingly, "I have, but it is some time since." "Well, and what did she say?" "Nothing very favourable, I must confess," continued the steward, "or I should have had but to ask your sanction instead of the exercise of your interest, and, if necessary, your authority on the occasion." "What! I persuade Amy to marry a man she does not like! Are you mad, Master Jenkins?" "Not quite," was the reply; "but I think you are, or you would not hastily reject my offer. Come, come, Andrew, see your own interest, and favour my views, and I will not only at once advance the money for the arrears of rent, but use my influence with my Lord to cancel the present lease, and grant you a new one on more easy terms." "No!" said the farmer, "not if you were to offer me the freehold, instead of a new lease. I will not sell my daughter to you, or any man; no, not if he was the king." "Then take the consequences, obstinate fool!" exclaimed the steward, throwing off the mask; "before you are three days older, you shall be left without a wisy of straw that you can call your own:" and he quitted the house breathing vengeance upon the devoted farmer and his family.

It occurred, that on the same evening, the stranger pleading increased lameness, kept his apartment, into which Amy carried his tea. He remarked that her air was that of deep dejection, and that she had recently been in tears. On one occasion their eyes met, and she beheld him gazing upon her with an expression of kindness and sympathy, of which she had scarcely believed his rigid countenance susceptible. "What has happened, my pretty maid, that you look so sorrowful?" said he, in a tone of almost paternal tenderness. "Alas, sir!" said the afflicted girl, "my poor father has long been struggling with hard times and a heavy rent, and being, unable to raise the sum due at the last quarter, they are going to

put an execution, I think they call it, on the premises, and turn him out of the house. I do not care so much for myself, but for my poor father and mother to be cast upon the wide world, in their old age, without a shilling, and it may be, without a friend to help them—oh, sir! it is hard, it is very hard!" and she burst into tears.

The stranger drew out his handkerchief, and, passing it over his face, complained of the closeness of the evening, and walked to the window for air; then, returning to Amy, he took her hand. "Nay, my poor girl," continued he, "be comforted; things may not come to so bad a pass as you anticipate; your landlord, from all that I know and have heard of his character, is not a man to push matters to extremities with so old and honest a tenant as your father." "Alas, sir," replied Amy, "the landlord, though they say he is far from being a bad-hearted man, lives abroad, and cannot, at that distance, know an honest tenant from a dishonest one. Besides, he leaves every thing to his steward, and he is a very wicked man, sir."

The stranger then quitted the room, pleading a desire to breathe a little fresh air before he retired to bed. On his return, in passing through the hall, he saw Andrew Hodson upon his knees, with an open book before him, and his fine countenance lifted towards heaven in the act of prayer, while his family and domestics were kneeling around him. Unwilling to disturb them, the stranger did not advance into the room so as to be seen; but, as he contemplated the group, he could not help thinking that there must surely be something more in religion than his philosophy had ascribed to it, since it could inspire with calmness, and even thankfulness and resignation, a family who were upon the brink of ruin, and who might on the morrow, like the Saviour in whom they trusted, have not where to lay their heads. "And these," thought he, "are they whom, under circumstances in which I should rather have been grateful to Providence for the preservation of my life, I stung with reproaches for what they could neither foresee nor prevent."

As he was passing on towards his bed-room, at the conclusion of the prayers, the farmer came up to him, and informed him of the calamity which was impending, intimating that it would be advisable for the stranger to depart early in the morning, as his horse would be included in the seizure which was expected to be made, under the execution, about noon. "I thank you, Mr. Hodson," was the reply, "for your friendly caution, but never mind the horse: You sheltered me in my misfortune, and I will not desert you in yours. I cannot help you out in the payment of your rent, for my purse, you see," continued he, producing it, "is somewhat of the lightest; but I will wait the event, and, if I cannot avert the storm, I will try to comfort you under it. By the way, farmer, a word with you: these retainers of the law will make clean work of it when they come. That steward, if report belie him not, has the eye and the rapacity of a hawk. They will not leave you so much as a wooden ladle. Now, I see you have some valuable articles of plate;—that vase, for instance." "Sir!" exclaimed Andrew inquiringly, having

never before heard of such a thing. "I mean the cup and cover there," explained the other. "Ay," replied Andrew, "it was won by my grandfather at a plunging match; it will grieve me to part from it." No doubt it would," said the stranger; "there are those tankards, too—that ladle—those massive old-fashioned spoons: they are all very portable." "Well, sir?" said the farmer, not understanding the stranger's drift. "How dull you are!" rejoined the other, touching him with his elbow. "How easy would it be to get these things out of the way. You could confide them to some friend, or relative—your mother earth, for instance—until the sweeping hurricane of the law has blown over. You understand me now, do you not?" "Sir," replied the farmer, "you mean well enough, I dare say, but you do not know old Andrew Hodson, or you would not have made such a proposal to him." "Tush, man! the thing is done every day." "I am sorry for it, sir, because the world must be much worse than I took it to be. The debt is just, though my creditor is a hard one, and I will pay him as far as the things will go." "But I maintain that the debt is not a just one. Is not the rent much higher than is warranted by the value of the land?" said the stranger. "No matter, I agreed to pay it." "You are too scrupulous by half." "Now, what do you suppose, sir, my neighbours would think of me, if I were to follow your advice?" "Tut, tut, who will know any thing of the matter but you and I?" "God Almighty, sir," said the farmer. "But consider, my good man," continued the stranger, "there may be enough to pay your rent without these articles, the value of which would set you up in the world again; for remember, these harpies will take every thing away from you." "No, they won't; they can't take my wife, nor my children, nor my good name; and I would not part with them for all the gold that was ever coined." "You will not be guided by my counsel, then, and remove the plate?" said the stranger. "No, not a tea-spoon of it," was the positive reply. "Then, I can only say," added the other, snatching up his candle, and hastening to bed, "that you are, without exception, the most obstinate, impracticable, honest old man I ever met with, and I must forswear your company."

"The morning arrived on which the storm, which had been so long gathering, was to break over the heads of the devoted farmer and his family, who were stirring unusually early. In fact, the expectation of the catastrophe had allowed them to sleep but little, as their looks, when they assembled at the breakfast-table, plainly indicated. The stranger also had quitted his bed an hour before his wont, and betrayed great restlessness in his manner, for he walked to the window which commanded the road every five minutes, as if watching for the arrival of the expected, but unwelcome visitors.

Giles Jenkins was in advance of his myrmidons a quarter of an hour's march, and, taking the farmer apart, said to him, "Master Hodson, I did not threaten you without the power to execute. The

officers will be here in a few minutes, which you will do well to us, in reconsidering my proposal. Give me your daughter, and not only shall every thing about you remain as it is, but the possession of it shall be secured to you for many years." The farmer losing his patience at the repetition of the insulting proposal, shook off the tempter (who in his earnestness had taken him by the arm) and said, "Villain, do your worst, for, not for all you are going to take away from me—no, not for all your master's money, twice told, will I sell my lamb to the wolf." "Dotard," rejoined the steward, "you have pronounced your doom, and I go to fulfil it;" and, quitting the farmer, he conferred with his followers, who by this time had joined him, and they proceeded in their duty by taking an inventory of the farming stock, before they began upon the household furniture.

Robert Hawkhurst arrived shortly afterwards, and assisted the stranger in his endeavours to console the afflicted family. One of the domestics at length informed them that the officers were coming into the house to finish their task, when the stranger betrayed some little agitation, and retired to that part of the room in which he was least likely to attract observation. He had scarcely time to effect this, before the steward and his retainers entered, and proceeded in their ungracious office without the slightest respect to the feelings of the sufferers. Giles Jenkins, in particular, appeared to exult in the exercise of his authority, and to take a pleasure in witnessing the distress which his cruelty had occasioned. The silver vase, before alluded to, was standing on a kind of sideboard in the apartment. The steward, who was about to remove it, had no sooner laid his fingers on it, than the voice of the stranger was heard exclaiming, "Mr. Jenkins, I'll thank you to let that cup alone, for I like it very well where it is."

The steward withdrew his hand from the vessel, as if it had been of heated iron. He returned as pale as death, and he looked about in all directions, as if he thought the person from whom the voice proceeded was as likely to drop from the clouds, or start out of the earth, as to make his appearance from any other quarter. The stranger at last arose from his seat, and with a dignity which none of the family had before observed him to assume, he advanced into the middle of the room, and confronted the steward, who somewhat recovering from his surprise, and glancing at the other's bandaged leg, said, with an affectation of great concern, "My lord, I grieve to see your lordship so lame." "You mistake, you abominable old hypocrite and measureless liar," said the earl; "a fortnight's residence in this house has cured me of my lameness, and my blindness too, and, having recovered the use of my own eyes, I shall have no further occasion for yours." "My lord!" stammered the steward, "Your lord no longer," said the earl, interrupting him: "how dared you, sir, for the gratification of your diabolical passions, abuse the powers with which I entrusted you, and oppress this worthy man, in direct contravention of my injunction, that you

should, on no account, distrain upon a tenant, unless he were a fraudulent one. Now, be pleased to relieve me of your presence, taking with you these two worthy associates : and, do you hear me, sir, let your accounts be made up with all dispatch, for I shall shortly reckon with you. Then, addressing himself to the farmer, he continued : " Mr. Hodson, I am very sorry for the trouble which this unfortunate affair has occasioned you. It was necessary, however, that I should have such evidence of that man's baseness. For yourself, I can only say, that your arrear is remitted, your present lease shall be cancelled, and substituted by another, at such a rent, that it shall not be my fault if you do not thrive again. I owe you thus much for the lesson you have taught me of resignation under unmerited calamity, as well as for the instance you have given me of uncompromising integrity, under circumstances of temptation that very few would have withstood. I pray you to forgive me for the experiment I made on your honour, in the matter of the plate. It is refreshing to me, in my old age, to meet with such examples in a world which, I fear, I have hitherto regarded on the darker side. Your kindness, Mrs. Hodson, and yours, Amy, to a petulant old man, I shall not forget ; nor your honorable adherence to your mistress and her family, in their adversity, Mr. Robert. Of you, Frank, I have a favour to beg : you must give me that terrier of yours, to which I am primarily indebted for my introduction to this house, and for the advantages which have resulted to me from it."

The earl, after taking a kind leave of the circle he had thus made happy, mounted his horse, and departed to his mansion, from which he had been so long absent, and to which he was returning when he met with the accident already related. The occurrences which followed so inauspicious an event, produced a most beneficial effect upon his mind ; he became a better, and consequently, a happier man. His lordship took up his permanent residence on the estate, to the great joy of the tenantry, and to the discomfiture of Mr. Jenkins, who, it is almost necessary to add, was dismissed in disgrace.

I know it will be considered a somewhat trite termination, if I finish my story with a marriage ; and yet, should any of my readers be curious upon the subject, I cannot deny that such an event took place, and that Amy forgot all her past sorrows in her Robert's affections.

Domestic Intelligence.

The whole of our Domestic Intelligence is extracted from the Journals of the Island with trifling alterations.

We are happy to learn that the Government has determined thoroughly to explore that part of the Island which lies between the S. W. coast and the Derwent—a tract of country, of which little, at present, is known. The reason why this undertaking has not been before attempted, was an apprehension on the part of the Government, that a knowledge of it would facilitate the escape of convicts from Macquarie Harbour: the removal of that Settlement to Port Arthur, has, however, obviated this objection, and we may expect very shortly to hear some favourable reports of the New Country. Two expeditions have already been performed by Mr. J. C. Darke, the result of which has been presented to the public in a recent number of the *Tasmanian*; this result, we rejoice to say, is very satisfactory.

The improvements which have recently been effected, and which are still in progress about the New Wharf, reflect great credit upon their projectors. One of the most important is the New Market, which will soon be sufficiently advanced for the transaction of business. We cannot bestow our unqualified commendation upon its locality. Its vicinity to the harbour will, it is true, greatly facilitate the landing of goods and produce, but it is too far distant from the upper out-skirts of the town to encourage the constant attendance of the inhabitants of the suburbs. We look forward, however, with some interest to its completion—for an establishment of this kind has been long wanting.

The only aborigines now at large, in any number, consist of two peaceable tribes, who approach occasionally, within sight of Macquarie Harbour. Mr. Robinson, and his two sons, have recently succeeded in conveying several blacks to Flinder's Island; and when the two tribes we have mentioned, shall be induced to join their countrymen, Mr. Robinson's very arduous labours will have terminated.

We have seen and tasted a sample of pale ale brewed in this Colony, which is equal to any home-brewed ale at home. It is brewed by Mr. Condell, of the New Town Road, and, as we can affirm, from malt made here, and hops imported

from England. To private families we can safely recommend it; and we consider, that we are conferring a favour upon our readers, by submitting it to their attention. Good malt liquor is certainly a *desideratum* in the Colony; and we consider this *desideratum* now supplied by the production of Mr. Condell's pale ale.

We understand that several changes are about to take place in some of our Colonial departments. Captain Lane goes to India, and is to be succeeded in his appointment of Private Secretary, by Dr. Turnbull. A Mr. Gregory is coming out as Colonial Treasurer, to the displacement, of course, of Captain Montague. We do not vouch for the truth of these statements, but we think we may rely upon their authenticity.

The Schooner *Badger*, it is supposed, has been carried off by convicts. She had been despatched with stores to East Bay Neck, and has not since been heard of. Several prisoners, accustomed to a sea-faring life, are missing. Among them are Darby, formerly a lieutenant in the Navy, and Philp, who has been a master of a merchant vessel, and the clergyman Roberts, recently transported from Liverpool. Every exertion is making to discover and apprehend them, but, hitherto, they have eluded all vigilance.

By a notice in the *Gazette*, we learn that a prisoner, named Luty, has been strongly recommended by His Honour, the Chief Justice, and the Attorney General, for his intrepid conduct in defending the property of his master, Mr. Nathan Elliott. Our readers may, perhaps, recollect the case, as reported in the Journals. Luty, by himself, stood opposed to the attacks of three men, whom he detected in the act of stealing his master's pigs. He contrived to vanquish two of them, but was severely wounded with a knife. Through his courage and perseverance, however, the men were apprehended, brought to trial, and convicted. We are extremely gratified at this proof of the solicitude, exhibited by the Government to reward merit among the prisoner population; and we have no doubt, but that the extension of this indulgence to Luty, will operate as an example of emulation to others.

The recent sittings in the Civil side of the Supreme Court were characterized by several trials of considerable interest. The two actions against Mr. Meredith, as the registered proprietor of the *Colonist* newspaper, for libel, were both de-

cided against that gentleman. In one case, Mr. O'Connor, the plaintiff, obtained £200 damages, and in the other, which was tried by a civil jury, Major Schaw had a verdict of £50.

Gardening, &c.

AGRICULTURE.

August.—With some farmers, this is the favourite month for wheat sowing, as it is imagined that the crop is generally more free from smut, than that which is sown earlier. This idea, however, is far from being supported upon sufficient authority. English barley does better, if sown this month than later.

THE GARDEN.

About the middle of the month, the spring begins to make rapid advances, and the gardener will find enough to do, in preparing his grounds for various crops. Carrots should now be sown for spring and summer use; and a succession be either sown or planted, of almost every sort of vegetable that is intended to be sown, either for use or sale.

Shipping.

ARRIVALS.

July 3.—The schooner *Mars*, from Sydney, with a cargo of coals. Passengers, Henry Ballard and J. Lewis.

14.—The brig *Tamar*, from Macquarie Harbour, with a cargo of timber and nine natives.

19.—The brig *Scamander*, Captain Rogers, from Liverpool, with a general cargo. Passenger, Mr. W. Ainsworth.

—The Barque *Eliza*, from Sydney. Passengers, Messrs. Edwards, Brownlow, and Farlane.

20.—The Barque *Funchal*, from Sydney, with troops.

25.—The brig *Isabella*, from Launceston and Flinder's Island, with stores.

31.—The Ship *Enchantress*, 401 tons, Captain Canney, with 199 male prisoners, under the charge of Mr. James Osborne, Surgeon, R.N. The guard consisted of 29 rank and file of the 21st Regiment, commanded by Capt. Picton

Beete; Mr. Pilkington, also, the Surgeon of the regiment, with his lady and six children, were passengers, with six soldiers' wives and several children.

DEPARTURES.

July 4.—The schooner *Harlequin*, for Sydney, with a cargo of potatoes.

5.—The schooner *Prince Regent*, for Launceston.

—The barque *Strathfieldsay*, for Sydney.

19.—The schooner *Defiance*, for Sydney.

21.—The ship *Warrior*, for Sydney, with part of her original cargo and passengers; also, the following passengers, from this port, Messrs. W. Brown, L. Brown, Richard Murray, James Black, Betts, Derbyshire, and Curtis.

26.—The brig *Tamar*, for Port Arthur.

31.—The brig *Isabella*, for New Zealand.

Marriages, Births, &c.

BIRTHS.

At Bagdad, on the 2d instant, Mrs. Felix Wakefield, of a son.

At Tolosa, on Sunday, the 21st inst., the lady of Geo. Hull, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 2d instant, at New Norfolk, W. H. Dixon, Esq., to Sarah Christiana, daughter of John Kerr, Esq., M.L.C.

On Monday, the 15th instant, at St. David's Church, by special license, Mr. A. Smith, of Cleggin, to Miss Christiana Robertson.

DEATHS.

On Sunday, the 30th June, Mary, the wife of Lieutenant Dyball, R.N., Norfolk Plains.

On the Tuesday following, after a short illness, occasioned by excessive grief, Mrs. Parker, the mother of the late Mrs. Dyball.

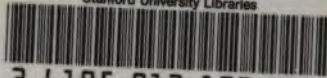
On the 5th instant, at Charlie's Hope, George Thomson, Esq., J.P., aged 68.

On Monday, the 23rd instant, George Turnley, Esq., merchant, aged 33.





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